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A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H·L·MENCKEN

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Reviews of the New Books and Music

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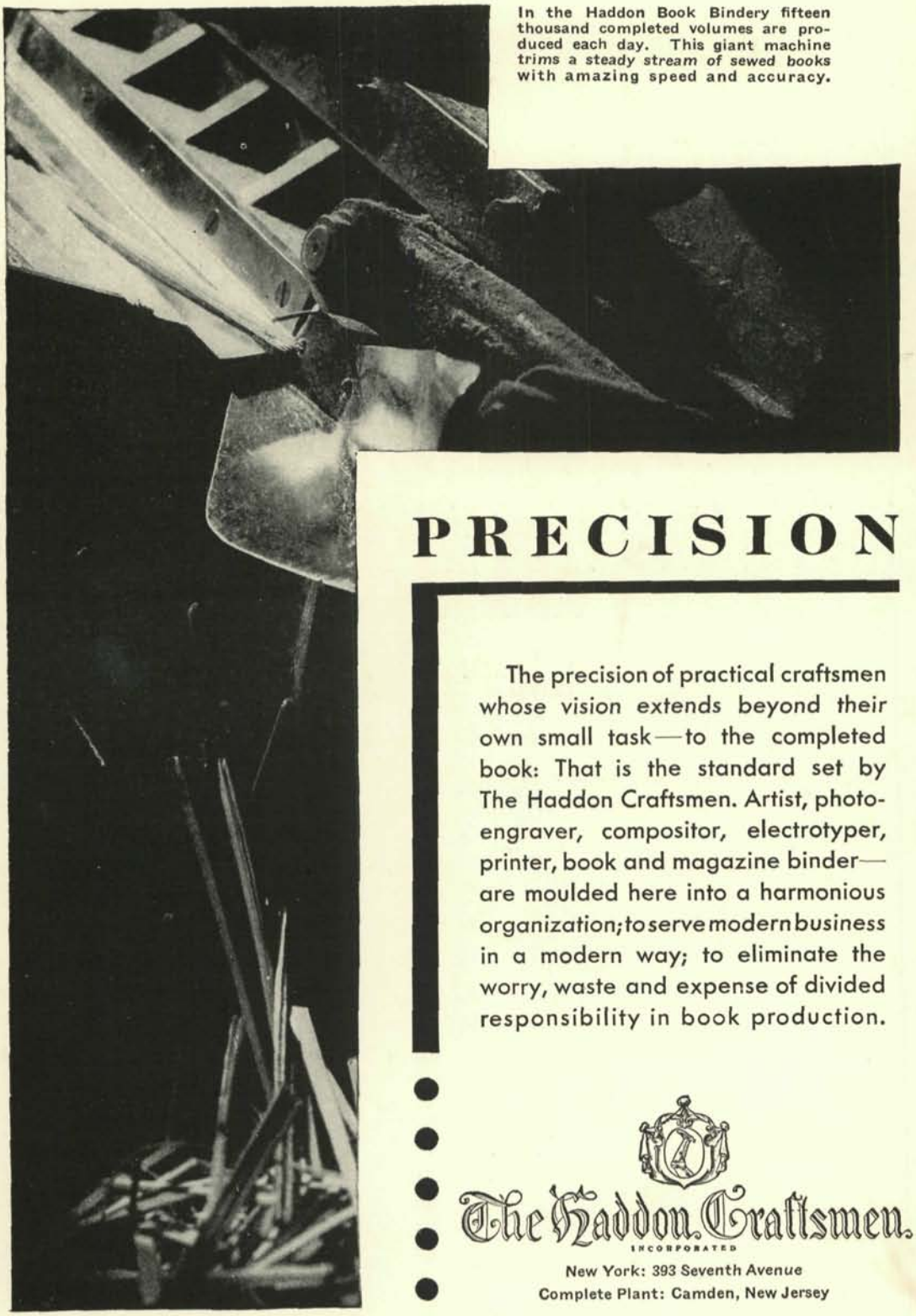

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February 1931

HARD WINTER

BY JACK CONROY

AUTUMN was sharpening the air and the Jackson street crowd had thinned out. The Market had just plunged to the cellar, leaving a sick and empty feeling in the stomachs of cockroach capitalists, rolling in unaccustomed wealth and firm in the conviction that a perpetual saturnalia was written in America's destiny. Now they were scurrying to cover, perishing beneath the wreckage, or jumping from eighteenth-story windows. Titanic earthquakes rocked the marble fronts of the Street; shattering lightnings played about hitherto impregnable heads. It was the end of an epoch to some, the stormy sunset of the Hoover Prosperity. To us it meant nothing—yet. The manipulations of the bulls and the bears, wedged between the screaming headlines of the front pages and the antics of Mutt and Jeff, ordinarily escape the attention of the working stiff. Ed was not perturbed by the soapboxer's prophecy of the wrath to come.

That battle-scarred veteran of many panics had been shouting "Wolf! Wolf!" too often. Ten years, almost, since 1921, so long that the younger workers had forgotten it. But the oldsters remembered.

"The Money Power is clampin' down again," concluded the prophet. "I've seen it too often. Just as soon as some of you fellas get the wrinkles outen your bellies you forget. Before two weeks the Overland works will close down tight as a drum. My advice is to get out of town while you can. Ride a freight, thumb, walk—or crawl! But get out. Do like me. I'm goin' to California, if I can make it. I ain't so fast at naggin' a Red Ball as I usta be, but the bulls sometimes respecks my white beard—not often, though. Go to California, comrades, where you won't starve and freeze both—only starve. If you stay here you'll starve and freeze, too. This is gonna be a hard Winter like you've heard the old folks talk about. You'll tell your kids about it—if you live through it!"

A hush fell on the street. Hambone, the mad Negro evangelist, ceased his lurid description of the hell-fire sizzling for this iniquitous generation; the militant atheist forgot the knotty problem of where Cain got his wife; the throbbing of the Salvation Army tom-tom died away, and tinkling tambourines jingled to silence. It seemed as if the prophet's upraised bony finger wrote *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* across the dull brick wall opposite.

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"Christ, they're always bellyachin', ain't they?" reassured Ed, my partner, "What t'ell does the Stock Market have to do with us Overland hunkies? I ain't buyin' no General Motors Common or Willys-Overland Preferred, are you? Let's go to Adolf's and lap up a few cold ones."

Adolf was a Russian who had been a brewer in the Old Country. He never seemed to understand why he couldn't, without violating the laws of the Refuge of the Oppressed, make beer for his family and his friends, just as he had under the Czar. He never learned concealment, so he was frequently hailed into court, fined, and sent home without comprehending what it was all about. His mild blue eyes lit up when he opened the door for us. Soon the beer loosened his tongue and he spoke of his native village.

"I could see the tax collectors coming through the wheat. It was higher than their shoulders and heavy-headed. They were good men—it was the nobles that ground us down. My mother set out black bread, salt pork, vodka, hot pickles. One of them he geev me a kopek, called me Yellow Hair. A long time ago—long, long ago now. . . . Say! You like black bread, salt pork, and hot pickles?"

Several steins had reduced us to the state in which anything seems good. Adolf produced an immense flitch of bacon, a jar of pickles, and a long flat loaf of black bread, as heavy as lead.

"This pork," he said proudly, "I have heem two years already."

It had been embalmed by some occult process, but it was rancid, and repellant to an American palate. But the beer lent piquancy to it. We gulped down greasy morsels of pork, hunks of black bread. Tears streamed from our eyes as we mouthed the fiery hot pickles.

The furniture and corners of the room were hazy when an accordian began whining old folk songs. One in a minor key sounded like "The Prisoner's Song" and we wept into the beer.

"The Czar!" Adolf's voice broke through the fog like a trumpet. "He burns in Hell! I spit on him and his nobles! Their throats are all slit now; no more I raise my cap and step off the road in the mud when their coaches pass by!"

The plaintive accordian rose to a passionate crescendo, crashed into the stirring thunder of the Internationale. We cheered like mad, and fell into happy slumber.

But Adolf's face was dead when he bade us goodby, and we were half-drunk and more than half-sick.

"Paper say it's goin' to be a hard Winter," he said as he closed the door.

II

Ed and I worked at the Overland automobile works, tending an enormous enamelling oven.

All day the smoking hot fenders slide down on a conveyor from the cavernous inferno of the drying chutes. The rheostats glow in the dusk of the depths. It was stifling in the room, for the windows had to be closed tightly to exclude the possibility of a grain of dust marring the glistening finish. Automatically we grabbed each fender, deftly disengaged the hook, and transferred it to another conveyor leading to the assembly line. Merged with the rhythm of the machine, our thoughts flew here and there, seeking escape from the suffocation of the place. We taunted each other with reminiscences of Adolf's home-brew.

"The corks pop like a shot-gun," tormented Ed, "and the smoke—how it flies!"

"The foam—it sticks to the top like ice-cream; you have to cut it with a knife;

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and the golden bubbles spring up from the bottom of the glass!" I retaliated.

It was very hot in the room. We were galled to the knees and under the arms; the pungent scent of scorching paint was everywhere. We sweated abominably. We cursed each other, Prohibition, and Hoover.

An enamel conveyor must glide along inexorably. It stops only for some serious reason. The withering heat wrinkles the surface of the fenders unless the steady progress is maintained: eventually the whole oven bursts into flame. Once when a fuse blew out I groped my way through the black smoke to the open, collided with a wall, ran a hook in my eye. Next day the room was a mass of ashes and twisted steel.

When the oven conveyor stopped at 10.30 A.M. we knew something was wrong. Behind the switchboard we found George, the foreman, throwing the heat switches one by one.

"What's the matter, George?"

"We're done for today, and for two weeks. The force is due for a big cut, too. Production off fifty per cent. You birds better wait till I notify you before you report for work again."

We boarded with another Missourian; and when he saw us coming in the middle of the day he knew that all was not well. We wondered to see him at home, too. Only something momentous brings a worker home at midday. Ben smiled ruefully, his children grouped about him, open-mouthed at his own anachronistic appearance. It was like having Christmas come on the Fourth of July.

"They pulled the number five trim line," he said. "By God, it seems like just when I get a start, some furniture about paid for, settled down for a while—bang! Everything blows up."

Kentucky hill billies have a mountain or a thousand acres of blue grass for a backyard sometimes. In Glasgow, Ky., I remember the niggers raking dead leaves in streets as wide as a city block. The white pickets enclosed lawns bigger than Tiedke's Department-Store. So the desperate Ishmaels, transported to the city, flee as soon as possible from the tortures of dismal "furnished for light housekeeping" rooms. Cribbed, cabined and confined in a diminutive "living-room" and a microscopic kitchenette, the walls press on their minds. Decaying relics of a pristine gentility, the rooming-houses are unsanitary, dark, and fetid. When you stumble up the sudden stairs and snap on an unshaded bulb, a million cockroaches scamper for the shelter of a dank and rusty sink. The wall paper is damp and bilious with liver-spots. The children have no place to play.

Up-and-coming second-hand furniture dealers are quick to capitalize the rural immigrant's yearning for deliverance. Outmoded furniture can be varnished, puttied, and repaired—and advertised cunningly: "Three room outfit for $125.00—Four room outfit for $175.00—$15 down—Easy monthly payments. . . . Don't stay cooped in furnished rooms." A few payments cover the initial cost, and the stuff can always be repossessed, revarnished, and resold.

Ben had a fourth-hand flivver, and every morning we lay between the blankets listening to the matutinal rite of starting it. Sometimes it leaped to life with a belligerent roar, but more often it was recalcitrant, coughed sullenly, and subsided into stubborn silence. Then Ben jacked up the hind wheel and spun it till the fenders rattled like a skeleton on a tin roof. Every morning he chugged away looking for work. About noon he would return, fling his hat in a corner, sit down on the daybed, and stare at the wall.

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"Men everywhere! 'NO HELP WANTED' is all you can see around the factories. Men on the street corners. Men at the factory gates. They turned the hose on 30,000 of them at Ford's in Detroit the other day."

A few times Ed and I went along, but not often. The lake winds cut like knife blades in the morning air, and we still had a few dollars left. We were waiting for something to break.

As the factories closed or cut their forces and hours, the exodus from the city increased in volume. We lived by the Chicago pike, and had nothing better to do than to watch the procession pass. Some in shiny new sedans, but more in asthmatic antiques, creaking under burdens of furniture, bedding, lares and penates, children, and even Kentucky hound dogs, their long ears flying like banners in the breeze. The children peered out brightly, merry over the prospect of the long trip south.

Not all in cars.

In a driving November rain a man passed the house pulling a heavily loaded Coaster waggon and followed by a staggering woman, ineffectually striving to shield a blue-lipped baby from the cold and wet. Ben called them in, fed them, and dried their clothing. The husband had been laid off in Detroit and spent his last penny looking for work, and they were trying to make it home to La Follette, Tenn., still many a weary mile ahead.

I saw a middle-aged man seemingly petrified by the side of the highway. He stood like a statue, one arm extended toward the west. His face was set and hopeless like a stone mask. Begging a ride, he did so proudly; no energetic thumbing and appealing. A battered suitcase rested between his legs. Nobody heeded him. The cars whizzed along the grey concrete and the Winter dusk settled down. Trucks rumbled along disdainfully. A lithe speedster festooned with smart baggage purred by, and the boys inside were singing sentimentally: "Highways are happy ways when they lead the way to home."

A gang of youths in a collegiate Ford, its dilapidation camouflaged by many a chalked wisecrack, spied the immobile figure, and brakes howled to a stop fifty feet away.

"Are you tired of walking?" inquired the lad at the wheel.

"Yes!" cried the man eagerly. He picked up the suitcase and ran briskly toward the car, his frayed overcoat whipping between his legs and hindering him.

"Then run a while!" retorted the comedian, quickly throwing the car into gear for a flying start. Laughter drifted back.

A single oath which seemed to plumb the nadir of despair broke from the man's lips. He walked steadily westward, as though drawn by a magnet.

A girl in a short red sweater came along; and as she passed the house she turned and looked like a cow struck by a train that I saw once. The dumb agony of her face startled me. I ran and told Ben's wife, who hailed the girl. She had walked from Detroit, where hard times curtailed the demand for hash slingers, and a bone felon on her finger was aggravating her other woes. When she unwrapped a huge improvised bandage of rags we were horrified to see the bone protruding from the gangrenous flesh.

"I *must* get home to Muncie somehow," she said.

"Can't you get rides?" asked Mrs. Ben.

"Yes, but I know what they'd expect."

There was something sinister in this western migration. I told Ed we'd better get out while we could.

"Listen, Kid," he reasoned, "all these hill billies clearin' out is pepper in our soup.

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They's *got* to be some work goin' on—so much of it all the time. And us that's left can soon step out and get a job anywheres. Stick around!"

So I decided to stick around a while longer, but I did go down to the employment agencies in Erie street early one morning. The bunch of regular hangers-on was augmented by a throng of factory workers with clothes still snappy, there for the first time. Everyone stamped his feet and muttered in low tones.

The office didn't open till eight, and the waiting line grew until it filled the street and overflowed on the opposite sidewalk, where the Fort Dixon Museum displayed a depressing window full of stuffed and mangy pumas, faded parrots and other curios, including a ghastly wax figure, representing a small child clothed in the style of fifty years ago, seated stiffly in a chair. Time had rotted the fabrics, and tatters hung between rigid legs. The face had assumed the blue pallor of death, and the sunlight streaming through the pane had caved in the cheeks.

"Looks like it'd stink if you got close enough," mused a morbid observer. "Well, lots of us will look that way before Spring if times don't change."

Suddenly terror smote me like a cold wind.

Hundreds were gathered, and policemen were ineffectually trying to sardine them on the already crowded sidewalks. It was a futile task, but it gratified the sadistic impulse of the cops to shove and bawl.

Promptly at 8.15 a dapper clerk popped out of an inner office, opened the outer door, and leaped instantly and nimbly back behind the counter, thus narrowly escaping the press that immediately jammed the room.

I was swept along by the wave, but I never reached the door. A short, saturnine Jew beside me spat disgustedly and began to worm his zig-zag and contested way to the fringes of the crowd. "The thundering herd!" he pronounced contemptuously. I followed him as the employment office began to disgorge the rejected job-seekers.

III

"It's no use," Ben said. "I got to get out of here. The landlord's give me notice, and they're goin' to take this furniture back. The kids is out of shoes: the teacher writes a note they should have more nourishing food. Lizzie brought us here—she must take us back."

The second-hand dealer's notice to a delinquent customer is truly Chesterfieldan—to begin with. Merely a faint intimation that the usual tithe has been "overlooked", and "please remember we are ever at your service. Your credit is firmly established here. Just look over the stock and say, 'Charge it!'" Presently a subtle hint that while a payment is not entirely indispensable it would not be scorned. Then a rather bald invitation to come in and settle up. Finally, the address of "our legal representative" blooms in a corner of the letter, heavily framed in black.

Ben knew they meant business then. Three days later he pulled out of the yard. I found his wife sobbing softly in the kitchen, staring at the deserted furniture.

"I never wanted to come here in the first place," she said. "These high wages—they never last. Every time I get furniture I have to give it up and start over; we can't *never* settle down since the war. This runnin' around—it's no way to bring up kids."

Ben had the Ford loaded like a Christmas tree and was honking impatiently. A long and troublesome trip ahead; but, like a candidate for the chair, he was anxious to have at it—to end the suspense

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of waiting. Bedding and a few small articles of furniture—the baby's kiddie-kar which he had refused to leave—bristled from the chassis.

"Do you think I can clear the trucks?" Ben asked.

Before he had travelled a hundred feet, a front tire gave out—not with a staccato pop but with a soft sigh of resignation, like a pious and confident Christian surrendering his contemptible life to Jehovah. Ben pulled to the side of the slab, unloaded the wife and kids, who stood about him forlornly, and dug his tools out of a mélange of odds and ends. Patiently he began to jack up the wheel.

"Better leave them tools out handy. You'll wear 'em out before you hit the Missouri line," was Ed's comforting farewell.

Then we moved down town to room with Bill and eat at Jimmie's American Lunch. Bill was a retired barkeep and active bootlegger; while Jimmie was a moist and pachydermous Greek whose air of excessive joviality and all around *bonhomie* became boresome. We had less than twenty dollars apiece, and hunted work pretty regularly; but with the expectation of a chap trying to win a $250 limerick prize from *Liberty*. The competition was too fierce.

I dined not elegantly but enjoyably upon lamb stew (twenty cents with bread and butter and coffee) when an emaciated guy blew in and leaned against the counter. A carload of Murads couldn't have given him the nonchalance he essayed.

"Salt? Pepper?" he grinned weakly as he timidly pushed the cellars toward me. He grimaced idiotically like a clown. Jimmie came puffing up.

"Someting?"

"Why, friend, you got any scraps—just bread crumbs, stale loafs, left-overs, for a dog? Got a little dog travellin' with me. Do tricks! Wish you could see him! . . . Just for a dog, friend . . . anything!"

"Naw! I ain't got notting. Is *that* all?"

"Why, yes . . . I guess—that's all!"

His eyes were misty like a water-spaniel's, but they blazed when he sniffed my stew on the way out.

"A dog! A dog!" Jimmie derided. "A new one, by damn! Bones for a dog!"

When I asked Jimmie for credit two weeks later, he engraved on my mind an inchoate image of himself in the rôle of Atlas nobly but totteringly upholding all the burdens of a populous city.

"Boys, I am *ver'* sorry," speaking over deprecating and spread palms, "but business she been so rotten. I got plenty expenses, too. Hones', I don't see how I'll make it tru."

Ad Thatcher was feeding a thousand a day at his Athletic Club. Soup and stale bread from the bakeries, but better than nothing. The Athletic Club was thrown wide open, a huge banner inviting one and all to partake of free food and shelter. We had to crawl out early to get Ad's free chow, and always found a long line waiting, stamping cold feet, grumbling, jesting with the acidulous and pertinent wit of the down-and-out.

"Thanksgiving's most here, and I'm thankful, praise God! yes, I'm thankful," intoned a wag whose phonographic tone told me that he had a good joke, but that the initial zest had been diluted by excessive repetition.

"What the hell are you thankful for?" marvelled Ed.

"Why, I'm thankful I ain't constipated!"

Here was a rendezvous for the professional panhandlers and deadbeats: they actually were faring better than in more prosperous times. Free soup kitchens where one can pass by casually and get his sluff

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without *earning* it. That is grapes! Often you had to testify luridly to harrowing crimes of omission and commission, to conspicuously don the sackcloth of penitence, and wallow in the ashes of conterfeit remorse. Inquisitive policemen had a fashion of asking why you aren't working; worse still, they even whisked the seeker off to a free employment agency and sentenced him to a job at hard labor. Now it was possible to answer in the words of the wobbly song book:

"How the hell can I work if there's no work to do?"

Not infrequently the professionals doubled. Immediately after being slopped, they attached themselves to the rear of the queue and came back for more.

"Wasn't you just fed?" The suspicious caterer paused, poising a ladle of steaming stew.

"Who? Me?" The grizzled bo disciplined his battered phiz into what he conceived to be a mask of cherubic innocence. He assumed an air of aggrieved virtue and a wolfish look. "Jesus, buddy, I ain't et for three days. I just blowed in from K. C., lookin' fer work. Hungry! . . . Christ! My belly thinks my throat is cut." Thus, with his third helping, he rounded out a meal.

We slept on the hard concrete after Bill diplomatically informed us that our room was urgently needed for a *paying* guest. With overcoats for pillows, we slept fitfully, always sensitive to groping hands exploring our pockets and bodies, sometimes for money—or tobacco. These places catch all kinds. In the night, the burden of thought breaks many a derelict's mind. They gibber, curse, pray and laugh immoderately, while the aroused invite the disturbers to die or go to sleep.

Nothing impairs morale like the dissolution of a last pair of shoes. Maybe it starts with a little hole in the sole; and then the slush of pavements oozes in, gumming sox and balling between your toes. Concrete whets Woolworth sox like a file, and if you turn the heel on top and tear a pasteboard innersole, it won't help much. Tacks, too. You get to avoiding high places and curbstones because that jabs the point right into the quick. You walk mostly on the toe if the tack happens to be in the heel. Soon the tack has calloused a furrowed hole, and you don't notice it unless you strike something unusually high or solid, or forget and walk flat-footed. You pass a thousand shoe-shops where a tack might be bent down, but you can't pull off a shoe and ask to have *that* done —for nothing.

I worried about my pants. Every icy blast off the lake found the thin spots unerringly. I brooded about the disastrous consequences of a sudden breaking asunder. Often, on rounding a corner, I felt quickly and apprehensively behind me, convinced that the inevitable had occurred.

A Winter nose is no respecter of persons, the lake wind puts them all to flowing. But the nose of Mrs. Van Arnsdale, when she alights from her town car, is daintily stanched by a cobweb of cambric. The chauffeur may honk into a square of linen, very decorously. A bandana is *passé* to the *haute monde*, but extremely efficient withal. But when you have got no job and no home, a rag must suffice till it's too dirty to pull on the street. Then the back of your blue-black hand. Embarrassment leaves off where desperation starts. You walk and stare in shop windows. A pink and white ham simmers in the Bandbox Lunch. I suck up my guts as the sergeant used to tell me to do. A long time till Ad dishes out the soup. Ye Cosy Radio Shoppe flings harmony for five blocks and a thunderous optimist yammers as from a barrel,

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bassly: "We are now in the dining-room of the Commodore Perry Hotel. Lights! Good food! Music! Youth! Is Everybody Happy! The orchestra enters into the spirit of the occasion with that tuneful selection, 'Happy Days Are Here Again.' "

IV

Our concrete bed sores had begun to heal when we heard that the Lakes Milling Company would hire some huskies to hustle beet pulp. Silhouetted against the faint dawn, the plant loomed like a feudal castle, with many a turret catching the daybreak. Gaunt watchers lay in ambush along the hall leading to the employment office, sleeping with their hats crushed over their eyes. Burlap bedding had been filched from the mill. One fellow spat incessantly. The spit froze in white bubbles.

The applicants sprang to their feet, electrified, when the employment agent showed up. He shouldered his way through the ranks. "Need any men, today?" flew around him from all sides. When he attempted to close his office door, I had already wedged my foot and wormed in. After shuffling some time-cards with a practiced pinochle technique, he snapped, "No jobs today," and fell to writing furiously in a huge ledger.

The seekers were flattening their noses against the glass partition and some heard and withdrew, routed and outdone.

I waited stolidly. Finally he looked up again. "No jobs," he repeated mechanically, and then sized me up. I weighed two hundred pounds.

"Ever truck—heavy work—outside—only a few days—forty cents and ten hours?"

"Yes! I got a partner."

"Well, maybe him, but really, I shouldn't. Come on."

He picked up two time-cards and stepped out in the corridor. Stragglers lurked about, still hopeful of being chosen.

I beckoned to Ed. We were both husky.

"Aw, he's lookin' for beef today," griped the stones by the builder rejected.

At the end of labyrinthine passages and breath-taking stairs the employment manager halted and thrust our cards into a rack beside a clock that was to tick off many slow minutes for us. "Report to Al," he said, and fled.

We found Al at the end of a huge warehouse, surrounded by stacks and stacks of serried beet pulp, and a group of disciples. And he spake in parables, saying, "Christ, I didn't know they come that dumb; but actually this Polack hadn't never been in a sportin' house. . . . Laugh! . . . I thought I'd die. . . ."

The snitch and yes-man always find the foreman's most trivial pun howlingly funny. This job had gathered the disinherited from many a closed and crippled factory: and the cruel competition for bare existence made rats of them. They pecked eagerly for small favors like expectant sparrows following a well-fed horse.

Going on a new job makes a man fidgety. The first morning, anyway. The foreman eases his watch out now and then, and you wonder how long you have to wait, what you're going to do. The regulars eye newcomers with all the hospitality of a cannibal tribe.

A long conveyor, built like a derrick, extended through a sliding door into a box car; and the other end tilted up to a dim nave, where sacks of pulp had been piled symmetrically. We quailed low, and prayed for and dreaded the zero hour.

"Stack monkeys up!" shouted the gang leader, bearded like a mastiff. Part of the gang skinned rapidly up the slick conveyor on to the stack. We followed as best

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we could, awkwardly. The others rushed into the car and the conveyor began revolving rapidly. Soon the ears of sacks shot over the end of the whirling belt, and Red, the gang leader, caught the first one deftly, letting it fall on his back and his head.

"A good stack man can catch 'em any way," he said modestly, and we later learned that this was a stock phrase with him, which he repeated incessantly and monotonously. His cap was worn out on top, a peculiar circumstance we had noted at once, caused by the manner in which he caught the bags of pulp. "By Jesus, the cap's gone and next the hair'll go," he would say.

The conveyor could be elevated to any height and we soon found out that the stack monkeys tried a new man by having it raised so high that the impact of the falling bag would knock the neophyte down. I braced myself and grabbed behind me desperately at the hard round sack, dampened and almost petrified in some way by exposure. I staggered headlong for ten feet and managed to drop my burden just before I fell. Ed was not so lucky. He fell with the bag across him. The monkeys howled like their jungle brethren.

But we kept on. The piled bags were treacherous underfoot, rocked and sagged into sudden ankle-twisting holes. The rotten jute burst, cascading the rough pulp down our backs. It cut our flesh like a knife. We had been using certain definite movements in the automobile factory. Now atrophied muscles were being recalled to use, aching protestingly. The monkeys watched us anxiously, hoping we would quit or give out. We clenched our teeth to keep from wincing when the sacks slithered down our raw and bleeding backs. We had jobs . . . jobs . . . we had to remember that when the world seemed to sit on its haunches, waiting to rend us when we dropped. No more concrete bed-sores—a real bed with sheets! No more charity sluff—but ham and eggs and maybe a chicken dinner on Sundays.

V

We made it through. Two- and three-day weeks several times, but we made it through.

The sparrows bothered in the big shed. But I knew this one wasn't any sparrow the minute he flew over. I looked up. A pert robin was shivering and preening his feathers, jerking his tail.

"Spring is here, Ed," I rejoiced, "and we can say we've lived through a hard Winter."

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EVACUATION HOSPITAL

BY LOUIS GOLD

On September 29, 1918, two days after the American drive in the Meuse-Argonne (Verdun) sector began, I received orders to rejoin my unit, an evacuation hospital, from which I had been detached to take a special course. A Red Cross car delivered me. I was a medical officer in the *x*-ray department. I was a New Yorker, but practically all of the other officers and enlisted men were from the Middle and Far West.

The hospital, which had been taken over from the French, consisted of a dozen or more large one-story wooden barracks. The French kept one of the buildings for their own use. A number of large tents had also been set up, mostly for the use of the enlisted men. The hospital was at the top of a low hill with sidings for hospital cars at the foot. The railroad went no further toward the front.

The whole place was in appalling confusion. Wounded men were lying on stretchers all over the grounds, so that it was difficult to get about. Some had even been put into the enlisted men's tents. Ambulances were driving up continuously and depositing more and more wounded, who were squeezed in among those already on the ground, which was covered with stretchers far down the hillside. The French ambulance drivers and bearers handled the wounded as if they were bags, pulling the stretchers out of the ambulances roughly, and actually dropping them on the ground.

I walked to the headquarters building and found a number of officers and a large number of enlisted men standing about doing nothing, ill at ease and muttering together. I asked one of the officers what was the trouble and why nothing was being done. He told me that they had been there for two days, but that no aid had been offered the wounded save by individuals acting independently. That was surely not much. The commanding officer of the hospital, a Regular Army man who had been advanced several grades, had gone to pieces when the overwhelming wave of patients arrived, and the heads of the various departments had also lost their heads. The chief surgeon, instead of forming surgical teams and directing their work, grabbed a case for operation and told the others to go ahead and do likewise. He and a few others had been working steadily for forty-eight hours without rest, growing ever more panic-stricken at the hopelessness of catching up. But most of the younger officers had been given no assignments or orders, and the laboratories and kitchen were not being used.

It appeared that word had reached headquarters further back of the state of affairs and that a new executive staff was being rushed forward. That staff was expected during evening or early next morning. In the meantime, a good many of the younger officers and the enlisted men stood about doing absolutely nothing. The Army discipline was not conducive to

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initiative, and where there was no one in command, there was bound to be demoralization, especially in the face of a novel emergency. The senior medical officers should have made assignments and arranged schedules for the younger ones, giving every one a time and place for work. But this had not been done. The older men, eager to do everything they could for the wounded, became heedless of everything else, and were prepared to work until they dropped from exhaustion. They monopolized the two operating rooms, and the younger surgeons who were not their assistants were ignored altogether.

The wounded were brought in without any system or preparation, and no *x*-ray examinations were made to ascertain the location of bullet or shell fragments or the condition of bones. All the younger surgeons could do was to scurry about attempting petty temporary relief. In the face of the avalanche of wounded, most of them, in mute desperation, stood about waiting for relief, orders and direction.

With the morale of the officers so undermined, the enlisted men were in utter confusion. All of the doctors, of course, had come into contact with sick and wounded in civil life, and had some presence of mind left, even under the unusual circumstances; but the enlisted men, mostly boys from shops, stores, or schools, had hardly ever seen a wounded man. They had simply practised, on their healthy comrades, the Army methods of bandaging and carrying on stretchers. It was unreasonable to expect them to cope effectively with the mass of wounded thrust upon them, with smashed limbs, large gaping discharging wounds, bones sticking through the flesh, skulls with gray matter oozing out, and swollen gaseous bellies. There was no discipline, and so, from fear, shock or ignorance, they did nothing. All awaited anxiously the coming of the new commanding officer, whose appearance, it was felt, would put everything in order.

II

I decided to go into the wards, as my laboratory was not in operation. Perhaps I could be of some use to the hundreds of helpless wounded. The paths to the various barracks were jammed with stretchers. Some of the men were sleeping; others were unconscious. Here and there a pair of staring eyes or a fallen jaw showed that there was no further need of help in that case.

The corridors were difficult to pass through on account of the stretchers. In some cases they blocked the passageway to such an extent that it was necessary to step on them in order to get through. When I stepped on some part of a man there would be a grunt, but there was very little groaning or crying. Now and then I'd hear a low, feverish muttering, or the stertorous breathing of the dying. Some of the men had not yet recovered from the shock suffered at the time of their injury; others had gone into shock from the treatment accorded them on the way to the hospital, or from neglect. Now and then I would inadvertently step on a man hard enough to call forth a loud cry.

I finally reached one of the wards. The beds were all occupied by wounded who had not even been undressed, but simply thrown, just as they came from the firing line, muddy and dirty, on to the beds. The enlisted men and nurses were giving water to those who were asking for it and trying to make them comfortable.

I went through a number of wards. They were all the same. Here and there a couple of medical officers had assumed

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charge of a ward and were doing what they could, adjusting the positions of the men in bed, loosening bandages, administering hypodermics, and giving drinking water. But no attempts at keeping records or separating cases were being made.

In one ward, a shout from one of the beds startled me. It came from a captain of infantry, as I noted by the insignia on the coat which he still wore. His face had been blackened by an explosion and he stared at me with his large blue eyes unblinking, for his eyelids had been destroyed. He supported himself on his elbows, the lower part of his body being paralyzed.

"Bill—Bill, come here!" he shouted.

I walked over to him, but did not answer him. He stared hard at me with his unblinking eyes.

"Say, Bill, guess I'm finished. No hope for me," he shouted. He had been deafened by the explosion and was shouting because he could not hear himself. "Listen Bill, come closer. I want to tell you ——" He tried to raise himself a little more on his elbows, and then shouted again. "Are you Bill?"

I told him no, but that I would take a message from him or do anything I could for him.

He sank back quickly to his bed and in a husky voice begged to be shot, or given enough morphine to put him out of his misery. He had gas gangrene in his paralyzed legs and was in great agony. I turned to the nurse. She had run out of morphine and did not know how or where to get another supply.

That night the new commanding officer arrived. With some of the higher officers he made the rounds, and then went into conference with the heads of the various departments. We were told to catch a few hours' sleep: we would then be assigned.

All night long, and indeed, for the rest of the war, there was the sound of guns a few miles ahead, and loud explosions of what I believe were large naval guns nearby. Ambulances arrived continuously during the night, dropping their wounded wherever they could. By morning the congestion of stretchers had greatly increased. It was now difficult to walk anywhere and the long slope down to the road to Verdun was completely covered. Large numbers of walking wounded had also arrived, and they sat about singly, or huddled in groups, shivering and dirty, awaiting attention. Others were foraging for food or drink. Here and there a wounded man would be nibbling on hard tack, or taking pieces of corned beef out of his pockets and eating it. There was hoar frost on the grass.

Soon I received my assignment and went on duty in the *x*-ray laboratory. As I walked through the large receiving ward I noticed a different air about the place. The men on the stretchers in the corridors and floor of the ward had been taken away. On each side of the room were about a dozen high tables. Men on stretchers were brought in and placed on the tables. Two enlisted men of the medical department were assigned to each table. They cut the clothing of each wounded man where it was difficult to remove, took off as much of the dressing as possible without disturbing the wound, cleaned the area of mud or dirt, and then sent the man into the *x*-ray laboratory. But we did not take any *x*-ray pictures; there was no time for that. We simply looked through the fluoroscope, and wrote our findings on a tag which was attached to the patient. From us he was sent to one of the preoperating rooms, where the younger surgeons took further care of his wound and some attempt at sterilization was made.

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III

It was about five days before the last stretcher case disappeared from the outside; by that time, there was a let-up in the drive and other evacuation hospitals were established. A large number of wounded had been lying on stretchers for days, with perhaps a single blanket, unattended, with very little or no food or drink, their wounds rotting and their bodies chilled, for it was damp and cold of mornings. Every time there was a new drive, stretchers again appeared on the grounds outside the hospital. The medical organization was quite inadequate. I do not know if it could have been made better if the General Staff had been more interested. Of course, no one expected a drive to be halted because there were not proper facilities for the care of the wounded, but better coördination was certainly possible. My hospital was the only one near the front when the Argonne offensive began; twenty would have hardly been sufficient for the number of men involved. New hospital units were gradually brought forward and operated in our rear. Later, as the Army advanced, new units were also sent ahead, but every time the boys went over the top all the hospitals were swamped.

There were no complaints from the wounded. Some of them had been lying for days where they fell, without attention, and sometimes being wounded again. The ride in the ambulance, at best, was far from comfortable. There was a great deal of jolting and shaking. There was also great discomfort from the injection of tetanus and gas bacillus antitoxin, administered by the regimental or field hospital surgeons. Regularly, an ambulance would drive up, and when the rear doors or curtains were opened, it would be found that the men on the stretchers had fallen from their racks and were lying in a heap on the floor, smothering to death sometimes the men at the bottom of the heap, where they would lie in their own filth.

There were six stretchers to an ambulance, or three stretchers and a number of wounded who could sit up, or sometimes an ambulance would be filled with those who could sit. As much as twenty-four hours was often spent in an ambulance, with no attention at all during that time. Now and then the roads would be closed to traffic returning from the front, to enable forces and supplies to reach the fighting area more quickly. Some of the ambulances would then go cross-country. This sort of thing was particularly hard on the wounded; the wounds would gape, new hemorrhages would occur, and the jagged ends of broken bones would macerate the soft tissues.

After a few days, the hospital head stationed some men at the foot of the hill along the road leading to the hospital, and ambulances would be sent further back to the next hospital. Even after their arrival at our hospital, it was sometimes days before the men were all taken care of. Until the strain of my regular work exhausted me, with a number of other officers and men, I would go among the outside stretcher cases, with water or cigarettes, and try to make them more comfortable.

One large room was devoted to taking care of the cases that could walk or sit. This was generally crowded by men sitting on benches, or on the floor. They were generally very quiet, or whispering low, the whites of their eyes showing in startling contrast to their begrimed faces.

The admitting ward was the filthiest in the hospital. It was here that the blood- and pus-soaked field bandages were removed, and the patients cleaned up a little

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before being *x*-rayed. It was in this place that the boys first became vocal, complaining of pain, rough handling, or lack of food or water. I had seen a good many wounded men in the base hospitals; they were on the whole a noisy, cheerful lot, full of stories of what they had seen or done, bragging about their exploits, and saying what they would do to the enemy if they got to the front again. Here in the evacuation hospital they were stunned, confused, and rather dumb; there were very few tales told and no boasts made.

I spoke to some of the men who had been in the drives at Soissons, Château Thierry and St. Mihiel, and they said those were like child's play compared to this one in the Argonne. The progress of the attack was not continuous. There were days when the Americans were beaten back, losing the advance they had made previously. One day we heard that a whole division had been trapped and was being wiped out. This turned out to be the so-called Lost Battalion. There was an airplane landing field just below the hospital to the north, from which small planes for scouting or the dropping of propaganda would leave. Planes from this field tried to drop ammunition and supplies to the surrounded men, but they failed. Regularly an aviator would be so badly wounded that he would die soon after landing, and yet he guided his plane to safety at the landing field.

Now and then, in cases of large abdominal wounds, the removal of the dressing caused the patient to go into shock and sometimes die, especially if the intestines extruded. It was surprising how quickly the wounds became infested with maggots. There was always a great deal of difficulty in straightening out the limbs, for most of the men had lain in cramped attitudes for so long that it was hard to make them relax, and the process was quite painful to them.

The wounded were divided into different groups. One group could be put on the hospital train for transportation to the base hospitals immediately after a change of dressing. Another required operation before being placed on the train. A third needed a prolonged stay at the hospital. During the early part of the drives, most of the cases were immediately evacuable, especially the walking wounded. The more serious cases, difficult to transport, were kept longer at the regimental dressing-stations or field hospitals, but as the drive proceeded they arrived in increasing numbers. During a lull in the fighting all the cases were emptied out of the dressing-stations and field hospitals to prepare for the next drive; these last cases, when they came to the evacuation hospital, were often moribund and were very difficult to move. With them came the wounded prisoners, with minor and serious injuries.

IV

The wounds were all due to machine-gun or rifle bullets or high explosive shells. I never saw a bayonet or knife wound; it is possible that all the men so hurt were killed and thus never reached a hospital. The machine-gun or rifle bullet generally made a clean-cut, small wound of entrance, and a larger wound of exit, but often it also caused shattering of the bones. The bullets would take the oddest courses through the body, and it was never possible to tell from where one entered where it would make its exit. High explosive shells tore open large wounds in the fleshy parts, opened abdomens, and smashed heads and chests, or embedded large fragments of metal, stone, wood,

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clothing or parts of equipment in the body. One man had his canteen blown right into the fleshy part of his back.

Often, when we were busy, I would have to go out with my assistant and pick up a stretcher case to place on my table for examination. A good many of these had not been touched by the admitting-room men, and I would have to remove the bandages myself. They were always smelly, bloody and slimy; the wounds gaped and were full of pus. The abdominal wounds, with punctured intestines, were very difficult to handle; they were hopeless anyhow; nothing could be done for most of them. Punctured chests were frequent. The air made a hissing sound as it entered through the wound and a spluttering as it was expelled at expiration. It was especially distressing to remove a bandage from a face mutilated and smashed by high explosives and look upon the torn flesh, exposed bones and mangled eyes.

Gas gangrene was prevalent, in spite of the gas antitoxin administered at the front. These infections were easily visualised by fluoroscopic examination, a light area caused by the gas-filled tissues standing out clearly against the dark unaffected flesh. More advanced cases could be recognized immediately by the awful smell as they were brought in. Where the tiniest area of gas gangrene was found, the limb in which it appeared was amputated. Where, however, it was in the face or body, the case was hopeless, for neither operation nor vaccine could stay its progress. Now and then we had a case of a man with a slight body wound, who was comfortable and cheerful with the idea that the war was ended for him, but who, when examined, showed a little light area at his wound that I knew condemned him to death.

There were a number of mustard gas burns, practically all of them on the belly or on the back, especially at the lower part. The men had been laying on the ground where the gas had been deposited; it would stay on the surface for days. It was not felt immediately. Afterward the tissues affected would become black and gangrenous.

The floor of the pre-operative ward was sometimes knee deep with removed clothes, bandages and dressings. The men would take large armsful and put the stuff into the coal stove in the middle of the ward. They would also put in unexploded shells which were in the pockets of the wounded, and there were several explosions, two particularly severe ones occurring when one-inch shells were placed in the fire. No one was hurt, but sometimes fires were started which had to be put out amid great excitement.

About the third week, an inspector from headquarters arrived and reprimanded the officers and men for their non-military appearance, as everybody was working in his shirt-sleeves. He ordered the offenders to put on their hats and blouses and make the place spick and span. The men, after expressing uncomplimentary opinions of this inspector outside his hearing, continued as before after he left, for another drive had commenced and the stretchers were appearing outside again.

The food was miserable. We had biscuits, beans, carrots and potatoes in various forms and different degrees of preparation, sometimes underdone, but mostly overdone and burnt. Now and then we had some meat—canned corned beef, cold sliced or warmed and shredded, very salty and not very appetizing. For fresh vegetables there were large slices of raw onions on the table, and later on a little prepared cabbage salad. Now and then I would

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walk down to a nearby village, where, at an outrageous price, I could buy some grapes from one of the few civilians still living there.

Troops on their way to or from the front passed by daily on the Verdun road at the foot of the hospital hill, and often they would camp on the plain, using their pup tents as shelters. A group of officers coming from the front would come to the officers' quarters at the hospital and ask for a meal, which was given them. They always thought our meals were wonderful, and were very thankful.

I spoke to a group on October 13, saying that I had read in a newspaper that the Germans were willing to accede to all of President Wilson's terms. They crowded about me eagerly, but did not appear to believe me. I hunted around and found the newspaper and showed it to them. As I read it aloud, they leaped on one another's shoulders in their anxiety to see what I was reading, and when I was through they tore the newspaper to shreds in their eagerness to see for themselves.

The hospital corps men damned the enemy for what he did to our boys, but were kind to prisoners. They would curse the prisoners, but would offer them cigarettes and try to soothe them if they showed fright. Like most of the men, I had believed somewhat in the big brutal Huns pictured in the home newspapers. My first contact with them after the St. Mihiel drive was disillusioning. They looked like a bunch of young frightened delicatessen clerks, mixed with kindly middle-aged Germans of the sort one used to see in street bands, or in charge of small stores or beer-gardens. Our men did not strip them for souvenirs as I had seen other troops do further back of the line. After the first prisoners from the St. Mihiel drive arrived at Bassoille, where I was stationed at the time, the Americans stripped everything they could from them, going after all their buttons if they had nothing else, so that the prisoners had all they could do to keep their breeches up.

The operating surgeons performed mostly what was called a general débridement. All the damaged tissue, with a generous edge of sound tissue, was cut out, the bullet or shell fragment extracted where possible, and the bones approximated. It was often impossible to do complete operations on account of the enormous amount of work, so that a good many men had to have their operations completed at the base hospitals. The surgeons did not like their work; they called it butchery and complained they were losing all their laboriously acquired technique. But it was the best way to handle the enormous number of wounded.

V

We worked in twelve-hour shifts. I chose the night period, which I considered better than the day one. The rumble of the trucks died down during the day and the thunder of the guns lessened, so that I could sleep. There were no day air raids and less disturbance in general. But it was not a good choice in this place. I had very little opportunity to sleep during the day on account of the Red Cross men. These Red Cross men, of whom there seemed to be a very large number, came to the hospital daily, and were put up at the officers' barracks. They spent a good deal of the day talking loudly or playing the phonograph.

I protested a number of times but it did no good because new men were coming all the time as the old ones went on. They were men of influence or means and were enjoying the war. In their uniforms and

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with their credentials, they could go as far toward the front as they desired, stop wherever it was most interesting, and have a thoroughly good time, free from danger and responsibility. Almost daily they would arrive in small and large cars, well supplied with liquor, cigars and other comforts, with which they were not stingy. Making the hospital their headquarters, they would roam all about the sector. When they got tired they would go on to the next place.

At the time, writing paper was scarce and we were always short of dressings and medicines. Writing paper, in fact, was worth more than its weight in gold. Officers and men would beg each other for it. The wounded especially would beg for any scrap, to write home to their families. Regularly I would be handed a message written, address and all, on the wrapping of a pack of cigarettes, on the paper wrapper of a bandage, or on a paper bag or candy wrapper, and be asked to O.K. (censor) it and drop it in the mail-box. We asked a number of the Red Cross men to get us paper and envelopes, and some of them promised that they would, but we never got any through them, as far as I can remember. They could have brought sufficient paper to gladden the hearts of two thousand wounded and medical corp men in one of their cars in a few hours, but although they arrived almost daily, swapped stories, played the phonograph in the officers' quarters, joined us in our meals and slept in our beds, no paper came.

The work as a rule was constant, and towards the end of a shift we got desperately tired. Occasionally, before a new drive, about four or five in the morning, there might be a slack period. We would then take the opportunity to lie down on the tables, floors, and sometimes even on the stretchers which had just been evacuated by the wounded, cover ourselves with blankets and nap for an hour or two. We generally slept very soundly. The blankets were often dirty, bloody and lousy, but we got used to that sort of thing. The lice did not bother us so much as what were called French fleas. The latter permitted us no rest until they were caught and cremated in the nearest stove. Occasionally the boys would help one another like the monkeys in the zoo.

We constantly received communications from headquarters regarding the detection of self-inflicted wounds. These communications generally stated that they were increasing. It was important, it appeared, that the guilty should not escape and that even doubtful cases should be reported. Such communications became increasingly forceful towards the end of October, and it was about then that we received a circular which read:

> G. H. Q. advises that a SELF-INFLICTED WOUND BRASSARD has been adopted. This brassard is yellow, 4 inches wide and 15 inches long, and bears the letters S I W 2½ inches high in black. A stock of these brassards will be kept at the Gievres and Is-sur-Tille dépôts. Other posts, camps, dépôts, etc., will not carry a stock thereof, but will extract requisitions to one of the two dépôts mentioned above. These dépôts will make shipment to organizations direct.

None of the medical officers of my organization ever reported a self-inflicted wound. The war ended soon thereafter and I never saw one of the brassards.

We had two *x*-ray machines, a fine efficient portable American one, which had been developed for war purposes, and a ridiculously complicated and comparatively inefficient French machine. Two men could work the American machine, but until we re-wired the French machine it needed five. Even then it was not as

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efficient as the American machine, and far less safe to the operators. The latter had its own source of power. The French machine depended upon a power-house in the nearby village; they had two generators there, with different polarities, so that every few hours the machine would go bad when they changed the generators. It was only after a series of protests and a threat of force by the commanding officer of the hospital that the French finally made the polarity of both generators alike.

To even things up as far as work and danger from *x*-ray burns were concerned, we worked one day with the American machine and the next day with the French. Generally the minor cases, limbs, and so on, were examined by the French machine, and the body cases and heads were sent to the American machine on account of its greater efficiency. But when we were rushed cases of both kinds were examined by the French machine. We were quite bitter about it, for we had been told that there were hundreds of American machines rusting on the docks at the coast—that personal dislike between the men who had developed the American machine and those who were in charge of *x*-ray work in France had caused them to be side-tracked.

I once received a patient with a lot of buckshot in him. He was a military policeman and he told me that his shotgun had been discharged accidentally. I had just read in a New York newspaper that the Germans had protested against the use of this weapon, which they had found on captured American soldiers. I asked the military policeman of what use such guns were, and he told me that when the boys in his sector went over the top military policemen went behind them with shotguns to discourage those who might advance in the wrong direction.

The American morale at the front was not very good toward the end of the Argonne drive. A number of the wounded had been civilians just a few weeks before and were rushed overseas with scarcely any training, some hardly knowing how to handle a rifle. One of my patients, a lieutenant-colonel, was brought in wounded in the leg, wearing his Sam Browne belt and all his insignia. As a rule, the officers looked more disreputable than the men at the front, deliberately making themselves inconspicuous to the enemy, but wearing torn hats or using some other means of having their own men identify them. On my inquiring why this lieutenant-colonel had worn all his regalia going over the top, he said that he and other officers had done it to bolster up the courage of their men, who were lacking in spirit and discipline.

We had a number of air raids, aimed at the railhead of which we formed a small unit. On one occasion, a bomb was dropped close enough to the hospital to spatter the buildings with dirt and metal, causing some damage but no personal injuries. On the first raid most of us stood out in the open, trying to see the enemy plane in the moonlight. We heard the characteristic hum of the motor and soon after we heard the American machine-guns and then the anti-air-craft guns. The French who were about immediately dived into the dugouts scattered over the grounds and stayed there until the raid was over. The Americans, new to the business, stood about in the open until the commanding officer ordered them into barracks.

On November 2 we got a bad scare. An enemy plane appeared above the hospital grounds early in the morning. I was walking with a couple of other officers. It came unusually low and then we saw it drop something. We made a dash for the dug-

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outs, but before we reached the nearest one, the object struck the ground, but did not explode. It was a bundle of propaganda sheets printed in English and French, saying that the Germans were willing to accede to Wilson's demands and offering the hand of peace. We were overjoyed to read this. Officers and men cursed the Red Cross men and home die-hards who wanted to fight the war to a finish. Opinions were expressed daily by men and officers, on the war, on Wilson and on General Pershing, that would have led to lynching in the States. They were especially violent when Wilson refused to accept the first peace offer made by Germany.

VI

General Pershing was disliked by the Aviation and Medical Corps men, for it was commonly said that he held these divisions in contempt. What they thought is best illustrated by what happened in St. Nazaire a few months later. Before we got on the bus which was to take us from the camp to the dock, where we were to take ship for the United States, the commanding officer of the camp addressed us. There were about ninety officers present, mostly aviation and medical men, with a fair sprinkling from the other services. In the name of General Pershing, the commander thanked us for our services and presented each of us with a large printed resolution of thanks, signed by General Pershing. Each officer had his name at the head of the resolution, in the manner of a college diploma. There was a large, wide border and the document was evidently meant for framing. We accepted with thanks and cheered. We then got on the bus, and as soon as we had left the camp grounds the certificates were torn to pieces by practically all of the men or went up in smoke. I had noticed a good many small pieces of white paper on the road in my walks about the camp and now I knew whence they came.

We heard tales of tricks and brutalities by the enemy, some perhaps true but a good many evidently the products of an active imagination. I think the boys first read the American newspapers or magazines and then repeated what they had read after being at the front. Once we received a whole batch of German prisoners, all shot in the leg. On inquiry, we learned that they had been taken prisoners, and in order to prevent them from doing further mischief had been shot that way. They bore no ill will however, but were glad to be alive. The prisoners were all delighted to be finished with fighting and the ones who were not seriously wounded showed their pleasure. One had received a bullet which cut the corners of his mouth on both sides, taking out several teeth in front and giving him a grotesque face which he made more fearful by attempting to smile.

The medical wards for those who were sick with influenza, pneumonia or other acute diseases were generally neglected. I learned to avoid going near them. A frantic nurse in high boots standing in the mud would be waiting to pounce upon any medical officer who chanced that way, for advice on her cases.

We observed some remarkable escapes from death. One officer, running forward with his body tilted low, received six machine-gun bullets. They grooved the skin of his chest, the grooves about an inch and a half apart, but made only superficial wounds. Another man had a machine-gun sprayed at him which discharged the bullets in his belt, giving him bad belly burns but leaving him otherwise unharmed.

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Metal tobacco holders, metal mirrors, and packs of cards saved many a soldier's life. According to books that I had read, pocket Bibles play an important part in this way, but I never saw any sign of it.

There was no anxiety among the officers and men of the hospital about getting to the front; we were as near as we cared to be. A rumor that there was a shortage of medical men in the front lines and that some of the men of our hospital might be sent forward caused a dense gloom for a few days. The fear that a number of us had expressed that the war might be over before we got into it was not uttered any more and we all prayed for a quick ending.

Towards the end I received orders to go to a mobile hospital which was nearer the front. I could not get my staff to volunteer to go with me, as much as they said they were fond of me. On November 7, 1918 (a Friday), I went to St. Dizier, to find out the location of this hospital, and, getting the information, went to the railroad station, where I awaited the train. It was near noon. On the station platform, standing about in small groups talking in low tones, were over a score of second lieutenants of infantry, who had just received their commissions and were joining units at the front.

At one end of the platform there were a number of French soldiers who had been on leave and were returning to the front. At the other end there stood a group of soldiers of the Italian army. Suddenly a Frenchman who wore the cap of a railroad man rushed in and wrote on the board, in French, that the war was ended. There was a loud cheer from the Frenchmen, then a few moments of excited talking as the news was transmitted to the Italian soldiers and the American officers. The Italians jabbered vociferously. The American officers kept looking at each other silently and doubtfully, bewildered. Their faces were aglow with delight. A number of them dropped their cigarettes.

Suddenly an Italian soldier jumped upon a small platform and in broken English addressed the American officers, who gathered quickly about him, and finding their voices, cheered him lustily, giving vent this way to their feelings. He said that he was from Chicago; that the Americans and Italians had won the war; that the frog-eaters were no good; and went on in condemnation of everything French. A gendarme who had been listening but evidently did not understand, ran away and returned in a moment with an official-looking person, probably the mayor, for the mayors of the small French towns were always about. The mayor listened a moment and then sent the gendarme away, while he remained. In a few moments, the gendarme returned with a squad of French soldiers, with their long bayonetted guns, and the Italian soldier was invited to go along, which he did, still speaking until he was out of sight.

The young officers had by this time had their inhibitions removed, and started to sing and cheer to show their elation. The official-looking Frenchman walked over to the bulletin board and erased what had been written on it, and announced that it was all a mistake. A morose and disappointed expression appeared on the faces of the officers; the cigarette smoking and the low talking in small groups were resumed. They felt, as I did, that the war would never end. But it did soon afterward—after a good many American soldiers had been killed and wounded unnecessarily so that someone who had a fancy for harmony in numbers could make hostilities cease at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

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A PIONEER CAPTAIN

BY H. L. DAVIS

Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music; in another quarter, a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which, as they float over the quiet water, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future.—*Jesse Applegate: "A Day With the Cow Column in 1843."*

BACK in the early nineteen-hundreds, before motor-cars had got country people in the habit of avoiding each other's society, there used to be a picnic grove at Ollalla in Southwestern Oregon where the old pioneers met once a year to fill up on chicken and layer-cake, drink whiskey out of tin cups from a barrel planted in the brush, and hear some young candidate for Congress tell them, in a good old vest-busting declamation, delivered with all the more authority because the orator had usually just hit the country from Iowa or Pennsylvania, how thankful everybody was to the pioneers because they had emigrated to Oregon instead of staying back East and not amounting to anything.

That was one part of the reunion that none of the old people ever missed. The first boom of it brought them loping in from the whiskey barrel like a troop of cavalry horses to stables-call; and they sat on the plank benches and listened until the last swipe of goose-grease was laid on and the speaker's stand-up collar was melted to a rag. The benches were hard and splintery, the deer-flies were bad, and there were pesky little wood-lizards in the leaves that sometimes upset concentration by bolting up somebody's pants-leg. But the pioneers sat it devoutly through. The orator gave them information about themselves that none of them would ever have thought of without his help, and it made them feel good.

Mostly, the things he dragged out to credit them with were pretty much overplayed. The pioneers really hadn't started the country on its road from a wilderness to fertility. If anything, it was less fertile than it had been when they first got there. They had ruined half the streams by logging off the watersheds, and all the natural grass except the broomstraw by overstocking the range and loading it with weed-pests that, before they came, didn't exist. They had less ruined it, perhaps, than had it ruined for them by the later pilgrims stampeding in after them, to root out the pastures, steal and peddle the timber, and waste and slaughter the game, not because they needed it, but because somebody else would get it if they didn't. No home-born spell-binder would have had the nerve to offer congratulations on such a job. That, perhaps, is the reason that Oregon's sons have always had to give way, in public life, to more innocent-minded invaders from the East, who don't know enough about the country to know when to stop.

It wasn't only that the rhetorician spread on the salve about what they had done to

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the country, either. The worst was hearing him tell them what the country had done to them, and they took that down solemnly and respectfully, too, as if they enjoyed his congratulations upon bringing civilization to Oregon, when every one of them must have known that civilization was the very thing they had come there to get away from. It was a sight to see, those white-whiskered men and white-haired women, living out their old age at hard work or on the charity of their children, knowing perfectly well how much their pioneering had actually got them, and yet whooping and hip-hipping for the orator when he described their hardships and perils in the tone of a success-story man telling how Edward Bok earned his first big shiny dollar.

They weren't merely being polite. The spiel really raked them deep. They enjoyed receiving the thanks of civilization all the more, perhaps, because they hadn't done anything to earn it and because it seemed about all they were ever likely to get. Yet the whole occasion was ironical, because so many of them would have been better off if they hadn't emigrated at all.

Not that they weren't good men. Most of them were; and the pioneers of the earliest emigrations from the Missouri frontier, taken straight through, were the strongest and most intelligent stock in North America at the time, and possibly in the world. The trouble was that Oregon turned out to be not their game. They were cattle-raisers by trade, who needed open range and plenty of room, and emigrated to Oregon to get it, while accomplishing at the same time the good deed of taking the country away from England.

For awhile they did well. If they could have legislated against immigration from the East, as their posterity later did against the Japanese, the end of the trip would have been as happy and prosperous as the orator made it out to be. But they couldn't reach such advanced legislation. Oregon boomed; the stampeders from the East grabbed it and shut off and ruined the range and swamped the cattle market, and left the first comers worse off than they were before they started; left them, in the end, forgetful of what they had come for, and nodding gratification over the shirt-tail-waving eloquence of any young *emigré* who was willing to swap soft-soap for votes.

And that was another irony, for most of the pioneers, if they had only thought of it, had better sense than that. The ordinary representation of the Western emigrant as a hairy-bellied diamond in the rough, with wire whiskers, a round head, fourteen children, several guns and a Bible which he believed in without ever having read, would have missed the run of them by blocks. Many of them had read, not only the Scriptures, but a great many more books than an average member of Congress today would be able to list even the names of. They could hold arguments and quote authorities on such subjects as history, theology, civics, even science and philosophy; and most of them did so whenever they could find anybody to argue with.

Not that they got, or expected to get, anything out of these studies except amusement. Forms of thinking had, with them, no relation to reality at all. Perhaps it was because reality so often meant homesickness, which they got relief from by keeping their formal ideas as courtly and as vaporish as possible. Their poetry, for example, was not rude, rugged and muscle-bound, but of a tasteful delicacy of sentiment and expression that would have made Sir John Suckling sound like a drunken teamster

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arguing from a cell in jail. An old mountain man whose grammar and spelling shot high would steam up a description of a trapping party drunk on raw alcohol and molasses with an elegantly turned quotation from Pope or Campbell, and an 1843 man like J. W. Nesmith posted an enemy, for refusing to fight a duel with him, in terms that couldn't have disgraced, though they probably would have interested, Edmund Burke.

If homesickness was behind this, there was something behind the homesickness better and more dignified than a mere hankering for a native landscape, particularly one that they had gone to such heroic pains to get away from. Their homesickness was not for landscapes, but for their hopes, which had carried them so far and got them so little in the end. Few of them mention that. The ones who do, take it gamely, without complaining. How could they complain, with the record of Oregon's treatment, not only of them, but of all its leaders and builders, propped up in front of them?

II

Equally with the pioneers, the Oregon country they came to was far different from the uncultivated, shaggy-bosomed section which most of the books and all of the speeches make out it was. Long before the first emigrant wagon was pointed West, or even built, the Northwest coast had a government, a foreign policy, fruit-raising and farming, flour-mill and lumbering industries, and an export trade with Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Instead of being a trackless wilderness, it produced and shipped flour, lumber and furs on regular schedule. Instead of being infested with hordes of murderous savages, it had a system of Indian control that was strict without being, as similar systems have been since and recently, either inhumane or a joke. It had churches and a school; overland communication with Eastern Canada; and water communication and trade with the Pacific Coast, England and the Orient.

These things belonged, as assets, to the British Hudson's Bay Company; but starting and running them was entirely a one-man job. The man was the company's chief factor for the territory—a Canadian-born Scotch-Irishman married to a Cherokee squaw. His name was John McLoughlin. Trained and educated as a physician, following the profession of fur-trader, he had a genius for out-country development and government that fell below Cecil Rhodes's mark only because of a few accidental differences in character and luck. McLoughlin despised sharp practices, and he had picked Oregon to make his career in instead of South Africa.

Attacks upon his government started early, with the independent American fur-traders who couldn't stand company competition and thought, naturally enough, that it was the duty of the United States government to come out and remove it. The government, more indifferent to its duty to business then than now, didn't do it; and McLoughlin continued to hold the country down and board indigent travelers without any idea, even after the arrival of the Methodist Mission, that half the strangers on his mess-roll were considering plans to take his satrapy away from him, and put him out in the road; which, in the end, was about what they did.

The first direct attack against his authority in the land came from the preachers whom the Methodist Mission shipped out to Oregon in 1835 to deliver the gospel to the thirsting redskins. The purpose of

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their attack was not greed, but anxiety lest the Mission Board should call them in from their jobs, at which they hadn't converted the expected flocks of redskins, or even any redskins at all, though they had bled the Mission of a great deal of money for the work.

The leader of the apostles was as remarkable a man as McLoughlin—less able, perhaps, but of an energy and resource that, nowadays, would probably be turned to reclaiming denatured alcohol in Chicago and making a million dollars a month. The Rev. Jason Lee was his name; and, besides evangelizing the heathen, which he had about as much business at as trying to command a battleship, he was a member of the United States Secret Service, and under suspicion of buying colonists for Oregon at $50 a head and board out of the Federal privy purse. Intrigue he loved like a medieval pope; he played at it with ferocious relish, and showed a truly popish bunglesomeness at getting caught at it. On halfway decent ground—medieval Italy, perhaps, or modern Virginia—an ecclesiastic of a third of his talent might have laid down the law to a hemisphere. In Oregon he could only try.

The kind of stab he made showed how his imagination worked. The Mission's finance board complained that it had blown in a lot of money on Oregon, and that there were no Wesleyan Indians to show for it. To round up a bunch, all in a hurry, was impossible, for they were not only perverse and stubborn, but actually dangerous, and one missionary at a Columbia river station had been compelled to sit up all night with a shotgun to keep them from walking in and stealing all his Winter underclothes. In Indians, plainly, the Mission was not going to pay its way. They must find something else to balance the books with, and find it quick.

What they did, ignoring McLoughlin's actual sovereignty over the territory and everything in it, was to get up a government of their own, with a home-made constitution awarding general control and 22,000 acres of first-class farming land to the Methodist Mission, and to get the whole code voted in by a packed citizens' meeting called for the published purpose of offering a bounty on timber-wolves and appointing a trusteeship for a dead settler's estate.

It was a stately stratagem. As law, for the settlers who didn't like McLoughlin because he expected them to pay for their groceries at the company store, it more or less worked, though there was considerable indignation outside of sanctified circles about the 22,000 acres of land, which seemed about the only part of the code that the framers had taken any pains with. Still, even the kicks showed that it was regarded as valid and binding, and the missionary band had every reason to feel that, whether the Indians learned hymns or cusswords, they had at last pulled off something worth taking back East to show off.

But, instead of cinching all their careers, it simply stopped them all in their tracks. The Eastern finance board of the Mission refused to see Oregon real estate as a substitute for salvation-shouting savages. The Rev. Mr. Lee was pulled off his job, and went to Canada to die without ever again laying eyes on the country on which he had spent the best years and thought of his life; and the entire mission was called in four years later, with nothing to show for its work except the assurance of having wasted a whole lot more money than the job was worth.

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III

As the Rev. Jason Lee departed for good, the 1843 emigration came in; and the missionaries had not yet got their walking-papers when one of the newcomers, a surveyor and cattleman of thirty-two named Jesse Applegate, stepped ahead of the others into a leadership of the same kind that had broken Lee, that was about to flatten McLoughlin into obscurity, and that, in the end, was to break Applegate himself in the successive careers of commander, lawmaker, statesman-diplomat, and man of property. Each of them he played at superbly, and quit only when the drift of Oregon had taken it out from under him; and he ended, not merely in obscurity, but in humiliation and poverty, herding sheep for wages, although he had never failed in a single one of all his undertakings. In the writing which he turned to in his old age, he speculated about that more than anything else, and, entirely without bitterness, blamed everything on himself for having come out to Oregon in the first place.

There was plenty to blame. Applegate left Missouri at thirty-two, the owner of one of the best stock-farms in the State, the friend of all the first-class men in it, and the admitted equal of any of them. Thomas H. Benton, the great Missouri Senator, was one of his patrons; Edward Bates, Attorney-General in Lincoln's Cabinet, was another; and, if he had cut loose from them and everybody else, and merely run his ranch, he would have come out as one of the wealthiest men in the State. He brought to the 1843 emigration the biggest herd of cattle in it. It was partly on account of that contribution that the pioneers elected him to command over themselves and all their property.

Not entirely, of course. Property alone didn't mean ability with those men. A man had to show more, and Applegate had more to show. He knew the West better, for he had spent most of his youth finding out about it from trappers and plainsmen; he had a clear idea what they were starting out to do, and how to direct the job of doing it; and, lastly, he was the best read man in the emigrant column. Self-educated, as all of them were, he had read all of English literature, history, military strategy and campaigns, and books on law and theory of government; he had taught himself surveying, kept up with the sciences, especially mathematics, and had read Latin poetry and history.

Probably, as some of the 1843 memoirs observe, Applegate was not the strongest man they had. But none of them ever denied that he was the ablest, or alleged that a stronger man could have run things better. He landed the train—60 wagons, 1000 people, 5000 cattle and horses—at Waiilatpu in the basin of the mid-Columbia with fewer casualties than the same *manada* would sustain today covering the same ground in automobiles. No other train, in all the subsequent emigrations, came through so well, or with so little hardship and loss.

It was not luck; but part of the success was due to the intelligence of the men Applegate commanded, and he made the mistake of supposing that all the emigrants would grade as high. The hard point of his own trail had been crossing the Cascade Mountains. He himself had a son drowned shooting the gorge of the Columbia river to get round them; and he decided to save the later trains that danger by finding them a line in from the plateau of the Great Basin, to hit the Cascades from high ground in the South through

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Nevada. He lined the new route himself, headed off the 1845 pilgrims, and explained to them that, with an early start and a little work grading out a roadbed, Oregon was in their laps.

The emigrants believed his promises without paying the smallest attention to any of his conditions. They didn't take an early start; storms caught them in the mountains, and they made things worse by refusing to blister their hands grading out roads. Most of their wagons stuck and had to be abandoned; most of their stock got lost; several people died, and the rest were helped into the Coast country starved, naked, mad, scared half to death, and bellowing in unison that Applegate had tried to murder them all for plain meanness.

In the end, of course, their scare wore off, and they took to bragging about their hardships instead of roaring against the man they blamed for them. They had roared enough, however, to teach Applegate something about the nature of second-run emigrants, who, coming from the crowded sections of the East, were only too apt to let wild country stampede them out of what little sense they had to start with. Pioneer trains of this cut kept rolling in, but he never tried to guide or advise any more of them. Instead, he went back to his own 1843 men, who, still in the majority, needed him to draft a new code of laws for the territory.

The appointment was an honor, but the job was not one to build up fat on. The law had to be strict and workable, or it would be useless; if it were too strict, the settlers would refuse to vote it; and it had to bear with the most exact equality on the different factions in the country, or each would swear the others were being favored, and the meeting would simply break up in a row. Most particularly, it must offer partnership and fair treatment to the Hudson's Bay Company British, and do it against the opposition of the settlers, who longed to show those slaves of tyranny that the eagle which soared over Lexington and New Orleans could peck as hard on the Pacific Coast as on the Atlantic.

It was a fine, old-fashioned sentiment, and Applegate may have felt a touch of the spirit himself. The catch about it was that a law framed to shout patriotism wouldn't do anything else. The British, by ignoring it, would turn it into a joke, as the missionary code had become almost as soon as it was passed. Getting rid of the lime-juicers was a good deed, but it was one that no law could perform. They were too powerful. The way to move them was not to legislate them out, but to overcrowd and swamp them with settlers, which an American-run government would be sure to bring in.

With that for his mark, Applegate wrote his code, standing off his own men with one hand while he baited and beamed upon the British, and keeping both sides friendly by cutting up the old missionary code into hunks for them to play with. The 22,000 acres of church-land went back into public ownership, subject to entry; the ecclesiastical systems of administration and finance passed, with the schemes of Christianizing the Indians, into history. As a confidence-builder, that worked. The settlers voted the Applegate laws through at a general election, and the land, though it may have lost some of its name for piety, had peace.

It had also no more use for Applegate's experience as a lawmaker. There was another constitution to draw up, when the country was admitted to the Union a few years later; but by then the Territory had

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filled up with settlers of the new strain, the 1843 men were in the minority, and the late arrivals preferred to take their law from some more tested source than merely the authority of a leader. The source they used was a copy of the statutes of Iowa, which seemed to fill the bill very well, as it still does.

IV

Applegate, however, had not waited around for new employment. As soon as his provisional code was voted through, he began his work of persuading the Hudson's Bay British to accept it. An appointment as negotiator was not necessary. It was something that had to be done, and none of the other settlers stood well enough with the company men to do it. Even with Applegate's handling, it took management and time to bring them in, and the actual signing was finished by the company officials only a few days ahead of the arrival from England of two military agents sent to report upon the possibility of defending the country through the British possessions in Canada.

McLoughlin, the real beginner of Oregon, did not follow his company when it withdrew from American territory. He had started with the country, and he preferred to stay and see it through. He resigned his post, took out naturalization papers, and spent his last years running a store and answering attacks on his character and the validity of his homestead entry, which the men of the Methodist Mission had been far-sighted enough to plot against even in the days when he was saving some of its preachers from starving to death.

By 1849 Applegate's last throw in public life had ended. He had made a success of every job the country offered him to do, and it didn't need him any longer.

About the only thing it did need, as far as anybody could judge, was an endowment. Stampedes of emigration had sunk it to the hubs; overpopulation and overproduction without a market were choking it to death. Every man who hit the country lit in to raise grain, food and beef; and there was nobody to sell them to. Crops rotted on the ground, fruit on the trees. Cattle were not even worth herding, and were turned loose to run wild in the mountains until, becoming a menace, they had to be hunted out and exterminated like wolves. A man needed only a rifle and a gunnysack to board himself in luxury. Nobody spent any money, for nobody had any to spend. Note-shavers and cattle speculators had starved out, the preachers of the Methodist Mission had been called home; and, for a man who could stand buckskin pants and home-grown tobacco, life in Oregon was better than anywhere else in the world. It was exactly the kind of place that Applegate and his 1843 train had pointed West to find.

It was no fault of theirs that it didn't stay that way. What set it back on a cash basis was the gold strike in California. The miners had to eat; Oregon was the closest—and, except Chile, the only—market; and prices rode the tail of the Sacramento kite to altitudes that a farmer now would burn at the ears to dream of. Laborers got $16 a day; flour was $1.10 a pound; wheat $5 a bushel; apples as high as $1 apiece; butter $1.25 a pound; beef $25 a hundredweight in the pasture, with hoofs and horns on. The country began once more to be the kind of money-maker it had become under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its public offices began once more to amount to something.

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But the new times had brought in a new way of picking men to fill them, and under it, men of Applegate's ability became ineligible. All the settlers with any get-up jumped in to turn the price-boom into money, leaving politics and elections to the more sluggish-witted who couldn't keep up anywhere else. Only one first-class man—J. W. Nesmith, from the 1843 train—held public office in the next thirty years. He was the greatest United States Senator Oregon ever had, and one of the greatest the Senate ever saw; and he was beaten, after one term, by a good old standard-gauge nincompoop who could be trusted to vote with the boys and not make speeches about anything more dangerous than Western scenery.

Applegate himself escaped the voters' judgment by not giving them a chance at him. He was too thin-skinned to risk the kind of pelting a public election would let him in for, too confident, then and always, of his own ability to go peddling it around among the kind of voters Oregon was filling up with, and too touchy and high-tempered to accept a rigged election and pay for it with instalments of legislation afterward. Thus, according to the evidence of witnesses, he turned down a United States Senatorship, offered him if he would agree to boost for an appropriation to pay back the ever-aspiring Methodist Mission for certain lands in Oregon which it had abandoned in 1847.

Refusing did neither the State nor Applegate any good. The Mission got its money on a second-choice candidate whose ambitions were more practical and less uppity; and Applegate came in, in the end, for exactly the kind of scalding he had kept out of political campaigns to avoid. The reason was that the cattle business, from which he was getting rich, was not enough to exercise his mind on. It paid plenty. The gold strikes, the Civil War, the Indian campaigns, combined to boost the price of beef until it seemed as if it never could sag. Applegate made it fast and used it grandly, which, to a man of his life and training, was the only excuse for having it. He financed friends in the cattle business, and went surety for a young man who had started a fine public career by getting elected State secretary. He fed and slept visitors by the wagonload; and for them, and for his books of Latin poetry and science and history, he built himself a ranch-house which the people of the Yoncalla valley still tell about—the loopholed arsenal, the study, the big drawing-room panelled in cedar between full-length mirrors—although the place burned to a pile of rubbish fifty years ago.

Applegate's authority upon affairs of state went earlier than that. A cattle-ranch in Southwest Oregon was a perfect place to entertain travelers of fame and learning; but it was no location, in the sixties, from which to keep track of national business. That was what Applegate tried to do, at first with some success—as when he rigged the nomination of Abraham Lincoln over William H. Seward in 1860—but he was gradually replacing real knowledge with long-range guesswork without knowing that any substitution was going on.

The show-up came when the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, famous both as Vice-President of the United States and as the owner of a lot of Crédit Mobilier stock that seemed to have got into his satchel by mistake, stopped off at Yoncalla for a visit and asked his host to send in some suggestions on reconstruction in the South. Applegate exposed his ignorance cruelly. He made it public that he was proud of Colfax's visit and request—which was as if

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John Adams should gloat over a Christmas card from Albert B. Fall—and he composed and had printed a series of letters to the administration which innocently took it for granted that Thaddeus Stevens and B. F. Butler hankered to treat the South honestly!

Even for a man of his record, that was too much. Oregon's remoteness had beaten him out of even giving opinions on the public events it had forced him to give up handling. He never tried the Colonel House business again; even when Grant's administration offered him a chance to serve as a peace commissioner with the Modoc Indians, he refused. National affairs he had been flattered, through ignorance, into tackling; but those Modocs were a subject he knew. All were renegades; the leader was under indictment for murder, and the second in command a prostitute squaw from Northern California, getting even for a good-morals wave that had ruined her business. An embassy to that gang was ridiculous even if it succeeded, and even though it was being plugged for in the East by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his disciples, who, during Grant's administration, could find nothing to be indignant about except a very small tribe of unsanitary Siwashes three thousand miles away. To a man who knew the ground, the canonization these divines offered was no temptation. And no regret, either; for, of the embassy that did fall for it, two were killed, one got away by running, and one was knocked out and half-scalped alive.

That, though it was not much to have missed, was the last gift Applegate's country ever offered him. If it hadn't offered him that one, he would have been as well off; and, if it had never again noticed his existence, it would have been a whole lot better. Power, fame, and even influence were gone; but there was still another layer to peel off, and, acting officially, the State of Oregon peeled it. The boom in the cattle business was flattening out. The friends he had staked in it flattened out too, and went into retirement on his money, which he was too proud to dun them for until they had got out of reach. Lastly, the promising young man whose political career he had stood good for decided to quit politics, and did so, taking along all the public funds he could find loose; and the State cinched down on Applegate as his bondsman.

Oregon might possibly have managed to stand the loss without going completely broke. Applegate couldn't. He turned over, not only all his own property, but all his wife's with it—every hoof, acre, nickel, and nail—and, totally destitute for the first time in his life, went out and hunted up a job, at past sixty years old, working for wages as a sheepherder on the Klamath Falls range. He and his men had cleaned the British and the missionaries out of the country. It was not human hoggishness, probably, but merely anxiety to make an artistic finish, that made the new men in the country attend so thoroughly to the job of cleaning him out too.

But even their thoroughness couldn't make him slump into nonentity as the men before him had done. He was poorer than his work had left any of them, and harder-worked; but he was the farthest of all of them from letting a turn of luck do him in. Bankruptcy was rather a way of setting him back into the life he had fixed for himself when he first threw in with the pioneers—that of trying new trades to see what they were like and whether he could learn them. Now he set himself to learn another. He became a poet.

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That, by itself, would not have been unusual. What made it so was the kind of poetry he wrote. It was neither tags for valentines nor descriptions of scenery. Most of it was not even in verse, and escapes the label of prose only because the man's thought and instinct made poetry of everything he wrote.

His subject was, through all of his writing, the pioneers. The job he set himself was not to do any hymn-shouting or yarn-spinning, but to explain them and their function, and to size up what both amounted to in relation to the balance of humanity and the world. A letter written when he was sixty-three, to be read before the Pioneers' Association, shows how he went at it:

> When the world is ready for a physical advance, the agent is found to carry it into effect; and though the physical forces have existed through all time precisely as they exist today, they remain hidden in the womb of nature until a knowledge of them is a necessity. . . . So it is with the race of pioneers. We were in our day precisely adapted, mentally and physically, to perform the part assigned us in the march of civilization, and no matter what our individual motives, we have as a class well executed the purpose of our creation. But, like the scythe, the sickle and the shovel-plow—the best of tools among the roots and stumps of a new land—we will be thrown aside and forgotten now our work is done. . . . I claim no higher motive for coming here than inherent restlessness; so far from being proud of the years I have been in this country, I am ashamed to remember how insufficient were the reasons upon which I acted in coming at all. . . .

One wonders how the 1874 orator of the day got his declamation by with the crowd that had listened to that. Without any trouble, probably. They usually waited out the early part of the programme around the whiskey barrel in the brush.

V

Even his accounts of the great days carry an undertone of sadness that makes them sound almost like an elegy. The pioneers' work would be fed on by generations; they themselves would not even have the run of their own.

Yet he was happy in his writing. My mother remembers how, almost in the last year of his life, he came visiting the farm where she lived, walking in the middle of the road and studying over paragraphs of his book as if he had picked that style of travel as a way of prodding his imagination. His eyes were extraordinarily bright and wide-open; and that and his reticence about the book he was working on made him, at seventy-five, seem like a youngster of twenty learning to write poetry on the sly. Not that he lacked confidence in his writing. He never lacked that, in himself or in anything he ever did; but he didn't like to discuss his writing with people who, he felt, asked about it merely to be polite.

What he did like was to tell satirical stories. One was about a tribe of Indians in Southwest Oregon who claimed for their god a pocky-looking boulder about as big as a man's head in one of Applegate's fields. None of the Indians ever paid the slightest attention to the thing, which was probably some kind of meteorite, until, long after Applegate had lost his land, and the tribe, with epidemics, casualties and trade whiskey, had dwindled to exactly three Indians, a party of scientists came across the neglected shrine and decided, both on account of its godhead and because the boulder looked geologically interesting, to freight it to a museum. Then piety revived. The three Indians came, bawling and blubbering, to beg Applegate not to let the boulder be moved.

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He promised to do what he could; but, he asked, what was their objection? Wasn't God upon the museum just the same as on the land?

The weeping three replied that He was not. Tranportation, according to all their best revelations, would hop Him to a perfect frenzy of spite. He would be mad and mean, and He would take it out on their tribe by shellacking it with some terrible vengeance, they didn't know exactly what. Three rickety Indians, blubbering to maintain God's favor over a tribe that He had already plastered with every plague and every calamity that a people could possibly be hit with. To their relief, the scientists promised to let the boulder alone; and they tottered back up the creek to drudge out a living tanning deer-hides and peddling blackberries, beaming with pleasure at having looked out for a divinity that hadn't looked out for them.

Applegate died in 1888, on his son's farm in the Yoncalla valley. His death was one that any man might envy. His book suited him; he was lying down in the evening, resting and laughing with his son at one of his own stories, when his heart stopped. The godly of the State, remembering how many times he had crossed the preachers, straightway filled the air with the usual stories about his deathbed repentance and his desperate last-breath supplications for grace at the Throne. It was a satisfaction to them, and it did no harm to him. Even living, he would not have minded them. The pioneers had scattered and gone downhill so much that for their captain to beg divine favor would have been like the three old Indians weeping for help to stand off a celestial retribution that had already wiped them from the earth.

VI

Tallying up, one is apt to blame Applegate's unfinished callings on his own restlessness and impracticality. He himself did. And yet, outside of that self-judgment are all the other men who helped bring Oregon from heathendom to Hoover. Not one of them came off better, and most of them did worse. They died, either early and violently, or else late, out of work, and totally forgotten.

McLoughlin and the preachers are only a middle-cut from the chronicle. Of the first overland explorers, Meriwether Lewis committed suicide, and William Clarke ended as a political hack-horse in Ohio. Hall J. Kelley, who wrote the first book on Oregon, left after one year of living there, and died a hermit in New England. John C. Frémont, who first mapped it, blew up in the Civil War and lived on thirty years more, unnoticed. The first Governor, General Joseph Lane, died broken-hearted after having been beaten for the State Legislature.

The score is too long to list more than the high spots. Marcus Whitman was butchered by the Indians of his curacy; the redskins also killed the first secretary of the State government, and the succeeding two were drowned in the Clackamas river. David Douglas, the first botanist of the region, was gored to death melodramatically by a bull.

Modern times run as religiously to form. The inventor of the initiative and referendum, Jonathan Bourne, was about the last. He was beaten for Senator in 1912 by a lumber millionaire, and left the country for good.

Since then nobody has ventured.

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EDITORIALS

The Passing of a Hero

To believe in such world-savers as Dr. Hoover seems to require a special type of mind—roughly speaking, the same sort that it takes to believe that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair trial. Such a mind rejects the ordinary laws of evidence, and proceeds by logical landmarks hidden from normal eyes.

There was, in point of fact, nothing whatever in the early career of Dr. Hoover to indicate that he would make a competent President of the United States, and there was precious little more in his operations as an aide to Harding and Coolidge. He was, early in life, a go-getter of a very familiar type—eager for the main chance, not overly finicky, more successful than most, but far less successful than some. In Belgium he performed a job that any railway freight agent might have done quite as well, given the same free hand and the same friendly gallery. As Food Administrator he seldom departed from the obvious, and when he did he commonly came to grief. In the Cabinet he divided his time between teaching business men what every boy of ten should know, and inhaling the fragrance of Fall and company. To this day he has never uttered a word against the gross crimes and corruptions of these colleagues, just as he has never uttered a word against the obscene operations of the Ku Kluxers who made him President. For all anyone knows to the contrary, he may regard Fall as a martyr to this day, and Tom Heflin as a prophet.

Having little apparent capacity for making friends, he is getting small sympathy in his present melodramatic failure. Even those who were but lately hailing him as a messiah seem to regard complacently his writhings upon his brummagem cross. In this there is some injustice, or, perhaps more accurately, an excess of justice. For the learned gentleman's troubles are all due to weaknesses rather than to sins, and in that department we are all so vulnerable that it is imprudent for us to withhold mercy. The chief of these weaknesses is timorousness. He is fundamentally a very nervous and skittish man, and so he has never got past the first page of the political primer, which teaches that durable success goes only to the bold. It would be hard to imagine anything more faint-hearted and preposterous than his dealings with Prohibition. He feared the subject, and tried to avoid it. But avoiding it was quite as impossible as avoiding a mad bull, and so he was forced into grips with it at last under great disadvantages, and came out of the encounter sadly damaged. A bolder man would have tackled it resolutely, taking either one line or the other, and holding the advantage of the offensive. But Dr. Hoover sought refuge in weasel words, and they failed him just as sadly as they have failed every other man (I except, of course, Dr. Coolidge: the great exception to all rules, perhaps the one authentic miracle since Apostolic times) who has put trust in them.

Such timid fellows always break out, now and then, into an uneasy and ludicrous bellicosity. It never deceives anyone,

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but simply throws their fundamental lack of courage into a strong light. The clash between Dr. Hoover and the Hon. William Green, LL.D., President of the American Federation of Labor, toward the end of last November, will be recalled. Dr. Green insisted that the new Secretary of Labor, to succeed the incomparable Puddler Jim, should be some member of the Federation's hierarchy, and Dr. Hoover bawled him out in a grand and lofty manner, with platitudes borrowed from the Patrick Henry of the school books. But the same day another labor leader, the Hon. William Nuckles Doak, LL.D., was appointed. Well, what was the difference here? I can see none whatever. A labor leader is a labor leader. Why should *any* such parasite sit in the Cabinet? All that Dr. Hoover did, in fact, was to kick the feeble and moribund Federation—and then bend the knee of the same leg to a labor dictatorship that is wider, stronger and worse. A really courageous man would have booted *all* of the labor leaders, whether in the Federation or out of it. But Dr. Hoover was content to boot those who were weakest—so weak, indeed, that they were afraid to make a protest.

But the really significant contrast is not between the hon. gentleman's dealing with the dying Federation and his dealing with the labor oligarchy as a whole, but between his dealing with the Federation and his dealing with the Anti-Saloon League. Back in October, 1929, the League and its allied powers demanded the appointment of one Richard J. Hopkins, a second-rate Kansas lawyer and Prohibition agitator, to the Federal bench. The man was plainly unfit, and protests poured in even from Kansas. The Department of Justice advised against his appointment. Plenty of better men were available. Here was a chance, if there ever was one, to show courage in the face of opposition and danger, for the League, at that time, was high on the wave in Washington, with Bishop Cannon in command and every caitiff on Capitol Hill trembling. But Dr. Hoover simply had no courage to show. Instead, he meekly appointed Hopkins, and Hopkins is still adorning the Federal bench, along with such toothsome colleagues as Burrows, J., and McClintic, J.

The consequences of such craven yielding were demonstrated dramatically at the last general plebiscite, when the Hon. Henry J. Allen, valet of the Anti-Saloon League and Hopkins's chief backer, lost his Kansas senatorship. Even Kansas, it appears, has only contempt for those who take the League's orders, however much it may venerate the League itself. If Dr. Hoover were a shrewder man, he might ponder that lesson to some profit. But there is little sign that he will learn as he goes on. His manœuvres, if anything, grow more inept day by day. He is a failure as President because he lacks all the qualities that the office chiefly demands. He vacillates when he should be resolute, and there is no sign in him of any principle above a vain and shallow expediency. No man in this world ever had a better chance, and none ever lost it more dismally.

Cops and Their Art

Everyone seems to agree upon two things: that the American cops, compared to their colleagues in any really civilized country, are grossly incompetent, and that their incompetence is mainly due to their corruption. The first proposition, I suppose, would be hard to controvert: certainly the police of such a town, say, as New York or Chicago catch far fewer criminals, relatively speaking, than those of London,

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Paris or Berlin. A murderer's chances of going free in any American community are probably better than five to one, whereas his chances everywhere in Europe, at least north of the Pyrenees and west of the Danube, are less than one to one. The English hang half of their murderers with great neatness and dispatch, and clap nearly all the rest into prisons or lunatic asylums, but here in the Holy Land of Law Enforcement all save a small minority go free, and not a few practise their trade openly and incessantly, and to the tune of no little public acclaim. The common belief is that they bribe the cops, either with cash in hand or with promises of promotion. Many of them, it is said, are so powerful politically that it would be as difficult to send them to the gallows as it would be to jail a dry United States Senator for violating the Volstead Act.

In this last, I suspect, there is a certain amount of faulty information and loose thinking. There was a time when I came into close contact with the cops of a large and quite typical American city, and got to know many of them intimately. My conclusion was that very few of them were corrupt. When there was a murder, a robbery, a burglary or any other such crime they made the most diligent efforts to take its perpetrator, and when they succeeded they were surely not inactive in his prosecution. On the contrary, they sometimes showed a professional zeal which went to the length of manufacturing, or, at all events, discreetly editing the evidence, and more than once I saw them fail in court because of the very excess of their enthusiasm. No; what ailed these poor gendarmes was not corruption: they were, in fact, quite as honest as Coolidge or Czolgosz. What ailed them was simply stupidity. They were too dumb for their jobs. Pitted against criminals who, despite the doctrine now fashionable in penology, were often of a high degree of intelligence, they were outwitted at every point, and only too often retired from the combat with the foolish, bewildered air of a dog that has tackled a Tom cat. This is precisely what happened in New York in the Arnold Rothstein case, and it is precisely what happens in other American towns every day.

The basic trouble with the American *Polizei*, it seems to me, is that they are badly chosen for their work, and even worse trained for it. The rule almost everywhere in the country is that a recruit for the force must start at the bottom, and spend years pounding a beat before he is eligible to aspire to the higher ranks. This is a good way, perhaps, to train competent night watchmen and traffic regulators, but certainly it is an idiotic way to train detectives. The young man with intelligence enough to be a good detective simply refuses to waste the best years of his youth tagging automobiles parked in the wrong place, and stealing peanuts. He declines to take orders from a sergeant who, in nine cases out of ten, is an illiterate ignoramus, fit only for clubbing Communists and boozing in speakeasies. He is revolted by the thought of associating for years with men who, whatever their natural charm and virtue, are at best only a gang of truck-drivers and trolley motormen outfitted with shields, revolvers and shillelahs. So he never goes upon the force at all, and his perhaps highly useful services are lost to law and order, and the subtle and difficult art of catching criminals falls to men who are truck-drivers and trolley motormen still, though every bootlegger bows to them and they are hymned by the newspapers, when a murderer accidently walks into their hands, as the peers of Sherlock Holmes.

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Imagine a Sherlock Holmes in real life, and at the beginning of his career. Naturally enough, he is aware of his gifts, and eager to display them, so he applies for a post on the constabulary. First he is examined by doctors to make sure that he is as strong as an ox, and then he is examined by other quacks to determine whether he can read and write. Having passed both tests, he becomes a probationer and is sent out with an older cop to learn the secrets of the profession.

The first is a way of standing first on one foot and then on the other, so that mounting guard while a five-hour parade passes laboriously along the street will not result in varicose veins. The second is a method of guessing under oath how long a given automobile has been parked at a given spot, without actually timing it. The third is a way of stealing three naps a night in a garage without getting caught by the roundsman. The fourth is a scheme of oral deodorization whereby an hour's earnest guzzling in a speakeasy will not arouse the suspicions of the captain. And so on, and so on. Sherlock stands it for a couple of weeks, and then turns in his equipment—to enter, perhaps, the investment securities business, to take holy orders, or to turn criminal himself. Hundreds and thousands of youngsters are thus lost to the police every year, and many of them belong to the most intelligent 5% of recruits.

It is exactly as if every officer in the Army had to be a graduate from the ranks—as if every admiral in the Navy had to be a former coal-passer or mess attendant—as if every surgeon had to have years of service as a hospital orderly or dissecting-room *Diener* behind him. Now and then, to be sure, the scheme lets a really good man survive. I have known detectives, come up from pounding beats, who were extremely competent, just as I once knew a surgeon who actually began as an embalmer. But it must be plain that such things are miracles, and that the probabilities run cruelly against them. The average detective is simply an ex-paper-hanger or bartender thrown into a job demanding five times the information and intelligence of a Harvard professor. He is pitted against men who, at their best, are shrewder than Morgan partners and more daring than deep-sea divers. Is it any wonder that they so often beat him? And is it any wonder that, conscious of his incompetence and revolting against it, he resorts to such brutalities as the third degree to conceal it?

Therapeutics is surely not my *Fach*, but in this case I venture upon a modest suggestion. It is that the corps of cops be divided into two halves, as the Army is divided. Let the rank and file be recruited from out-of-work grocery clerks, plumbers, bricklayers and farm-hands, as now, but let entrance into the higher posts be restricted to men of superior education and intelligence. I see no reason why an extraordinarily bright young man, if he survives pavement pounding, should not pass from the one category to the other, just as enlisted men in the Army are sometimes given commissions, but I can imagine no reason why *every* recruit should be forced to start at the bottom, with years of dull and stupid work amid depressing associations.

If the good ones, after due examination, could begin as detectives, the whole force would be vastly improved, and it would be measurably less easy than it is now for criminals to escape detection and punishment. There is no real secret about detective work; it simply requires a good head. But under the present system it is open only to men with good legs.

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The New Architecture

Save in Germany and Scandinavia, the New Architecture seems to be making very little progress. The traces of it that are visible in the current American skyscrapers are slight, and there are so few signs of it in domestic architecture and ecclesiastical architecture that when they appear they look merely freakish. A new suburb built according to the plans of, say, Le Corbusier would provoke a great deal more mirth than admiration, and the realtor who projected it would probably be badly stuck. The advocates of the new style are full of earnestness, and some of them carry on in the shrill, pedagogical manner of believers in the Single Tax, the World Court or the New Humanism, but they do not seem to be making many converts. Not many persons have been persuaded that their harsh and melodramatic designs are either logical or beautiful, or that the conventions they denounce are necessarily meaningless and ugly.

Those conventions, in point of fact, are often informed by an indubitable beauty, as even the most frantic Modernist must admit when he contemplates the Lincoln Memorial at Washington or St. Thomas's Church in New York; and there is not the slightest reason for holding that they make war upon anything essential to the modern spirit. We live in a Machine Age, but there are still plenty of us who have but little to do with machines, and find in that little no answer to our aspirations. Why should a man who hates automobiles build a house designed upon the principles which went into the Ford Model T? He may prefer, and quite honestly, the principles which went into the English dwelling-house of the Eighteenth Century, and so borrow them with a clear conscience.

I can sympathize with that man, for in many ways he is I and I am he. If I were building a house tomorrow it would certainly not follow the lines of a dynamo or a steam shovel; it would be, with a few obvious changes, a replica of the houses that were built in the days when human existence, according to my notion, was pleasanter and more spacious than ever before or since. The Eighteenth Century, of course, had its defects, but they were vastly overshadowed by its merits. It got rid of religion. It lifted music to first place among the arts. It developed, in every civilized language, a vibrant and lovely prose. It introduced urbanity into manners, and made even war relatively gracious and decent. It took eating and drinking out of the stable and put them into the parlor. It found the sciences childish curiosities, and bent them to the service of man, and elevated them above metaphysics for all time. Lastly and best, it invented the first really comfortable human habitations ever seen on earth, and filled them with charming fittings. When it dawned even kings lived like hogs, but as it closed even colonial planters on the banks of the Potomac were housed in a fashion fit for gentlemen.

The Eighteenth Century dwelling-house has countless rivals today, but it is as far superior to any of them as the music of Mozart is superior to Broadway jazz. It is not only, with its red brick and white trim, a pattern of simple beauty; it is also durable, relatively inexpensive, and pleasant to live in. No other sort of house better meets the exigencies of housekeeping, and none other absorbs modern conveniences more naturally and gracefully. Why should a man of today abandon it for a house of harsh masses, hideous outlines. and bald metallic surfaces? And why should he abandon its noble and charming

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furniture for the ghastly imitations of the electric chair that the Modernists make of gas-pipe? I can find no reason in either faith or morals. The Eighteenth Century house fits a civilized man almost perfectly. He is completely at ease in it. In every detail it accords with his ideas. To say that the florid chicken-coops of Le Corbusier and company are closer to his nature is as absurd as to say that the tar-paper shacks behind the railroad tracks are closer to his nature.

Nor is there any sense in the common contention that Gothic has gone out, and is now falsetto. The truth is that St. Thomas's Church not only represents accurately the mysticism of Ralph Adams Cram, who designed it, but also the evil conscience of the rich Babbitts who paid for it. It is a plain and highly intelligible signal to the world that, at least on Sundays, those Babbitts search their hearts and give thought to Hell. It is, in its sordid surroundings, distinctly otherworldly, just as Bishop Fulbert's cathedral was otherworldly when it began to rise above the medieval squalor of Chartres. The otherworldliness is of the very essence of ecclesiastical architecture. The moment it is lost we have the dreadful "plants" that barbaric Baptists and Methodists erect in the Pellagra and Goitre Belts. Of all forms of visible otherworldliness, it seems to me, the Gothic is at once the most logical and the most beautiful. It reaches up magnificently—and a good half of it is palpably useless. When men really begin to build churches like the Bush Terminal there will be no religion any more, but only Rotary. And when they begin to live in houses as coldly structural as step-ladders they will cease to be men, and become mere rats in cages.

H. L. M.

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A PRETTY CUTE LITTLE STUNT

BY GEORGE MILBURN

WELL, R.A., I wish you could of been out to Rotary today. You certainly missed a treat. They pulled off a pretty cute little stunt, and I'm right here to tell you it would of give you something to think about, you old potwalloper, you!

Well, sir, it was a pretty cute little stunt the way they pulled it off. Just as slick as you please. The way it happened, the Chief called me up on the 'phone about 11:30 and says, "Harry, we've got a bum in jail down here, and he claims that he's an old ex-member of Rotary. He's been aggravating the life out of us, telling us that he's got a message that he's got to get to you boys some way."

The first thing that occurred to me was that it was some kind of a joke. You know how the Chief is, yourself, R.A., always up to some kind of monkey-business. Sure you do, though, because I remember how the Chief helped pull that fake pinch on you at the station last year, the day you and Alice was starting on your honeymoon. Handcuffed you right there as the train was starting up, and Alice sticking her head out the window, yelling and crying when the train pulled out. I thought I'd a died laughing at the look on your face that day, the way you sputtered when the Chief snapped on those bracelets. And that flabbergasted look of yours all the way on the road when we was hitting around seventy trying to get you to the next station in time to catch up with your missus!

It took you quite a while to catch on to the joke. And, come to think of it, R.A., I don't think Alice ever has acted the same toward we boys since that day she lost her temper. Well, I thought they was carrying the joke a little too far, myself, but I never saw a woman yet that could take a joke in the proper spirit. The way she turned loose on the Chief when we finally caught the train! I mean Alice ought to of seen that the Chief was just helping we boys kid you a little. I mean the Chief was only doing like we asked him to.

But to get back to what I was telling you, I thought to myself, "This is just some horseplay the Chief's pulling off." So I says to him, "Oh, yeah?" You know. Like that. "Oh, yeah?"

The Chief didn't let on a bit, though. He was just as serious as he could be. He says, "Yes, he's got the Rotary button and the credentials, but of course he could of stole those some place. But he tells a pretty straight story, and if you've got time, I wish you'd come down to the station and take a look at him."

Well, just as soon as I saw that the Chief was serious, I quit kidding right away. I says, "Sure thing, Chief, I'll be right down." So I hung up and got in my Chivy and drove right on down to the station.

I wish you could of seen this bird the Chief come leading out, R.A. Dirty as rot and looked like he didn't have a shave in a week. He had on an old, worn-out-looking blue-serge suit, all out at the sleeves, and it looked like he didn't have on any

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shirt, because he had his coat-collar turned up and pinned at the neck with a safety pin.

I was still kind of leery when I walked into the station, but I didn't have no more doubts after I saw this bum the Chief come leading out. He was a little short fellow that looked like he might of seen better days in his time. But it certainly looked like it had been many a day since he had. I mean he had a pretty good-sized stomach on him and he was wearing horn-rim glasses, but I wish you could of seen the way he looked. He just had down-and-outer written all over him.

The Chief introduced us, and I shook hands with him. Then he started in to explaining how he had been setting there in his cell thinking about things, and how good-for-nothing he had got to be. Then he said he just happened to remember that, a little while before the police picked him up, he had seen one of our Rotary-wheel signboards with "Rotary meets on Mondays—Visitors welcome" on it. Well, the long and the short of it was that he said that he had used to be a Rotarian before he went to the dogs, and he just got to thinking that he would like to meet with the boys again and give them a talk.

He showed me his credentials, they were so dirty and worn I couldn't hardly make out the writing, and his button. He wasn't wearing his button. He was just carrying it in his pocket.

I could see that his feelings were working on him pretty strong. I looked to see him break down and start crying any minute. He was so pitiful I just didn't know what to do about him. But at the same time, I begun to wonder what the boys would think if I was to come walking in with a filthy bum like that to eat with us. You'd have to of seen him to appreciate it. He looked like something somebody had drug up the streets with. Well, I knew that I'd have to decide something quick. It was getting close to noon then. So I says to him, "You wait here just a minute." I steps over to the 'phone and calls up Gay Harrison, the secretary.

"Gay," I says, "what have we got on the programme today?"

"Not a thing that I know of, Harry," Gay says, "Why?"

"Well," I says, "the Chief's got a bum in jail down here that claims he's an old former ex-Rotarian, and this bum wants to come up and eat with us today, and then give us a talk after we eat. What's your reaction?" I says.

Gay fell right in with the notion. He says, "Harry, that strikes me as being a pretty cute little stunt. Bring him right along!"

And I want to say it *was* a pretty cute little stunt, too.

I went back in to where the bum was standing by the desk, waiting. I hadn't quite caught his name, so I says to him, "I didn't quite catch what your name was, buddy."

"Just call me Oscar," he says. "That's the old Rotary spirit."

I kind of grinned when he said that, but when I looked at him, just as solemn as a judge when he said it, I didn't lose any time wiping that grin right off my face. I felt kind of ashamed, R.A. I mean the way he looked at me made it seem kind of heathenish to grin at Rotary spirit like that, R.A.

I turned around to the Chief and said, "Chief, I guess you haven't got any objection, have you, if I took Oscar to Rotary with me today."

The Chief didn't crack a smile. He said, "Well, Harry, it's a little irregular, but if I go along to keep him in custody, I guess it'll be all right. I mean we've got him

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booked on a vag charge here, you see, and we'd be held liable for him."

Before we started out, though, I looked the bum right straight in the eye and says, "Before we start, though, Oscar, I want it distinctly understood that there's to be no begging for alms done. The boys wouldn't stand for that. We're glad to have you come eat with us, and to hear your message —but no begging speech, remember that."

The bum kind of drew himself up and says, "Why, of course I have no intention of begging for alms. Of course not. That wouldn't be Rotary," he says. And somehow or another he made me feel pretty cheap again, the way he said that, "It wouldn't be Rotary."

II

Well, the upshot of it was, we all piled into my Chivy sedan, the Chief and the bum and me, and drove right up to the Hotel Beckman just like we was a delegation of millionaires. I wished you could of seen that big nigger doorman they got there at the Beckman, R.A., when we come piling out of my Chivy. That nigger's eyes just bulged out like stoppers on an organ. I'd give a pretty to know what he was thinking.

When we walked through the lobby I could see ever'one craning to get a look at us, and when we come into the dining-room they had already started eating. But ever'one put down their knife and fork when we walked up and took our seats at the speakers' end of the table. They didn't know what to make of it.

And I wished you could of seen that fellow lay away the grub. He ate like he was half-starved. He just ate up everything in sight and was ready for more before anybody else had got good and started. Ever'body was staring down in our direction, and I was turning about seven different colors. I couldn't hardly eat, myself, and I was kicking myself for a sucker all through the meal.

After the meal Gay Harrison got up and said, "I don't believe there are any visitors today, so we'll proceed with the business." Some of the boys began clearing their throat and laughing a little, and I want to tell you I was about ready to sink right through that floor. Then Gay says, "Oh, I beg pardon. Harry has a guest. Harry, will you introduce your guest."

I could of kicked Gay around the block for the way he said that, but I saw then that I was going to have to go on through with it, so I gets up and kind of grins, and says, "Well, boys, this was all about as big a surprise to me as it was to you. And Gay there is letting on like he didn't know nothing about it, but he knows just as much as I do. About 11:30 I got a telephone call from the Chief saying that he had an old ex-Rotarian in jail, and that this fellow thought he had a message for us. I called up Gay and he said it would be all right. So I want to introduce Oscar," I says, "and if he'll get up now he can do his own explaining."

I set down, and this bum, just as ragged and dirty as a Turk, stood up. The boys clapped for him, but they was all about to bust laughing. This bum just kind of looked around over the table, and it got still enough so as you could of heard yourself think. You talk about magnetism, R.A., well that man had it. He used psychology on them. Nobody there knew any more about him than I did, but he stopped that laughing, don't you forget it.

I wish you could of heard that man talk. He started right in.

"Boys," he says, "you don't know me, and I guess none of you care very much who I am, or what I was once upon a time.

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And I'm not going to dwell on that," he says. "I came into your fair city unannounced and I'll be lucky if I can go out the same way," he says. "The way you see me now," he says, "I'm on the dog, just a poor down-and-outer. But," he says, "I'm not here to play on your sympathies. I just want to talk to you a little about Rotary fellowship, and then I'm through," he says.

"This morning I was setting in my jail cell meditating," he says. "You know that's one thing about being in jail, you get a chance to do a lot of meditating," he says. And then he went on to describe about how the early disciples of the Church had all spent a lot of time in jail, and about how that had give them time to do a lot of meditating, and that had a lot to do with the purity and inspiration of their message, and so on and so forth. Well, R.A., it seems like he was setting there meditating and all of a sudden he got this inspiration that if he could just give a talk to Rotary once more, he had a message for them that was worth hearing.

"I used to be a member of Rotary in good standing," he says. "I'm not going to say where it was, because that don't make any difference," he says. And then he talked a little more and went on and recited that poem, you know that poem that goes:

I want to live in the house beside of the road,
And see the men go by,
The men who . . .

Well, I don't remember now just how it goes, something like that, but anyhow it ends up:

I want to live in the house beside the road,
And be a friend of man.

This bum recited the whole poem from start to finish, and when he got through, he says, "Now, that poet had it all wrong," he says, "because that's not Rotary. To be in keeping with Rotary you have to get out in the middle of the road, and live out in the middle of the road. You've got to be out in the middle of the road *meeting* with men and *mixing* with men, if you're going to be a friend of man," he says. "This old setting down beside of the road watching men go past won't do at all," he says.

Well, R.A., his talk was just full of sharp little points like that, and they hit home, too. A pretty cute little stunt, I want to say.

Another place there he went on and told about how in a town where he had been a Rotarian one time Rotary had taken all the kiddies in town, all the poor kiddies, out on an outing out in the woods. Well, he was a respectable business man back in those days, and he was getting around among the kiddies, seeing that they all had a good time, and he come across a little cripple boy standing over by a tree just crying like his heart would break.

He went up to this little cripple boy and says, "What's the matter, sonny?"

And the little cripple boy sobbed out, "Oh, I can't have any fun. All the other kids can go around and get red lemonade and ice cream cones and hot dogs and ever'thing, but I can't. I'm crippled."

About that time he looks up and he sees a big strapping boy coming up, and he sneaks around on the other side of the refreshment tent to see what this big boy is going to say to this little cripple.

Well, the big boy come up and says, "What's eatin' yuh, kid?" And the little cripple starts to crying again, and the big boy says, "Aw, shucks! Come on here and get up on my back." And he stooped over and got the little cripple up on his back and pretty soon he was loping him all over the picnic ground, handing him up soda pop and hot dogs and ever'thing and the

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little cripple was having just as good a time as anybody.

R.A., I'm right here to tell you that when that ragged bum finished that story ever'one around that table was a sniffing and a snubbing and making dabs at their eyes and trying to grin and make out like they wasn't crying at all. If any speaker ever had magnetism, that man certainly had it. The way he used that psychology on them wasn't even funny.

Well, he finished up by saying that all his message was that if he could just get us to live a little more like the Master Rotarian, and follow in His footsteps, his mission would be fulfilled, and, even if he was a ragged bum, he would a done something worthwhile.

He says, "Now, boys, you're going to forget me. I'm just a ragged old bum, and I'm going to pass out of your lives. But the idea of fellowship is what I wanted to get across today. The bums and the jailbirds need the grip of a manly hand sometimes. Fellowship, that's all!"

He says, "Now I know what a lot of you boys been thinking I've been leading up to, but you're wrong. I'm not going to make any plea for money, or for aid of any kind. If you was to offer it to me, I wouldn't take your money. Because that wouldn't be Rotary. But just remember what I told you about fellowship, and try and be a little more like that Master Rotarian of long ago."

Then he turned around quick and says to the Chief in a kind of tired-out voice, "Come on, Chief, let's be going."

The Chief got up and took him by the arm, and they had almost got to the door when old Cliff Oliphant—you know old Cliff, R.A., just as kind-hearted as they make them—jumped up with his eyes streaming tears and began trying to say something.

Well, the whole place was in a hub-bub, and I guess they would of passed the hat, if Gay Harrison hadn't stood up about that time and started to tapping on a glass with his knife. "Hold on just a minute, boys," Gay says. "Hold on there just a minute."

And then he beckoned to the Chief, and the Chief come leading the bum back to the head of the table.

"Boys," Gay says, "I want to introduce you to the Reverend Oscar D. Sneathen, pastor of the First Christian Church over at Garden City."

The bum reached up and undid the safety pin at his coat collar and threw back his ragged old coat and showed that he had on a collar and tie and a suit just as good as any of us!

III

Well, R.A., we all just set around and goggled and nobody could say a word. It was a regular shock to us to find out that this ragged bum had been a respectable minister of the gospel all along.

And the funny part about it was, none of us suspicioned anything right up to the last. Nobody but Gay and the Chief had been in on the know. It fooled ever'one of us.

I mean, there we was, all ready to show our fellowship to this ragged bum, and shell out some coin if we had to make him take it, and it kind of hit us when we found out he couldn't use our money. But he certainly got his message across. It was a clever little stunt, just as cute as it could be.

Gay made a little talk, telling how Reverend Sneathen had been going around over the State pulling this stunt at Rotary luncheons, and asked us not to give it away to no one, as that might spoil the effect somewheres else.

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It done a lot of good, too, even if it was just a trick. I was talking to Otis Bailey, riding back to the office after it was all over, and he says to me, "You know, Harry, that bum had it just about right, after all. We've got to get back to fundamentals in this country. After all, a bum is just a human being like us."

Otis said he wasn't in favor of any new experimenting in this country, like this Dole's System and so on. But he said his point was that we couldn't just let these bums starve.

I told him, "Sure, Otis, sure. And the way I look at it, that's right where some of this fellowship the speaker was talking about is going to go a long ways toward solving the situation."

So that just goes to show you, R.A., how a clever little stunt like that can be a big inspiration by getting people to discussing a question.

To get back to what I come to see you about, though, R.A.: Reverend Sneathen is going around over the State putting on this little stunt at Rotary luncheons, and he's out to quite a little expense for travelling expenses and so on. Gay told me to draw $25 out of the entertainment fund for him, but there was only $3.65 left in the treasury after we sent that marble-contest kid to New Jersey to the finals last month. So we're asking the boys all to chip in a dollar or so apiece for the reverend.

It's a pretty cute little stunt he pulls off, all right. I wish you could of been there. I mean it would of give you something to think about, R. A. Well, R. A., give me a ring when it's anything in the insurance line.

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LYDIA PINKHAM

BY ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN

Born in Lynn, Mass., in 1819, of a house unhonored and unsung, Lydia Pinkham spent most of her years there as schoolteacher, conscientious housewife and devoted mother, undistinguished to the outer eye. Not until the very close of her life, after her family was grown, did she pull away in the Garrison finish that was to make her, before her death in 1883, one of the town's two most eminent daughters.

The other, of course, was the gifted Mary Baker G. Eddy, who slipped on the ice there in 1866 and thereby discovered Christian Science. For twenty years, more or less, the discoverers of Christian Science and of the immortal Vegetable Compound were neighbors in the then small town. Mrs. Eddy's Broad Street house, long since a place of pilgrimage for the devout, stood on land that had been part of the farm on which Lydia Estes was born. E. F. Dakin has observed that when the first copies of "Science and Health" were peddled from door to door in Lynn, the "sales appeal was basically that of any patent medicine." But that is another story.

Mrs. Pinkham began to sell her nostrum in 1875. She had been making it then for about ten years, but only in an amateur way, and for free distribution among ailing females. She had hit upon it at about the time Mother Eddy's fall brought her to Science, and Science to the world. In common with all the other New England ladies of the time, she was a believer in home remedies, kept them on hand, and gave them freely to her friends and neighbors in case of need.

Doctors were then held in rather low esteem in the New England towns, especially among the anti-slavery extremists with whom Lydia had been associated in her youth. One had even advertised himself repeatedly in Garrison's *Liberator* as a "reformed physician." This popular distrust was not unfounded. The profession was unorganized and full of quacks. Anyone could call himself a doctor. Even Mrs. Eddy's pupils hung out the shingle after they had completed her course.

Among the medicines that Lydia kept on hand was one that was supposed to cure "women's weakness." The formula had come into her hands because one George Clarkson Todd, a Lynn machinist, had been unable to pay her husband Isaac some money that he owed in the middle eighteen sixties. As part settlement Todd had given Isaac the recipe for the medicine, which was credited for $25, more to straighten the account than for any other reason.

Mrs. Pinkham had taken the formula, added some ingredients of her own, and tried it on her family and friends, with no more thought of commercializing it than she had of commercializing her fennel tea, or any of the other herbs she steeped in the course of her amateur doctoring. But slowly the brew began to acquire a local reputation. First one female tried and

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praised it, and then another, and then another. "Women's weakness" in Lynn began to decline.

Meanwhile, the Pinkham fortunes kept going from bad to worse. Isaac, never a man of great force or a good trader, had drifted from one occupation to another. Finally he had taken all the money he could get from the land his wife had inherited and sunk it in the ambitious subdivision development of a suburb. For a time, during the inflation that followed the Civil War, they enjoyed a paper prosperity, but the panic of 1873 snapped the shoestring on which Isaac was operating. For three years thereafter the family sent good money after bad, all that father, mother and the four children could beg, borrow or earn, trying to save something from the wreck. By 1876 they were completely destitute.

The oldest son, Charles, was then thirty-two, but his career of self-support had been interrupted by service in the war. At an early age he had sold pop-corn at fairs and race-tracks. Latterly he had been on the road as agent for a flour sifter; now he got a steady job collecting fares on the Salem to Boston horsecar. The middle children, Dan and Will, helped as they could with odd jobs, teaching, clerking in stores, working in a wool-pulling establishment, and substituting at the post office. A daughter, nineteen, was beginning to teach school. But none of these jobs was remunerative. All the children had been turning in whatever they made to help their father hang on to his forlorn real estate hope. The family had known poverty before; now, when their home was sold over their heads, the Pinkhams faced actual hunger.

In desperation they seized upon the sale of the Vegetable Compound as their best chance to eat regularly.

II

By this time the remedy had become well enough known by word of mouth, so that people drove now and then from as far as Salem, seven miles away, to get free bottles of it. It was after such a visit that the inspiration to put it on the market came.

Lydia continued, as before, to brew it over her kitchen stove. Money was scraped together to print a small handbill. Dan and Will, having the less steady jobs, distributed this handbill on the ten cent workmen's trains to Boston.

The first bottle was sold to a neighbor, Anna Brown, who had used it before in its amateur days. This sale was a signal for wild rejoicing. Slowly more orders came. For a long while the highest goal was to sell a bottle a day. Every cent that came in, over the barest living expenses of the family, was turned back into more leaflets, more alcohol, more herbs.

Charles and the daughter, Aroline, turned their earnings into the common purse. Lydia, the mother, scraped things together somehow to make ends meet. But Isaac, the father, was so stunned by his financial reverses that he took no active part in the great American drama that now unfolded. To the smashing success of the Compound he contributed only the Pinkham name.

Gradually Boston, Salem and Providence were invaded. Will stayed home and ran the business between jobs, while Dan traveled with the everlasting circulars as often as they could afford him carfare, or shoes. At last an order came from a Boston wholesale druggist for a dozen bottles, but still the corner was not turned. Sales grew and Lydia kept busy at her stove, but the cost of distributing circulars was too high for the return.

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One day, when Will was in Boston to collect a check for the colossal sum of $84, he did a little figuring and came to the conclusion that he could reach people through the Boston *Herald* for about half the cost of passing out circulars. He spent $60 for a column on the first page, and went home to face an irate family that had been counting on the check.

Within two days three gross of the Compound were ordered by wholesalers. The Pinkhams continued with renewed vigor to put every nickel back into the business. Dan left to carry the good word to Brooklyn. Often he went without food, without clothes. He wrote frequently to complain that he could not go to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach because of his shabby appearance.

A typical letter begins with a frantic appeal for money, itemizes the day's expense of $1.55 for himself and his helper (including seventy-two cents for the helper's wages and carfare) and goes on:

> If it is necessary to wear a shirt two or three weeks at a time, I am willing to put up with that, but if the business isn't good enough to supply me with food I want to get out of it. I see by the letter before me that you took in $82 this week and sent me $5. Now, if these folks here hadn't accommodated me I don't know what in the *Devil* I should have done. Now in consequence of your *cussed* judgment I shall have to loaf tomorrow and live upon a cracker diet. By the time you receive this letter my appetite will be good enough to hanker after a good square meal.

Other letters from Dan in Brooklyn to Will back home show the go-getter determination which has come to be associated with American success:

> I think there is one thing that we are missing it on, and that is not having something on the pamphlets in regard to Kidney Complaints, as about half of the people out here are either troubled with Kidney Complaints or else think they are. I think you better put something about Kidney Complaint of both sexes in very conspicuous type on the first page where it says "Guide for Women." As a general thing now, the men make no bones about reading it, but if you happen to look at a woman while she is reading it she is likely to tear it up.

Thus an early master of advertising psychology, Dan was not backward in imagination, either:

> I think the Irish are troubled this way as much as any class; so I don't skip Irish neighborhoods altogether. I believe a good way to advertise and a cheap way would be to get out small cards and have them dropped around in parks and other places of resort, say late Saturday nights, so people will pick them up Sundays. Every card I get hold of I write something on, as if I was recommending it to somebody and accidentally lost it. You see, we could have them so small and made of such material that it wouldn't pay for rag and paper pickers to pick them up. Before Decoration Day just try it and drop a few cards all through the cemeteries around there and I'll bet it will sell a few bottles.

There is no record that these flights of constructive imagination were ever put into practice, but one brainstorm that Dan had in Brooklyn led directly to the ultimate triumph of the Compound, as well as to the whole modern movement in advertising. He suggested that his mother's picture be run in the advertisements. It was the first time that such a thing had ever been done.

It was in 1879 the famous picture first appeared. Within a year it had jumped the sales greatly, and the Compound began to make real money, or so the Pinkhams thought. After sweating their life's blood and staking their all, they began to get a return.

It all sounds like an *American Maga-*

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zine success story. It was—and a bitter one. In 1881, when the business was getting on its feet, Dan and Will died, aged thirty-three and twenty-nine. Both died of lung trouble brought on by the starvation and exposure incident to their promotion of the great elixir. Lydia thus lost two of the boys she idolized; her sorrow and feeling of hopelessness brought about her own death two years later.

III

Into the promotion of the Compound the Pinkhams put all the energy, faith, devotion and courage that their hearts could muster. What was the actual medicinal value of this nostrum for whose success the three people most directly concerned laid down their lives?

The verdict of the medical profession is given by the American Medical Association, which devotes four pages of its book, "Nostrums and Quackery," to exposing the Compound. The chemical analysis given by the Association concludes:

> No evidence was obtained of any active principle except a trace of a bitter substance, soluble in ether.

The true worth of the Compound is shown by the diminishing claims on the bottle labels as Federal regulation has grown more strict. The first label (1876) read:

> A sure cure for Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, and all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhœa, Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Irregularities, Floodings, &c.
>
> Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor.
>
> For all weaknesses of the generative organs of either Sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.

The tightening grip of the Food and Drugs Act has whittled down this claim until the present label reads simply:

> Recommended as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted.

But despite Federal restrictions, attacks by the American Medical Association and crusades in popular magazines, the sales of the Compound have increased steadily. More than $35,000,000 has been spent by Lydia's heirs and assigns to broadcast the face that God, and the name her husband, gave her. That total is yet swelled by between one and two millions every year. For one twelve-month period, back in the war time of 1898, the Compound was the most heavily advertised product in the United States.

In 1905 Edward W. Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Collier's* joined in exposing the Compound and pillorying it. Bok concentrated on a picture of Lydia's tombstone to prove that she was dead, and could thus not advise sickly females as advertised, and on a graphic illustration of the 20% of alcohol that the Compound contained. It was his contention that many of the ladies of the W.C.T.U. were taking the Compound unwittingly for the kick, and there seems to be no doubt that they were.

But when the formula was changed in 1914, reducing the alcoholic content to 15% and increasing the drugs so that the stuff became really undrinkable (even to this hardened gullet: in the course of my research I have tried it repeatedly) the popularity of the Compound remained untouched.

In fact, by 1925 it sold almost three times

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as much as it had ever sold before Bok attempted to run it off the market. He has been hailed as having had the greatest understanding of publicity of any man in our time. Certainly the Pinkham Medicine Company has no reason to doubt that judgment. It could hardly have done better if it had put him on its payroll.

It would be hasty to assume from this record that, with a little luck, extreme devotion to the task, and persistence in advertising, it would be possible to put across on the great American public any old worthless product that came along. The success of the Compound involved certain special factors rooted in Mrs. Pinkham's background.

She was not only sincerely convinced of the efficacy of her medicine; she even came to a somewhat hysterical belief that she was the savior of her sex. She was one of the first women in this country to establish a business that flourishes to this day; to this extent at least she was a landmark of the economic progress of the American female.

But the manner of her career, even more than the mere fact of it, makes her an interesting figure in the generation that produced so many outspoken women in the controversies over slavery, bloomerism, temperance, phrenology, suffrage, Grahamism, spiritualism, anti-vaccination, free love, free silver, homeopathy and Christian Science.

The very popularity of the Compound, continuing against all reason, sheds light on the period, for it has sold itself entirely upon the popularization of "women's weakness." And whatever that weakness may be physiologically, it is historically a phase of the emergence of woman, of her maladjustment to the industrial age, of her frequent lack of satisfaction in home and husband, and of her consequent longing for a different lot and her antagonism to man.

At least, this was Mrs. Pinkham's own view of it, to judge from the appeal of her advertising from the very beginning. She was a child of the decade and the small strip of territory that produced Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Stone and Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Because of special circumstances (her mother was somewhat before her time in thought and her husband somewhat before his time in the uncertainty of his business) Lydia realized and made explicit the antagonism to man that was definitely in the air, but was in the main only implicit in the works of the recognized feminine leaders.

Of the causes in which woman was now trying her hand, Lydia took an active part in temperance, greenbackism, anti-slavery, spiritualism, anti-vaccination and Swedenborgianism. A glimpse at the local anti-slavery movement, with which she was prominently identified in her youth, gives an indication of her general trend of thought.

Of the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Lynn, she and a sister were members from the beginning. Their mother always appeared first on lists of the Board of Managers. Abby Kelly, the secretary, later nationally famous, wrote in the minutes of the first meeting, in May, 1836:

> Let us not listen to the suggestion that [slavery] is a subject with which woman should have nothing to do, because it has a political aspect; its highest and most distinctive aspect is a moral and benevolent one . . . It is woman's woes that call most loudly for our efforts to free them and their children from the most cruel oppression, from degradation and outrage.
>
> When woman's heart is bleeding
> Shall woman's voice be hushed?

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Here we find a chord sympathetic to the dominant note of all the Pinkham advertising down to the present: "Only a woman can understand a woman's ills." Abby sounded the trump of the divine call of women to right all the wrongs of this world even more loudly in her message to the second annual meeting:

> We trust that what woman is doing in the present struggle will accelerate the approach of that time when, instead of the contumely and scorn which are now heaped upon her who enlists in a moral conflict against wrong with a determination to do her whole duty, even should that duty require her to overstep the bounds "prescribed by a corrupt public sentiment," she shall be hailed as a minister of Heaven, sent on an errand of mercy to the erring and wandering of earth.

When a Freeman's Society was formed in Lynn, Lydia herself became secretary, and could write her own annual messages. Unfortunately, they have not been preserved. Their style may be inferred from her early advertising copy, of which the following is typical:

> A multitude, once
> ENCIRCLED BY THE COILS
> OF THE HYDRA,
> are now released from his foul embrace and are enabled to rejoice in their recovered freedom. Health, hope and happiness are restored. When the pale sufferer, who for years has dragged out a miserable existence, is restored, it is like being born again. He obtains a new lease of life. The old house is repaired and the tenant is happy. Such is the change wrought by the Vegetable Compound, and many who have taken it faithfully do not hesitate to regard MRS. PINKHAM as a savior of her sex.

Just before her death, as Lydia began to get the feel of success, the Compound came to mean far more to her than simply a way to get money. Of course the business was run for profit, but the special flair she gave it, its caustic and assertive feminism, was not mere advertising sales-talk, but a deep long repressed cry from her heart.

The Compound became in her mind her own sincere contribution to the great cause, of, by and for American womanhood. This was the sector of the wide battlefront that she picked for her own, and she returned to active service under the old standard of her youth (after the failure of her faith in her husband) with the grim vigor of the schoolma'am back at the discipline of the boys after a long vacation.

IV

One earnest of her sincerity was the way in which she spent good money, once the business got going, to fill the Pinkham advertising with propaganda for lost causes that could not in any way further the sale of the Compound. Notably she attacked vaccination and favored greenback inflation.

One of the early Pinkham handbills expounded the iniquitous money system of the United States (which by reintroducing real money had contributed to the real estate failure of Isaac Pinkham) and concluded:

> RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!
>
> You are about to strike the trail of the oppressor, and you must follow it up, until usurous money-lenders and their minions are politically buried deeper than the fossils of the carboniferous system.
>
> Thousands of people who are paying for this enormous financial mismanagement are today suffering from *Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Indigestion,* Weakness of the Stomach, &c., who would surely, speedily and permanently be cured by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Only a person unfamiliar with the Prohibitionist mind would jump to the con-

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clusion that Lydia's temperance views were insincere simply because her Compound had three times as much alcohol as beer. Indeed, she seems never to have felt that there was any conflict here at all. The alcohol was there "solely as a solvent and preservative." The dosage *recommended* was not such as could possibly lead to intoxication.

On the altar of Lydia's temperance convictions, her son Dan even wrecked a promising political career. In 1875 he was elected to the Lynn Council as People's Reform candidate. Shortly after, despite the Pinkham poverty, he carried the district for the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, running on Ben Butler's ticket as a Greenbacker. For a first termer he attracted considerable attention, becoming known as the Fish-Cake Representative because of his agitation for the reduction of legislators' salaries and his suggestion that these worthies "get back to eating fish-cakes."

During the session Dan voted for a temperance measure, though advised by party associates that it was political suicide. In the ensuing campaign he refused to straddle on the issue, so the rum-sellers organized their support for his opponent, who was none other than Henry Cabot Lodge.

The campaign was bitter, and personal charges were hurled at the young man who later was to become one of the national pooh-bahs of the Republican party. One handbill urged

> Don't Vote for the
> BOSTON TAX DODGER
> who hails from
> Nahant.
> Boston's Tax Collectors He Dodges
> While at Nahant He Lodge (s).

Lodge nosed out Pinkham on the final returns. In the previous election Dan had run ahead of his ticket; now he was the only one of the Greenbackers to lose. There seems little reason to doubt the verdict of contemporary newspapers that the temperance issue cost him his reëlection and gave Henry Cabot Lodge his political start.

The success of the Compound was aided by the craze of Pinkham jokes which swept the country, a plague of wit as virulent as that which later helped to put over the Ford Model T. It was the personal flavor of Mrs. Pinkham's advertising, the sincere and fantastic sourness of it, that gave the jokes point (when they had any).

A year after the use of her picture was begun, the newspaper wise-cracking campaign had already directed so much attention to it that she was receiving widespread appeals, of which the following from Lombard, Illinois, was typical:

> *Madam:* If it is necessary that you should parade your portrait in every county paper in the United States, can't you in mercy to the nation have a new one taken once in a while? Do your hair a little differently, say—have a different turn to your head and look solemn. Anything to get rid of that cast iron smile! You ought to feel solemn anyway that your face pervades the mind of the nation like a nightmare, and that you have become a bugbear to innocent children.
>
> Also, that portrait is destroying the circulation of the newspapers. I have stopped my county newspaper to get rid of it and I know of several flourishing papers that have been absolutely killed by it.
>
> I think my words express the heartfelt desire of a long-suffering people, and that I am sustained in this request by the strongest public sentiment ever brought to bear on any subject.

Mrs. Pinkham saved the letter, and her quiet smile continued. The furore was all grist to her mill. Harassed country editors added to it by pressing her picture into

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service as the likeness of any woman in the news, from Susan B. Anthony to Queen Lil Langtry and even Queen Victoria.

Some newspaper wag—Eugene Field was suspected—announced her engagement to Bill Nye. The hoax had nationwide circulation until Nye said the engagement had been broken, but that he solicited wedding presents just the same. The next Spring he nominated Mrs. Pinkham for President, and announced that Samuel J. Tilden, not himself, was to marry her. This was denied and full details were printed of a fictitious Nye-Pinkham wedding. Horseplay of this sort appealed to the boisterous humor of American journalism in that innocent day; the stories were everywhere copied.

But if Mrs. Pinkham thus became a myth to the world at large, she remained very real to those around her. In her home her word was law; her conclusion on any subject became the conclusion of every member of her family. To this day the Pinkham advertising has continued on the note she struck.

"My work shall be perpetuated," is a constantly recurring theme in the advertisements printed in her lifetime. "Let us save the human race," is another, and through all is the picture of the heartless brutality of man:

> . . . The man of business will respect his own law, at whatever sacrifice to others, and so he yields nothing in the interest of humanity, but smiles complacently, and
>
> MURDERS WHILE HE SMILES.
>
> In the great commercial warehouses devoted to the exhibition and sale of dress and fancy goods the poor girls are discharged if they seek temporary relief in the absence of a customer. They must be on their feet all the while, for that is the unalterable rule of the establishment. If the ordeal is not fatal, they are rendered unfit to assume the obligations of maternity. In this manner thousands are heartlessly immolated
>
> ON THE ALTAR OF MAMMON.
>
> They struggle on for a few months or years at most, growing paler and feebler day by day, and then disappear to be seen no more. You inquire for them, and then pause to listen to the mournful story—they have gone to sleep under the daisies. What if other victims, feverish and tremulous, are going the same way? The selfish devotee continues to worship his God as usual by remorselessly sacrificing fair young girls to this
>
> MOLOCH OF MONEY,
>
> and still—outside the desolated home—there are none to twine the harp with a cypress wreath for the early dead.

V

If part of Lydia Pinkham's success was thus due to the fact that she filled her sails with wind from the fringes of the feminist hurricane that was sweeping the country, another source of strength was that she put her finger on the crying need of her sex (no pun intended), the need for some sympathetic soul to talk to.

From the beginning Lydia encouraged women to write her in confidence and pour out their troubles. It took no great genius on her part to discover their need for this service. She knew. She had been through the mill herself.

Whatever the medicos may say about the Compound, there can be no doubt of the tons of earnest testimonials that have poured into the laboratory at Lynn for more than half a century. The overwrought key of the advertising itself, its often hysterical appeal to beware of vague symptoms, such as the blues and dissatisfaction with life, suggests that the weakness it has cured may have been largely psychic; who is to say it may not have done the job as well as psychoanalysis?

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THE CASE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

BY HENRY A. PERKINS

"I DON'T believe in Foreign Missions. The heathen are a lot better off left to their own ways, and their own religions suit them best." Thus the man who also says that it is a mistake to educate the Negro, that America can keep out of world affairs, that the French are a frivolous people and the Japanese dishonest. He believes such things just as he believes billboards. He has of course never visited a mission, and probably never even met a missionary. If he has travelled, his opinions have been formed by other tourists like himself, or by the remarks of some chance acquaintance doing business in the Orient, and his impressions of missionaries, who usually travel second-class, are derived from observing them from the serene altitude of the first-class deck.

It is hard to say just why or how this low opinion of Foreign Missions got started in the United States. It was not the fashion to think in that way fifty years ago. But now, though Foreign Missions had a very respectable beginning with St. Paul, though we owe to Jesuit missions much of the early exploration and development of the continent, and though we have been ourselves a great missionary people, one hears continually that missions are harmful—first, because they unsettle the lower classes; second, because they introduce customs and diseases which are destructive of primitive peoples; third, because they give the native a religion to which he is not suited; and fourth, because missionaries live luxurious lives, not in harmony with the ideals of a religion of self-sacrifice.

Before attempting to answer these objections, it will be well to examine briefly the purpose of missions in a "pagan" land. What is a missionary, and why is he a missionary? The comic periodicals used to show him as a cadaverous individual clad in a frock coat too short in the sleeves, with a phenomenally tall hat which he must have been at some expense to have constructed in order to impress the childlike cannibal mind, one supposes. He carried a very bulging umbrella in one hand, and a hymn-book in the other, regardless of the aridity of his desert-like surroundings, or of his hearers' susceptibility to song. In the background simmered a cauldron whose contents were being stirred by hopeful aborigines, while others were whetting their knives in preparation for the feast which the missionary was to provide.

This picture of a missionary is about as accurate as those which show Frenchmen with waxed moustaches, Prohibitionists in tall hats, and their opponents with protruding hip flasks. But it has made its impression, and forms part of the strange mental furniture stored at the back of the head of the simple souls who today spend their evenings at the movies and their Sundays in reading comic supplements.

Then came the novel and the drama wherein the missionary was shown to be essentially a hypocrite and coward, in marked contrast to the lady of fortune or

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the gentleman adventurer, who might be a dope addict and a fugitive from justice, but was still one of nature's noblemen.

Finally, we have the World Cruise, an institution which is beginning to rank as one of the more potent influences in coloring American opinion. A person who has spent twelve days or two weeks in India, for instance, has seen half a dozen towns in that great peninsula, and read a book or two about it, comes home as an authority on matters Indian. His opinions are listened to with respect, and he actually believes them himself. Has he not seen the burning ghats at Benares, the Kali Ghat in Calcutta, the Taj Mahal by moonlight, and Mt. Everest at sunrise? Surely he is qualified to discuss the merits of missions, and because a British cotton manufacturer he talked with during dinner in the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, told him that the present unrest is due to education and the damned missionaries, he knows that Great Britain regards their sinister machinations as an evil influence defeating its own benignant policies.

Such a man writes travel letters to the home-town journal, setting forth his matured views on the Indian question, with side lights on missions, and on his return he may lecture in the town hall and at his luncheon club, so his ideas and those of thousands like him become part of the national heritage.

II

Actually, missionaries are as varied in ability and character as the rest of us, though, considering the altruistic purpose of their job, they are as a whole somewhat more unselfish than we are, and as they must learn, and learn thoroughly, one or more difficult foreign languages, they may average a little higher in intelligence than those whose only speech is American. The best type is made up of the kind of person who, when he has found something good, is possessed of a consuming desire to pass it along. There really are such people, and the best missionaries have gone out to China, India and Africa because they actually want to share the best things of our civilization with those who haven't got them; they are old fashioned enough to believe that child marriage, exposing superfluous infants to die, devil worship and so on, do not contribute to the happiness of a people.

Of course, there are many sorts of missionaries. Some are eminent scholars whose work on the languages, literature and religions of the people they live among has been of large value. Dr. John Chandler of Madras is such a one, and his work on the dictionary of the Tamil language, under the auspices of the Indian government, is of great importance. Everyone recognizes his value as a philologist, at any rate. Other missionaries are men of such intimate knowledge of native peoples and their ways that governments consult them with regard to colonial policies; such were the Humes of Bombay and Ahmadnagar. Still others are great teachers like the late Dr. W. A. P. Martin of China, who adapted the Chinese characters to the demands of modern chemistry.

At the other end of the scale there are ignorant missionaries, bigoted missionaries, unkempt and unsavory missionaries, who were perhaps failures at home, or would have been if they had stayed there. They form a most unattractive minority, corresponding to similar minorities among politicians and teachers, let us say. They may even do harm, though considering that they usually find their own level among the much more hopeless outcasts of lands of poverty and misery, it is hard to

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see how a desire to improve conditions—which even they must have—can be wholly without some benefit to the community. Even a worm can elevate a lump of dirt if he puts his mind to it.

As to the missions, as organizations, their purposes and methods are as varied as the churches they represent, and the individuals who compose them. They all want to convert the heathen. That goes without saying, but they do much more than that—very much more—and their ways of approaching the common goal are as different as is to be expected, and perhaps desired. There are some, for instance, happily a steadily increasing number, who see good even in the beliefs of those who bow down to wood and stone, and admit that the heathen may not be wholly blind after all, but let us say only strongly myopic. They gladly capitalize whatever they can of the native cult, point out its similarity to Christian beliefs, wherever it is similar, and show that the teachings of Jesus are a fulfilment rather than a destruction. They may even go so far as to say that new light on Christianity may yet come to us from the East. In "The Christ of the Indian Road," Dr. E. Stanley Jones voices the same idea, and certainly an oriental religion like Christianity, having girdled the globe, may well find new truths and new inspiration in Asia, the cradle of religions. Such an attitude of sympathetic understanding of the oriental viewpoint is of course so wholly contrary to all pre-conceived notions of missionary methods that many will doubtless be shocked to hear of it, but it is true nevertheless.

There are missions which do little else but preach religion, and among them, alas, are a few whose policy it is to denounce without qualification not only Buddha, Brahma, Confucius, Lao-tse and Mohammed, with all their works, but also the beliefs of all the Christian denominations who do not adhere to their own peculiar tenets. Such missions are so narrow as to antagonize the more enlightened natives, but they are no narrower than some of the oriental sects, and no more aggressive in their assaults on those who do not agree with them. The more ignorant Indian, bred up in a hotbed of sects, may absorb such teachings eagerly, and take at least one step upward toward a nobler conception of God and His universe.

Conversion is, however, far from being the only purpose of most missions. They aim at educating the people. There are countless schools, colleges and even great universities founded and supported by missionary effort. Whether it is worth while educating the Chinese, for example, in the theories of modern science may seem debatable to some, but Japan has certainly produced eminent men of science, and Dr. Raman of Calcutta is one of the world's ablest physicists. So China may some day tell us how to unlock the energy within the atom, or make some other discovery of vital importance. The Chinese are fully our equals in intellectual power, and to withhold our learning from them, or from other highly intelligent peoples, would be assuming a serious responsibility.

Nobody denies the value of elementary education for all, and the missions are doing what they can to provide it, even in the jungles of Africa. In India, and even in China, it might seem as if this was the government's job, and that missionary effort was superfluous. But to educate an almost wholly illiterate people numbering hundreds of millions is a Gargantuan task, and the Indian government has only scratched the surface so far. If a province needs a thousand schools and the government provides but ten, ten more supported by the missions represent 100% gain.

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This education by the missions is, of course, often given in the hope of Christianizing the pupils, but in the schools I have visited conversion did not seem to be regarded as a necessary prerequisite to the education offered, and the more broad-minded missionaries feel that as education in itself is a good thing, it is worth while giving it, regardless of the religious results. After addressing a group of six hundred young men in an Indian college supported by the missions in a large Mohammedan community, I asked the president how many were Christians, and was somewhat surprised to hear "About forty."

"Isn't that rather discouraging?" I asked.

"Not at all," was the reply. "They acquire Christian standards and ideals imperceptibly while they are here. Most of them have elected the voluntary class in the Bible, and the seed thus sown is sure to bear fruit in the future."

Other forms of education fostered by missions are training women in improving conditions in their homes, in the care of their children, and in all forms of hygiene. Such work is not spectacular, but when the result is seen to be good by other women, the new ideas spread of their own accord with ever-increasing momentum.

It is a curious fact that everyone, even the most banal objector, seems to believe in medical missions. Hospitals in a city which have had none before, doctors in lonely outposts where only native medicine men have hitherto practiced, seem like rather obvious humanitarian activities for the followers of the Good Physician. The appalling diseases of the tropics and orient, and the advanced stages to which they have usually developed before the doctor sees them, would be a stimulus to the most blasé medical man. Moreover, even those who hold that idol worship is as good for the heathen as Christianity is for us will hardly argue that native medicine is as good as ours in curing the natives' diseases.

Such medicine is either magic pure and simple, with spells and incantations to drive out the devils who are supposed to cause all ills, or else it is a pseudo-science of strange drugs and crude surgery. A root that happens to look like a man has curative powers; tigers' claws, ground-up pebbles (any pebble will do), and other equally absurd remedies make up the pharmacopœia. A few valuable herbs known to native doctors have indeed been discovered in Asia and in the tropics, and have been gladly accepted by our physicians, but in the main their medicine is worthless compared to ours. Their surgery is even worse, for they haven't the faintest inkling of aseptic methods, and it is common to encounter such perverted ideas as the one prevalent in China, where the pus from a boil or other form of infection is deliberately forced back into the body.

Medical missions, with all their beneficent activities, are the direct result of the evangelistic spirit. Very few doctors, *qua doctor*, would have felt the impulse to practice healing in distant and benighted lands. They are more apt to crowd into cities already well cared for, so that even our own rural districts are beginning to suffer. But doctors imbued with the missionary spirit go where the need is greatest, and many are as able practitioners as those who prefer a more remunerative practice. They are sometimes reproached for using healing as a means to conversion. Well, what of it? The Founder of Christianity seems to have given His sanction to this practice. But no doctor worthy of the name really has any ulterior aim in mind while he is actually relieving pain or saving life.

A fourth activity of modern missionary enterprise is agricultural and industrial enlightenment. This is not yet as common as

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the other branches I have discussed, but many missions are beginning to help the farmers in improving their methods of cultivating the soil, in securing better seed and in breeding better live stock, while others are very active in teaching the natives how to make and sell articles of their own handicraft, thus helping to preserve beautiful designs and forms which are beginning to disappear in competition with our own machine-made products. The University of Nanking, and some branches of the Y. M. C. A., as in Hyderabad, India, offer good examples of agricultural education and research, while such schools as the Congregational Missions of Sholapur and Madura in India illustrate industrial training.

III

Now we come to the objections. Do missions unsettle the lower classes? Of course they do. That, in fact, is one of their proudest boasts. They make the ignorant eager for knowledge, and knowledge is always unsettling. They make them want better homes, with more pay to provide for them. To prefer cleanliness to dirt, wholesome food and enough of it to a few beans or a handful of rice, is awfully disturbing to the *status quo*. Small wonder that those who employ native labor in China or India, Java or Angola complain bitterly of the evil influence of the missions! It makes all the difference whether you want to get something out of the native at the lowest possible cost, or whether you want to give him something that is going to make him better, regardless of cost.

Of course, if one really believes that people who are used to grinding poverty, pestilence and famine are better off as they are, then there is nothing further to be said. But if one admits that these things are always and everywhere evils, then one must regard the dissatisfaction which results from a desire for better living conditions, better food and better health as a necessary consequence, though more or less temporary, of a justifiable effort to create a self-respecting people, able to take its proper place among the brotherhood of nations.

The objection that missions have introduced ways of living out of harmony with the native environment and that they kill off the aborigines by giving them our diseases is undoubtedly true in some cases, notably in the South Sea Islands. But it is only a half truth. The manners and practices of our civilization would, of course, have reached these islands through traders in any case, and their worst features, disease, strong drink and various kinds of depravity, have been actually introduced in this way. So, since the worst features of our culture were inevitable, the importation of a few of our better standards and ideas through the missionary was the least that could be done by way of recompense.

A New England meeting-house among the palms of a tropical island is certainly incongruous and a fit subject for the mirth of the ungodly, but it is a relatively harmless misfit. Making naked savages dress in the styles of New England was a grave mistake, and teaching them to live in the kind of house that seems good in Ohio was also a mistake, because both our clothing and our homes are inimical to their health. But one should forgive something to those pioneers who longed for homelike surroundings, and remember that they gave all they had, even life itself, for an ideal. It was wrong to lay violent hands upon such of the native ways as were innocent, but they did not understand, any more than anyone else at that time understood, that clothes may sometimes be harm-

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ful, and that nudity may be more modest than an evening gown.

The missionaries cannot be blamed for the disastrous impact of Western civilization upon the blissful islands where, if we are to trust the novelists, childlike happiness once prevailed. Nor can we lay at their door the rapidly diminishing birth-rate among peoples doomed to extinction because they have lost all zest for living. This is one of the inevitable tragedies of progress, like the fate of the American Indian under the "protection" of the American nation.

Today the enlightened missionary recognizes all these considerations and modifies his early prejudices to meet the true needs of his flock, even to the extent of discouraging clothes where they are harmful, and he no longer insists on American fashions in any case.

The relative merits of the great religions of the world is too large a subject to enter upon here. All have claims upon our respect. Their tenets are now taught in the best theological schools, wherever the better type of missionaries receive training, and the undoubted beauty of much of the teachings of "the Lord Buddha," the noble philosophy of Confucius, the wisdom set forth in the Upanishads and the Vedic scriptures, and the fine concept of universal brotherhood as taught by the Prophet of Islam are all treated with sympathetic understanding in such institutions.

But the fact remains that, lofty as these religions may be in their primitive purity, they lack one or more essential features of an ideal religion. Buddha's teachings were atheistic. Confucianism is really not a religion at all, but a system of morals. Hinduism is grossly polytheistic, and Mohammedanism is obviously lacking in the higher forms of spirituality. Even with such limitations these creeds at their best can produce fine qualities of character and conduct and true beauty of soul among some of their adherents. But these form a meager religious aristocracy in contrast to Christianity, with its power over all grades of intelligence and all social strata.

There are countless millions of adherents to the great religions just named, and to others less important, such as Taoism in China and the rites of Shinto in Japan, which is the State church and devoted to ancestor worship in the interests of patriotism. But an overwhelming majority of these millions are utterly ignorant and the victims of either degrading or terrifying superstitions. Fear of all sorts of devils, quite undreamed of by the founders of their religions, is their only strong religious emotion, and the influence of that fear is apparent on every hand in their daily lives.

While Buddhism, probably at its best in Japan, numbers many devout and learned priests, in China, at any rate, it seems to have sadly degenerated. The cult is almost dead there as a vital power among the people, and does not seem to justify any squeamishness in offering the wretched populace the inspiration of the Christian gospel. In Siam, Burma and Ceylon, the other chief Buddhist strongholds, religion is more alive than in China, but superstition prevails, and corrupt practices are all too common.

As to India, it is only necessary to visit the Golden Temple at Benares, the Kali Ghat in Calcutta, or the Great Temple of Shiva and his consort in Madura to see what the Hindu religion is like; reading one of the more temperate books treating of child marriage, the evils associated with purdah, and the terrible curse of caste, enables us to judge Hinduism by its fruits.

The sons of the prophet are in a different category. They are pure monotheists, and perform their extremely simple religious

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obligations with an exemplary piety that Christians may well envy. Even Islam, however, is somewhat overlaid with superstitious corruptions of what its founder really taught. It is too fatalistic and too materialistic, while if it is to be judged by its fruits, certainly the Turks, its leading exponents, seem to leave much to be desired. So even Mohammedans are a proper field for Christian missionary enterprise, and, *a fortiori*, the adherents of other religions, increasingly so as we descend the scale of ignorance.

If the converts from these non-Christian religions did not gain in self-respect, peace of soul and general intelligence after their conversion, one might still argue that degradation and fear are best for the degraded and fearful, but such is not the case, as anyone must admit who has compared the converts of almost any foreign mission with their unconverted neighbors. The converts seem awakened and alert by contrast, and when they are members of the down-trodden, despised, untouchable outcasts of India, the contrast is striking indeed.

IV

Finally, what of the luxuries with which the Christian missionary is said to surround himself? Luxury is a very relative term. A fur coat is a superfluity in the tropics, a luxury in New York, and a necessity in Alaska. No one accuses Dr. Grenfell of luxurious living because he wears furs when ministering to the needs of the fishing folk of Newfoundland and Labrador. The nature of one's occupation also determines what ceases to be a luxury and becomes a necessity. Formerly a horse, as now an automobile, was a necessity for a country doctor, though a luxury for most of us.

What seem like luxuries in America may be grim necessities in China, especially for a missionary with a family. The family undoubtedly complicates the situation, and justifies to some extent the claim that Rome is right in sending out her celibate priests and members of monastic orders, who never expect to return and who learn to live very much as the natives do, sharing their poverty and having no conflicting claims upon their time or sympathies. There is something superb in this utter self-abnegation. It seems more truly Christ-like than the other method, and undoubtedly at times produces results otherwise unattainable.

But something very real and valuable is sacrificed in this way. The missionary family is a wonderful object lesson to the native. It shows him the respect and consideration with which we treat our women, it gives him new light on the upbringing of children, on sanitation in the home, and on all that goes to make for domestic happiness, not to mention the work among native women which the wife is able to accomplish. The Catholic missionaries can only teach these lessons in theory, but the Protestants have a working laboratory which is much more enlightening. Object lessons are always the most effective.

It would be well if both kinds could be represented by both churches, I believe, and certainly Protestants ought to applaud the devoted service of Catholic missionaries who are able to further the cause in regions and under conditions almost impossible for married men, while the Catholics ought to recognize the value of the mission family as a powerful influence for good among backward peoples, and the importance of the missionary's wife as a worker.

Granted, then, the value of women and children in the mission, we must revise

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our idea of what are luxuries for missionaries. The most obvious "luxury" they enjoy is that of household servants. But without them an incredible amount of valuable time would be spent in carrying water from the well, in going miles, perhaps, to the *bund* to get a supply of kerosene for the lamps, in marketing at the bazaar, in cooking meals, and in various other chores unknown at home. The fact is that a family living in an American apartment with no servant still has numerous mechanical servants at its disposal, such as the water supply, the steam heat, the gas and electricity, while a cafeteria around the corner supplies occasional meals, a telephone brings supplies to the door, and a trolley, or even an automobile, is available to shorten the time consumed in necessary shopping.

Deprived of these conveniences, the missionary and his wife would have very little time to devote to their real business unless they were replaced by native servants. Such a perverted use of effort would never be tolerated in any business concern. Moreover, perhaps half a dozen servants may be had for the price of one at home. They expect to be employed, and would be the first to resent any attempt to do without them. It is actually expected of missionaries that they support a number of families—families which through daily contact with their masters learn the lessons of a civilized and Christian home at first hand, and form a valuable nucleus of the mission's work.

Other "luxuries" are a comfortable house, an attractive garden, cheerfully decorated rooms, good beds, screens for the windows, a convenient kitchen, and a bath tub. Some of these mean all the difference between health and sickness. The fact is that few occidentals, especially women and children, can live as the natives live and keep well, even if there were not the terrible risk of such scourges as amœbic dysentery, malaria, cholera and the bubonic plague. If the natives die like flies because of such diseases, that is no good reason why men and women who have been educated at great expense, trained in foreign language schools and sent out into the field at more expense, should incur the same risks as those they seek to help. We do not put an army surgeon in the front line trenches, to share all the dangers of the men whose wounds he is to heal.

The other class of home comforts which do not contribute primarily to health, such as pleasant interiors, a flower garden, etc., are so pathetically meager in most missionary homes I have seen, that no reasonable person can begrudge them to their owners. The garden with its flowers costs far less than it would at home, for the gardener is often an indispensable member of the staff who does his gardening in odd moments. He delights in providing a tiny spot for peace and quiet in the turmoil of his master's life.

The pretty parlor with its pictures from home, its chintz curtains, and perhaps its rugs and vases bought for a song, is a refuge where, for a time, exotic surroundings may be forgotten, and with books and magazines the tired and often discouraged owner may refresh his spirit by draughts of Western air. Such an opportunity to feel his home influences about him is almost a necessity to anyone who has lived long in the far places of the world. He can do better work, and his usefulness is prolonged by having such a shelter. These "luxuries" are simply necessities to him and his family.

The home I have pictured, with its garden, has, moreover, other uses than for the missionary alone. Classes of mothers and children, parties for old and young, musi-

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cal gatherings about the piano or the little reed organ, an occasional garden party, may all take place in this home, so its charm has a real social value in elevating the standards and tastes of the people whom we believers in Foreign Missions desire to help.

This desire to help China or India, or any other great but backward nation, is too complex in its underlying motives to discuss here. Perhaps, after all, the desire to help really needs no explanation. It is self sufficient, a deep-seated impulse which we dare not disobey. It is a very trite remark that the nations are bound closer and closer together daily as means of rapid inter-communication multiply. So that what becomes of a backward nation in the future is of tremendously vital concern to us all, or will be to our posterity. China's ultimate destiny, with her more than four hundred million souls, is perhaps the most important, and we cannot look on with indifference at her upward struggle. In this struggle the missions are playing an important part, and the kind of civilization which that great people will achieve depends a great deal on whether or not they absorb the best we have to offer them, or the worst.

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CAREER OF A PUBLIC SERVANT

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

MY ATTENTION was first attracted to Mr. McGovern by the amount of noise he was making one night in Dorothy's joint. Dorothy, who used to be a mannequin—and still could be, so far as face and shape are concerned—has found a higher *métier* in the operation of a combination speakeasy and restaurant. She serves excellent plain food, cooked by her mother, who used to run a railroad men's boarding-house in South Bend, Ind. The meals, however, are merely teasers, and as a matter of fact Dorothy loses money on them. But she catches up on the liquor end. She calls her spot "Where the Wind Blew In."

On this night I'm talking about Mr. McGovern was seated at the next table to me. I noticed that Dorothy had shooed the waitress away and was taking care of him herself. The trouble started after she had brought him a shot of whiskey. He pitched it down his throat—and then leaped up sputtering. After he got his breath he began to curse dreadfully—and the place was pretty well filled with nice young women doing a bit of drinking.

"That's Capone booze!" he yelled at Dorothy. "You're feeding McGovern Capone booze, damn ye!"

He said a lot more that I can't set down here. Dorothy got flustered and dived into the kitchen. She came out a second or so later, dragging her mother. The old lady had two pint bottles in her hands and she was nigh on to tears. It was she who had made the mistake. One of the bottles, sure enough, was Capone whiskey, which wholesales for two dollars and a half. The other was drugstore Bourbon, which stands the trade around five dollars. Dorothy's ma had mixed them when she poured out Mr. McGovern's shot in the kitchen.

"Took me for a sucker!" howled Mr. McGovern, glaring at the two women. It was embarrassing for refined people to be sitting there listening to him bawling out Dorothy and her mother. They did all they could to quiet him, but he was still muttering, even after two long shots of the prescription booze. Then they brought him a two-inch steak and trimmings and a bottle of beer. He had the grace to say goodnight when he left, but I noticed that he didn't call for any check nor make any other motion to pay. Not even a tip on the table.

I said to myself that he must be the district police captain, and after the trade quieted a little I asked Dorothy about him.

"What!" says she. "Do you mean to say you've never heard of Kangaroo McGovern?"

And then I remembered. Kangaroo McGovern was a Prohibition agent who'd got his nickname from trying his cases and collecting his fines right in the speakeasies on his beat.

"But I thought he was caught and got fired," I said to Dorothy.

"They caught him all right, but they didn't fire him," she replied. "I guess he knew too much. They transferred him

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away out to Nevada. But he tried to pull his old line of graft in a saloon in Carson City and the bartenders and customers beat him to a pulp. He collected plenty from the government on a hurt-in-the-line-of-duty gag and then he retired and came back here to live off us."

"But he can't bother you now that he's out of the service," I said.

"Why can't he?" asked Dorothy. "He's in solid with his old buddies, and his hook-up with the police was so strong when he was an agent that it still carries him. But I'll say this for McGovern! He don't take money any more."

"Then what *does* he take?"

"Just food, liquor and cigars. He has a regular beat of Loop speakeasies. He eats three meals a day seven days a week and he hits each spot regularly once a week for a feed. He gets to me on Thursday nights and I know the order by heart. A Bourbon appetizer, a two-inch steak medium, French-fried potatoes, sliced tomatoes, a bottle of Canadian beer, a chunk of pie, coffee, and a Bourbon chaser."

"Cigars?" I asked.

"No. He has a regular system, but he's no hog. He has another group of spots where he gets his smokes and his in-between drinks and where he treats his friends. At that, you know he was pretty easy on us all when he had the power. Some of these Prohibition birds hit you for a chunk that cripples you for a month. McGovern believed in mass production. He'd take a little from everybody. He got it regular and I don't think he ever missed a single one. That's how he comes to own two apartment-houses."

"Is he married?"

"He certainly is," answered Dorothy. "He got his wife where he got everything else he owns—out of a speakeasy proprietor."

II

The brief insight into Mr. McGovern's career which Dorothy thus furnished interested me strangely, so much so that I spent some time studying his history and his present method of life. I trailed him into speakeasies and found that while some of the proprietors viewed him and his methods with what you might call a contemptuous tolerance there were others who fawned upon him in a sickening fashion. I have seen him enter places where even the customers would halt their drinking to gather around, wish him the time of day, and ask his advice on all manner of things, from the condition of the stock market down to who killed Jake Lingle.

The proprietors and bartenders in such joints would greet him like a squad of Uriah Heeps, rubbing their hands, smirking and offering their choicest liquors for his tasting and opinion. To do Mr. McGovern justice, he never seemed to take advantage of such generosity. He stuck, as far as I was able to see, to genuine Bourbon and Canadian beer, and he never took more than two drinks in any one place. But at that the man must have had an enormous capacity for liquor. From my observance I figured that he visited, every day of his life, a round dozen speakeasies, and collected his dues, liquid and solid.

There were other places whose proprietors put Mr. McGovern down as a pretty low sort of buzzard. But their attitude never fazed him. I presume that during his active career he had become immune to insult. I have seen bartenders mutter and curse under their breaths as they spun the bottles toward him. It was a rule with him that he poured his own—and I want to tell you he was a pourer. He ignored this hostile attitude so long as he was accorded what he considered were his dues.

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It was from Smithy, the bartender at Izzy's joint in Clark street, that I learned most regarding the subject of this sketch. Smithy and Mr. McGovern had both worked in the same saloon before Prohibition. Smithy, an unimaginative sort of fellow, had been in that spot for years. Mr. McGovern had been there only a few months when the crash came.

"He was a fellow," Smithy told me, "that you could see was bound to get along. I guess he had worked in pretty near every saloon in Chicago. He was the smartest man at short-changing and cheating the cash-register I ever met in my life. Always stole twenty dollars a week from the boss—never more and never less. What he made grabbing paper from drunks on the other side of the bar was something else again."

According to Smithy, Mr. McGovern must have had a constitution like John L. Sullivan. He drank all the time, but he never got drunk. Even in those days he wore hundred-dollar suits, and he was the only bartender in history who ever carried a walking stick. Just as soon as Prohibition went into force he made application for a job as an enforcement agent.

"There's going to be safer money on the side of law and order," he told Smithy, "than there's going to be bucking this."

You can see for yourself how right he was. Four years in the government service and he quit with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of real estate, a free drinking and eating privilege that has lasted now for another four years, and a fine upstanding wife. All gathered out of the speakeasy trade, just for the taking. And poor Smithy, starting with Mr. McGovern from scratch, has done three ninety-day terms for being caught behind the bar and struggles along on fifty dollars a week.

It took Mr. McGovern two years to get his government job. The trouble was said to have been a matter of lack of references. In his saloon days he had always worked right along until he was caught short-changing. As he had done this sort of thing everywhere, he was at a bad end. However, he was a pushing, observant sort of a fellow, and he had a wide acquaintance with men who, having been bartenders or saloonkeepers, had turned themselves overnight into owners of speakeasies. So Mr. McGovern became a volunteer under-cover man. After he had turned in twelve of his former fellow-members in the Bartenders' Union, including Smithy, who owes him his first ninety-day stretch behind bars, he was accepted into the government service as a safe and honorable man.

III

When he had established himself Mr. McGovern became most conservative. But at the start of things, after having studied this new line of business from the sidelines for two years, he was very sensational, and a devil of a fellow. His first job seemed a gift from Providence. He was assigned to an outlying section where Joe Potalmi, a good-natured easy-going carry-over from the old days, was operating a roadhouse.

Joe was married to as good-looking a girl as ever you laid an eye on. Her father had been a saloonkeeper and had at one time employed Mr. McGovern as a bartender. I can't set down here with any degree of authority that there had been anything between Mrs. Joe and Mr. McGovern in the days when the lady was single. But I do know that after Prohibition went into effect and while Mr. McGovern was waiting for his appointment as an enforcer the two were seen in spots which Mr. McGovern frequented and some of which he turned in as stepping-stones to his job as a Prohibition agent.

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I guess, at that, that she must have thought a lot more of our Prohibition agent than she did of poor old Joe. But their sort of religion barred a divorce. Mr. McGovern solved that riddle after he had been assigned as an enforcement agent to the district where Joe operated. Perhaps there was an understanding between the girl and himself—and perhaps he just thought it out for himself—and acted on it.

He hadn't been a week in the government employ when he busted into Joe's place. He had no trouble getting a drink, for Joe set him down as a friend, and, though his missus had been hinting at a split, he had never considered Mr. McGovern as the *casus belli*. There was liquor all over the place and when Mr. McGovern declared himself and grabbed hold of Joe, the roadhouse man was so mad that he just let fly and caught him on the chin.

That was the home-wrecker's meat. Out he yanks his gun and lets Joe have it in the stomach. Resistance in line of duty, self-defense, and all that sort of thing. Joe lived for about eight hours and his wife didn't even go down to the hospital to say good-bye. Of course Mr. McGovern went to trial, but everything was cut and dried. He was not only acquitted but got a commendation from Washington. Here was a fellow who was out to enforce the law and didn't give a damn about shedding a little blood.

Mr. McGovern put over another shooting inside of two months and built himself up quite a reputation as a gunman. In the meantime, Mrs. Joe was carrying on her late husband's speakeasy with great success. She had all the protection she needed. Six months later—as soon as Mr. McGovern got his downtown assignment—they were married. And they've been living apparently in a most happy state ever since. They're both after the dollar and must be gathering plenty. Mrs. McGovern looks after the two flat-buildings and eats home. Her husband, as I have said, gets his meals at speakeasies. There is a story that he brings her home chops and steaks out of his ports of call but I couldn't prove that. However, I do know that he keeps their home well-stocked with liquor.

Mr. McGovern's shootings got him his city assignment. He teamed under a fellow called Burke, who, strangely enough, was caught grafting just two months after he'd got his new partner. According to Smithy, who might be prejudiced over that first jail sentence, Mr. McGovern turned him in. Whether he did or whether he didn't, here was Mac, with less than a year of service, operating in a territory containing more than a thousand speakeasies. Soft!

For three years he was a lone wolf. He worked out the sweetest business proposition that, I think, was ever put over by an enforcement agent. Every month he'd pull a spectacular pinch—which was a set-up. Out of a thousand spots and for the good of all of them, he considered it was mete and just that a speakeasy would blow up every four weeks and a bartender go to jail. There was a pool for just that sort of thing and everybody kicked in.

"What do you value this joint at?" would be the question put to the guy who had been selected for the blow-off.

"Five thousand dollars," he would say. That's just for an example.

On a whip-around that would just be about five dollars each for all the competitors. The purse would be made up, the good liquor would be carried away from the place, and Mr. McGovern would make his raid. Plenty of action, lots of smashing and pouring of cold tea—supposed to be whiskey—into the sewer. The bartender would go to jail and be well paid for doing so. After the heat had lifted the proprietor would open up again.

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IV

Mr. McGovern's big money was in his solid hook-up with the police. It was easy to pick up from fifty to a hundred dollars a month for the right sort of protection. The police squads—and their betters—got half. Mr. McGovern, representing the Federal government, grabbed the other end—in person. The coppers used to yelp, but Mac had a solid argument. The law was unpopular with juries, and the police could only make cases on disorderly conduct. So it got so the speakeasies didn't pay much attention to the coppers.

But the United States government was another thing entirely. If the police couldn't get satisfaction they tipped off Mr. McGovern. In person or through a delegate the speakeasy owner would be advised that Washington was after him. He'd squeal and squirm. Washington wouldn't make any threats, but just looked calmly judicial and retired to think matters over. The next morning the coppers would be around and find their client strangely submissive. The police would do the collecting and Mr. McGovern got his regularly. If he didn't he was big enough by now to ease out a key copper or even a plain-clothes man or a lieutenant or two.

He was not what you'll call a tremendously ambitious man. All he wanted out of this new game was what would give him a comfortable income. And he had that, you might say, inside of three years from the time he entered the service. Living well and keeping a couple of high-grade cars he had his ten thousand dollars a year for the rest of his life when the trouble came along that brought his removal to Nevada—and subsequent decision to resign.

There had been some whispering carried back to Washington about the loads of graft that were being picked up in the mid-Western cities and the government set out with one of its smart ideas about catching the marauders with some of their own bait. A sharp under-cover man was sent into Mr. McGovern's bailiwick with the dough and the apparent connections for opening up a joint.

He blazed out with a nice little spot and in the ordinary course of things Mr. McGovern heard of it and decided to stroll around. As far as the police were concerned everything looked O. K. The newcomer had the backing of a City Hall politician. By all the rules the place should be allowed to enter the combination. But Mr. McGovern, wandering in and seeing a stranger who didn't appear to be so sure of himself, decided all of a sudden to work his old kangaroo court gag. This was his method before he had established his police contacts. He called the Washington man from back of the bar and asked him where he hailed from. The fellow told him his home was in South Bend and that Alderman so-and-so was his uncle. With that sort of a set-up Mr. McGovern figured he could work out some pocket money.

"You're fined two hundred dollars," he said to the Washington man.

Well, the fellow paid it, of course—in marked bills. And the story came out in the papers. It was announced that McGovern's valuable services had been taken into consideration and that he would be disciplined by nothing worse than a transfer. He went to Nevada, got beat up, and came back to a life of ease and luxury.

If you figure the time the two of them spent on their government jobs Mr. McGovern did even better than Coolidge.

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AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE Pangburn correspondent of the Searcy *Daily Citizen* spits on his hands and achieves a piece of swell prose:

> Another sad accident happened in our town last week when some boys who had been off looking for work, and had failed to find same, and were making their way back home, which was at Harrison, as best they could, and in attempting to catch a freight train that was leaving the local yards here, one of the boys fell beneath the trucks, suffering one of lower limbs crushed very badly, and would perhaps have died from loss of blood had not a member of the train crew corded the limb until the boy could be taken to a doctor's office, where he was given first aid, but due to several days without food, and the loss of blood the young man succumbed this afternoon about three o'clock.

FROM an invitation broadcast by the syndics of the Craighead County Singing Association:

> Come, everybody, to Bono on Sunday, and bring a well filled basket and don't expect Bono community to feed all that gather there.
>
> ROBT. S. CRAFT, *Pres.*
> GROVER C. BAKER, *Sec'y.*

DITHYRAMBS of the Hon. Mark Kenney, a favorite bard of Fort Smith:

> VISIT LITTLE ROCK'S STATE
> FAIR!
> It's All Arkansas' Affair—
> A Treat That's Hard to
> Beat!
>
> PRELUDE:
>
> With MAGNIFYING LENS, we've SEARCHED
> the SUN, and ev'ry major STAR,
> And yet, for INFORMATION—PLEASURE, our
> great FAIR surpasses them by FAR.
> (On TOP, or 'NEATH the GROUND,
> its EQUAL can't be FOUND.
>
> SONNET:
>
> When braggarts YELL—do loudly TELL,
> Of other FAIRS, we CARE not to be RUDE
> their boasts DENUDE,
> And YET, on TELLING THIS, we're SET:
> (You're LISTENING, are you LADIES—GENTLEMEN?)
> When other fairs STOP, it is right THEN,
> Our "Wonder Show" BEGINS, and doth
> PRODIGIOUS things EXUDE,
> A sort of EFFERVESCENCE—the THRILLS
> are SO IMMENSE,
> And, in COMPARISON, all OTHER SHOWS do
> seem SO CRUDE.
> Our Fair is better far, TODAY, ('Tis
> TWICE O. K.)
> Than in the YEARS OF YESTERDAY.
> A real LIVE-WIRE exhibition—
> NOTHING has been left UNDONE,
> It GIVES good EVIDENCE of BRAINS
> and SKILL,
> CO-OPERATION, LOYALTY—GOODWILL.
>
> MARCONI:
>
> It was our fondest HOPE,
> To spend this FALL in EUROPE.
> Whilst we've TWICE, been "OVER THERE."
> It has no SIGHT, to LEFT OR RIGHT,
> Which MEASURES UP to ARKANSAS' big FAIR.

CALIFORNIA

NOTE on hospitality from Bulletin No. 430 of the American Civil Liberties Union:

> Charged with "suspicion of criminal syndicalism," Clarence Cowan, a boy from Kansas who had gone to California to regain his health, was picked up by the Los Angeles police following a political meeting, and beaten and jailed for the night, but released the following day after

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he convinced the police that he was not a red, that he had an honorable discharge from the U. S. Army and that his father back in Kansas was chairman of a Republican county committee and a friend of Vice-President Curtis. According to the boy's story he was merely standing outside the police-station with a half dozen other curious bystanders, trying to find out what had happened to a friend of his who had just been arrested at the political meeting. A policeman came out and ordered the crowd to move on. Young Cowan obeyed, though somewhat tardily, so the officer charged upon him, shoved and kicked him into the station, then beat him about the head and face, broke his nose and finally locked him up in a cell for the night.

THE decay of science in Los Angeles, as revealed by a want ad in the celebrated *Times* thereof:

CHIROPRACTOR, academic education, will act as secretary, nurse, companion, masseur, chauffeur, or what? Address E., Box 334, *Times* Branch.

THE *Union Democrat* of Sonora discovers a new world's champion:

So far as known a single wax pepper about four inches long brought the highest price yet recorded at Elsbree's cigar-store Wednesday night. Justice of the Peace Ortega, who has an interest in an acre of the pungent vegetation at Brown's Flat, dropped into the cigar-store with several hardy samples of them on the evening referred to, and John Hopkins, the well-known philosopher, admired this particular one. Two bystanders, Jos. Oneto and Frank Moyle, also envied this particular specimen, but in view of Hopkins' admiration for it they made a wager of twenty-five cents each that he could not eat it to the stem. In the event he did the money was to be his. The judge passed the pepper to Hopkins and the battle was on. As he crunched it with evident satisfaction the onlookers' jaws became cramped and their eyes watered. Not so with John. He was enjoying it with the utmost satisfaction until the last bite, which included the peppery seeds, and as he gave the final gulp an immense tear rolled out of the corner of either eye, and as they trickled down his cheeks they left a white streak where they burned off a week's growth of whiskers.

CONNECTICUT

FRESH material for the cultural history of the United States, gleaned from the New Canaan *Advertiser*:

Screams far above the high C of the greatest opera soprano who ever held spellbound the occupants of the Diamond Horseshoe will break through to the other world from Village Hall shortly after nine o'clock tonight. There will be high screams, low screams and screams neither high nor low. Screams by men and screams by women, and passersby may think that the New Canaan Speech Society is holding its inaugural meeting. But it won't be that. A Red Arrow auction will have started and contestants will be screaming to win prizes. The man who screams "Arrow" the loudest and prettiest will receive a box of good cigars, and the woman who screams it better than all the other women screamers will receive a box of candy.

GEORGIA

EDITOR W. B. TOWNSEND of the Dahlonega *Nugget*:

Quite a number of ye editor's acquaintances in meeting us this week say we are looking well. This is likely on account of our treatment—chewing pine rosin and taking a female medicine.

THE quest for knowledge in the town of Dublin:

HELL—WHAT IT IS—WHERE IT IS
Is the sermon subject of
EVANGELIST JOHN W. TYNDALL
at the
CHRISTIAN CHURCH, DUBLIN, GEORGIA
for
BOTH MONDAY AND TUESDAY NIGHTS

Evangelist Tyndall promises to explode in these two messages every theory concerning Hell that has ever been advanced by

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mortal man, and will also answer the following questions:

(1). Who made Hell?
(2). When was Hell made?
(3). Are there more Hells than one?
(4). Can Hell be located? Yes.
(5). Can Hell be enlarged?
(6). Will more Hells be made?
(7). Are all the Hells in this world?
(8). Do good people ever suffer Hell?
(9). When will Hell cease to be?
(10). What punishment will take place in Hell?
(11). Is any body in Hell now?
(12). Is Hell fire physical fire?
(13). How many kinds of fire are mentioned in the Bible?

COME EARLY TO GET SEATS

ILLINOIS

FROM the catalogue of an ecclesiastical publisher in Chicago:

MAGIC *for* MINISTERS
By the Rev. Ted Voorhees

A NEW OBJECT LESSON BOOK JUST PUBLISHED
Fifty Cents a Copy, Postpaid

An ever increasing number of ministers and teachers are finding simple magic lessons a splendid help in teaching and preaching. Just the book that you need for material for your Junior Church.

There are 31 interesting chapters that illustrate, and applications that press home the truth and hold the attention of your children. All of these lessons have been used at leading Bible Conferences by Mr. Voorhees and they have proven unusually successful.

You will welcome the opportunity to secure a copy of this book and will receive many valuable suggestions for your own work. Eighty pages of useful material—fully illustrated—a real gold mine of valuable information for 50 cents, postpaid.

How the best of minds of the town of Berwyn make things hum, as recorded for posterity by the Chicago *Daily News*:

Celebrating as the fastest growing community in the country—Berwyn hopped from 5,000 in 1910 to 65,000 this year—the city is planning a celebration in the form of a Dollar Day on Thursday. On that day the Berwyn medical unit has promised prospective mammas and papas to officiate at births between 8 A.M. and 9 P.M. for $1 each. Not to be outdone by the progressive doctors, Dave Abram, the towns leading undertaker, has announced that he will embalm any person dying on Dollar Day for $1.

SERMON subject of the Rev. W. S. McBirnie, temporary preacher at the First Presbyterian Church of Pekin:

Putting Christ in the Coffee.

MARYLAND

AFTER fifty-four years of existence a great institution of learning is formally recognized by Men of Vision:

THE BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE
requests the pleasure of your company
at a banquet
in honor of
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
and
THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL
to be held at the
LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL
Thursday evening, November twentieth
nineteen hundred and thirty
at seven o'clock

Single subscription eight dollars
Tables for ten may be reserved
Acceptance card enclosed

NEBRASKA

THE United Press correspondent at Nebraska City heats up the wires with a hot piece of literary news:

Reed Carlton, city mail carrier, is the owner of a century-old volume of English poetry. The book was printed in 1828 by

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J. P. Ayres, of Philadelphia, and is in a good state of preservation. It contains poems by Shakespeare, Pope, Cooper, Dryden and Scott.

NEW JERSEY

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from Elizabeth:

Two Federal guards, assigned to walk post in the seized Peter Breidt brewery in Elizabeth, were arrested yesterday, together with three experienced manufacturers of beer. The charge was operation of the huge plant in the 7% alcohol manner. Altogether, the raiding dry agents found 18,600 gallons of high-powered beer in 600 barrels, ready for shipment to New York speakeasies.

The Breidt brewery is one in which John J. Dunne, beer baron of New Jersey, is interested. On September 16, "Ace" Smith and agents raided the brewery. Some 100,000 gallons were confiscated. Smith let these 100,000 gallons flow down Elizabeth's streets to become sewage.

While Dunne and eight other men were awaiting trial, guards were placed in the plant to see that not a kettle was allowed to boil. All went well until neighbors telephoned dry headquarters in Trenton, asserting that they could smell hops. There was an investigation. Agents peeped through knot holes in the fence around the brewery. They saw activity. Barrels being moved and things like that.

The raid was made yesterday by eight agents. Although the two agents on guard have had only a few weeks to operate, it is said the beer found was of good quality, with a kick.

NEW MEXICO

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Southwestern Tourist News* of Gallup:

EL DORADO HOTEL
Chas. Chapman, Proprietor & Porter
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO
Rates High Enough
Private Baths
Running Water In All Rooms
No Whiskey—No Lewd Characters,
But Damn Few Commercial Men and
No Dogs A-Tall

NORTH CAROLINA

FROM the Silver Hill correspondent of the Lexington *Dispatch*:

We have recently read a most timely article concerning the use of profanity in the later writings. The sin of such is deplorable and detracts from the interest. We have not read but briefly writings containing the abominable words, and when reading leave off those paragraphs containing such. During the years we never have heard but one profane expression and that by some one under the influence of the diabolic beverage that is causing so much sorrow in our beautiful country, and that at a school closing, when a child. And we hope to never hear another. What will our future citizenship be that children be reared to read literature containing those sinful expressions? It surely is appalling.

OHIO

THE lust for moral excellence in this model Commonwealth, as recorded for posterity by the Los Angeles *Express*:

Although Mickey Mouse, the hilarious little rodent who frolics in sound cartoons, has no morality clause in his contract, he is forced to lead a model life by virtue of the activity of screen censors. A few weeks ago, a Mickey Mouse cartoon was banned in Ohio because a sedate cow, one of the rodent's playmates, was portrayed reading a copy of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

OKLAHOMA

PROSPECTUS of a new literary journal in this great State:

ANNOUNCING
Twilight Magazine
an Inspirational and Good-Cheer Poetry Journal, published monthly to the interest and uplift of all Women Poets, Writers and Artists. We welcome contributions and subscriptions from men however. (Perhaps it would be more spicy with a man or two in it.) Our aim is to encourage, inspire and to stimulate latent talent in women poets, writers and artists, brighten their pathways and to put a silver

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lining to their clouds. Come on, you women, let's not let the men wear all the laurels—let's join in the fun. Send in your contributions (together with your subscriptions) for reserved space. We use Poetry (rhymed), preferred not to exceed 32 lines; short snappy Stories (true or fiction), not to exceed 1600 words; short Prose articles on Literature, Nature, Music, Art, Women; a Joke department, and a Literary Chatter-Box, etc. Contests with prizes will be staged each month. Your work will be copyrighted if published. Will also Typewrite and Revise when necessary. Send stamp with manuscript. No contributions published unless accompanied with a subscription. One year $3.00, six months $1.50, single copy 25 cents.

PEARLE HARRIS HEFFNER,
Editor and Publisher
Box 4, Edmond, Oklahoma.

OREGON

ECCLESIASTICAL intelligence from the rising town of Gresham:

The Rev. A. L. Aldrich, evangelist, announced today that he will preach from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. at the Methodist Episcopal Church here Sunday. In the eleven hours he expects to deliver twenty-one sermons. His discourse will be interrupted only by an occasional song, during which he will eat a sandwich.

PENNSYLVANIA

MORE trouble for the consecrated men who sweat to serve us at Washington:

THE WITNESS COMMITTEE
Appointed by the Synod
REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
W. J. COLEMAN, D.D., *Chairman*
Glenshaw, Pennsylvania.
JAMES S. TIBBY, *Treasurer*
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

1. Jesus Christ, the Lord of All.
2. Political Loyalty to Our Lord Jesus Christ.
3. The Open Life Lived in the Light.
4. The Psalms of the Bible in the Worship of God.
5. The Singing Voice Alone in Offering Praise.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

Your attention is invited to the enclosed literature with the view of enlisting your sympathy and support in a campaign to secure a national recognition of Christ the King. The need of such recognition is imperative. God the Father is the source of all authority in civil government; Jesus Christ His Son is the divinely appointed Ruler of nations; submission to His rule is the nation's duty and privilege, the only guarantee of national prosperity and perpetuity.

It is a striking and lamentable fact, however we may account for it, that there is no recognition of God in the national Constitution, not even of His beneficent Providence. Much less is there any recognition of the authority and law of the Lord Jesus Christ, though He is Lord of all. The only authority recognized in this, "the supreme law of the land," is that of "the People of the United States." The Constitution has many and growing virtues but it has no religion. It borrows much from Christianity, and lives because of Christianity, but it does not recognize the source.

If this nation would live and enjoy the favor of the King of Kings, it must repent of its sins and bring forth works meet for repentance. It must turn to Christ and accept His will. It should crown this repentance and loyalty by recognizing Him as Saviour and King in the supreme law of the land, the only law made by the people of the United States.

This recognition can be made only by a Christian Amendment to the National Constitution and this amendment can be secured *only when the people of the United States desire it.* All the forces of evil will resist such recognition and this opposition will test to the utmost the faith and sincerity of those who favor it and make certain that *its adoption will be no empty form.* The intelligent, persistent and united demand of a large majority of all the people of this land will be required to gain this recognition and it is to aid in building up and directing this public demand that we appeal to you.

The enclosed petition affords an opportunity to present this great subject to your people and to urge the claims of Christ

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as King of nations. At present this is a subject for education. If the truth concerning the relation of the Lord Jesus Christ and our national life be pressed plainly and faithfully, it will prepare the way for action.

If you and your people believe that this recognition is right and wise, that it is due to Christ and for the blessing of our country, please fill out the enclosed petition and send it with a courteous letter to your Representative at Washington, requesting him to present it to Congress. He will learn that he has constituents who believe that our political life should be Christian and that Christian morality should be maintained. Much better send your petition to him than to send it to us. Please let us know of your action and his response.

Additional literature sent free, if desired.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. COLEMAN.

TO THE PRESIDENT, THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

WHEREAS, The unity, justice, tranquillity, defence, welfare and liberty of nations, the objects specified in the preamble of the Constitution of the United States, are to be secured by recognizing the authority and obeying the law of Jesus Christ, and

WHEREAS, The enthronement of Jesus Christ as Saviour and King in the life of the people of the United States should be followed, as a consequence, by the acknowledgment of His authority in "the supreme law of the land," therefore,

We respectfully present and urge our petition that the preamble of the National Constitution be amended to read in substance as follows:

WE, THE PEOPLE of the United States, *devoutly recognizing the Authority and Law of Jesus Christ, the Saviour and King of nations*, and desiring to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Place of meeting.....
Time..... *Number of Petitioners*.....
Signed .....
Position .....
Address .....
.....

THE Pittsburgh *Press* prints a pleasant write-up of one of its faithful readers:

J. P. Leach, cross-word puzzle expert of Canonsburg, estimates that in the last six years he has solved 10,000 puzzles. He has solved the puzzles in the *Press* for more than 2,200 consecutive days.

TENNESSEE

BUSINESS card of a Mulberry psychologist in the *Moore County News* of Lynchburg:

WILL YOU TAKE HELP

Financially, physically, mentally, morally?

I have discovered in recent years a Principle by which humanity may be improved in many respects if it is applied properly, and it has required quite a time for me to express in written form the secret of this Principle, but the years in which I have devoted in the practice and experience of this secret places me into a position to know, therefore it gives me pleasure to offer you some thing which will benefit you financially, physically, mentally, morally and every other way for the betterment of your circumstances.

The title of this secret, "A Subtle Principle of Thought," consisting between eight and nine thousand words printed from reasonable size type in terms that a person of average intelligence will understand, and on a grade of paper which will bear much handling, as studying and reviewing.

This Principle has been originated and composed by me, and registered in United States Copyright Office, and now I am protected from infringement.

This Principle has been and still is employed by some of the most successful leaders of industry, as Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, Walter Chrysler and Charles Schwab. May I mention some great military leaders, as Caesar, Alexander, Na-

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poleon, Hannibal, Wellington and Foch were all victorious?

Write for particulars.

FRANK LESLEY,
Route 2, Box 6, Mulberry, Tenn.

UTAH

CAMPAIGN announcement of a public servant of Monticello, in the San Juan *Record*:

Oscar E. Johnson, candidate for County Attorney, was born in Salt Lake, 1871. Has followed various occupations—mining, farming and stock raising. Since coming to Blanding has engaged in the meat and grocery business for the past six years. He is very progressive, and is prepared to house all tourists coming through this locality. Has studied law for thirty years, including a correspondence course with the American School of Law. He is well able to fill the position of county attorney, if elected. Vote for Mr. Johnson.

VIRGINIA

FOOTNOTE to the Methodist sacerdotal life, here lifted from the Richmond *Christian Advocate*:

HOW TO TREAT THE PRESIDING ELDER

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW

The forerunner of the Presiding Elder's visit is a search, on my part, for young chickens. Three out of five who have come under my observation have been on a special diet which consists of young chicken—the kind that costs fifty cents per pound in January.

On one occasion in early Spring an Elder was expected in our home. I went to every store in town looking for spring chicken. It couldn't be found. Next I went from house to house, asking for chicken, but the Elder's visit was about two weeks too early for the chickens. I didn't give up. I went to the next town, secured my chickens and all went well. I have always wanted to ask the Presiding Elders' wives where they get so many chickens to feed their husbands when at home.

My first Presiding Elder was on a chicken diet, with two other outstanding hobbies—a fondness for tea-cakes and milk just before retiring—needless to say, I always had plenty of both. The other hobby was pacing up and down a long front porch, for a half hour before preaching or holding a quarterly conference. I was careful to have everything cleared from the regular line of his march. Even the neighbors were warned to enter by a rear door. Since much depends upon keeping a Presiding Elder in a good humor, I always try to cater to any little eccentricities or idiosyncrasies of theirs.

QUEBEC

UNTOWARD incident of the resort to mass production methods at the celebrated shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, as reported by the eminent Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*:

TRUCK LOAD OF MONKS DITCHED

Thirty monks belonging to a Quebec order had a narrow escape from injury when a heavy truck in which they were being driven to Ste. Anne de Beaupré overturned at the side of the road near Boischatel last evening.

The heavy vehicle had just passed through the village of Boischatel when something went wrong with the engine, and the driver momentarily lost control of the machine. Swerving across the road, the truck hit the ditch at the side of the road, then fell slowly over on one side, flinging its thirty passengers on to the roadside.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

NEWS item from Naples:

The phenomenon of the boiling up of the blood of St. Januarius, in its receptacle in the Cappella Del Tesoro Cathedral occurred this forenoon, with all Naples' church bells ringing and the people shouting with joy. The occurrence came at 9:43 A.M., while a tremendous throng filled the cathedral chanting prayers for what they firmly believed a miracle. The phenomenon occurs generally at stated periods. When it fails to materialize the people of Naples fear that a new eruption of Vesuvius is coming or that an earthquake, plague or

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other calamity impends. Its materialization today was taken as an omen that shocks like that of July 23, or cyclones like that of August 14, will be spared to the city for a considerable time.

CATECHISM for 100% Polish patriots, published by the official *Krakus* of Crakow:

Q. Who created Poland? *A*. Pilsudski.

Q. Who is the greatest man in Poland? *A*. Pilsudski.

Q. What did Dmovski and Paderevski accomplish during the peace negotiations at Paris—Versailles? *A*. They made it difficult for Pilsudski to build up Poland.

Q. In whom was the spirit of Boleslav Chrobrys resurrected? *A*. In Pilsudski.

Q. Who won more victories: Napoleon or Pilsudski? *A*. Pilsudski.

Q. Who is the greatest hero: Kosciuszko or Pilsudski? *A*. Pilsudski.

Q. Who vanquished all three powers guilty of the partition of Poland? *A*. Pilsudski, with the First Brigade.

Q. Who defeated the Bolshevists at Warsaw? Haller and Sikorski, or Pilsudski? *A*. Pilsudski.

Circular broadcast in an ancient town of India:

(Please reprint for free distribution)
INDIA—A HELL!

For millions of oxen. Appeal to Angelic Souls.

A letter headed "Cruelty to Oxen in C. P. and Berars" appeared in the *Indian National Herald*. As stated therein:

"Here the farmers, while driving, use what is called a tutari [*i.e.* a straight piece of bamboo with a sharp nail stuck to it at one end] to urge on the oxen.

"The driver thrusts this tutari into the sides of the oxen, sometimes causing a wound with profuse bleeding."

2. Every bullock must, in course of time, become old and weak, and then in order to make him walk fast the driver is compelled by circumstances to torture the animal in various ways, or beat him mercilessly.

Merciless tail-twisting is one of the ways of torturing the bullocks.

3. The only remedy.

Millions of bullocks live in Hell before their deaths in India.

The only real remedy against the crying evil is the use of Motor Carts and Motor Ploughs.

4. A Prayer.

I pray that some Angelic Souls may kindly soon resolve to introduce and popularise the use of Motor Carts and Motor Ploughs in all parts of India, and thereby earn the very great blessing of saving millions of bullocks from various horrible tortures and merciless beating daily suffered by them at present.

Blessed are the Merciful.

Karma And Reincarnation
Mission.
JUNAGAD, India.
LABHSHANKAR LAXMIDAS.

The United Press on the extension of 100% Americanism to Scandinavia.

The award of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1930 to Sinclair Lewis, American author, was criticized today by Knut Hagberg, well-known Swedish critic, as the "biggest blunder in Swedish history."

"Elmer Gantry" was called "a brutal book" by the Swedish expert. He said he thought there were many better writers in the United States than Lewis, and mentioned a few of his choice, including Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More and the late Stuart Sherman.

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WANTED: A WORLD LANGUAGE

BY EDWARD SAPIR

As to the theoretical desirability of an international auxiliary language there can be little difference of opinion. But as to just what factors in the solution of the problem should be allowed to weigh most heavily there is room for every possible difference of opinion, and so it is not surprising that interlinguists are far from having reached complete agreement. The crucial differences lie not so much between one constructed language and another as between the idea of a constructed language and that of an already established national one, whether in its traditional form or in some simplified form.

It is not uncommon to hear it said by those who stand somewhat outside the movement that some such regular system as Esperanto is theoretically desirable, but that it is of little use to work for it because English is already *de facto* the international language of modern times—if not altogether at the moment, then in the immediate future—, that English is simple enough and regular enough to satisfy all practical requirements, and that the precise form of it as an international language may well be left to historical and psychological factors that one need not worry about in advance. This point of view has a certain pleasing plausibility about it but, like so many things that seem plausible and effortless, it may none the less embody a number of fallacies.

There are two considerations, often intermingled in practice, which arouse the thought of an international language. The first is the purely practical problem of facilitating the growing need for international communication in its most elementary sense. A firm, for instance, that does business in many countries is driven to spend an enormous amount of time, labor, and money in providing a translation service. All this is sheer waste. Again, at an international scientific meeting one is always disappointed to find that the difficulty of communicating with foreign scientists makes it much harder to exchange ideas than one had fancied might be the case before setting sail. Such examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Sooner or later one chafes and begins to wonder whether the evil is as necessary as tradition would have it. Impatience translates itself into a desire to have something immediate done about it, and, as is generally the case with impatience, resolves itself in the easiest way that lies to hand. Why not push English, for instance, which is already spoken over a larger area than any other language of modern times and which shows every sign of spreading? But reflections of this sort, grounded in impatience as they are, look for no more worthy solution of the difficulty than a sort of minimum language, a *lingua franca* of the modern world. Those who argue in this spirit invariably pride themselves on being "practical," and, like all "practical" people, they are apt to argue without their host.

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The opposed consideration may be put in something like the following form: An international auxiliary language should serve as a broad base for every type of international understanding, which means for every type of expression of the human spirit which is of more than local interest. The exigencies of trade or travel are from this point of view merely some of the more obvious symptoms of the internationalizing of the human mind, and it would be a mistake to ask too little of an organ of international expression.

But this is not all. The modern mind tends to be more and more critical and analytical in spirit, hence it must devise for itself an engine of expression which is logically defensible at every point and which tends to correspond to the rigorous spirit of modern science. This does not mean that a constructed international language is expected to have the perfection of mathematical symbolism, but it must be progressively felt as moving in that direction. Perhaps the speakers of a national language are under profound illusions as to the logical character of its structure. Perhaps they confuse the comfort of habit with logical necessity. If this is so—and I do not see how it can be seriously doubted that it is—it must mean that in the long run the modern spirit will not rest satisfied with an international language that merely extends the imperfections and provincialisms of one language at the expense of all others.

There are also other considerations that are of importance, and among them perhaps the most obvious is the attitude of people toward the spread or imposition of any national language which is not their own. The psychology of a language which, in one way or another, is imposed upon one because of factors beyond one's control is very different from the psychology of a language that one accepts of one's free will. In a sense, every form of expression is imposed upon one by social factors, one's own language above all. But it is the thought or illusion of freedom that is the important thing, not the fact of it.

The modern world is confronted by the difficulty of reconciling internationalism with its persistent and tightening nationalisms. More and more, unsolicited gifts from without are likely to be received with unconscious resentment. Only that can be freely accepted which is in some sense a creation of all. A common creation demands a common sacrifice, and perhaps not the least potent argument in favor of a constructed international language is the fact that it is equally foreign, or apparently so, to the traditions of all nationalities. The common difficulty gives it an impersonal character and silences the resentment that is born of rivalry.

English, as an international language, is no more secure than French has proved to be as the accepted language of diplomacy, or as Latin has proved to be as the international language of science. Both French and Latin are involved with nationalistic and religious implications which could not be entirely shaken off, and so, while they seemed for a time to have solved the international language problem up to a certain point, they did not really do so in spirit. English would probably fare no better, and it is even likely that the tradition of superficial practicality that attaches to it may, in the long run, prove more of a hindrance than a help to its acceptance.

One must beware of an over-emphasis on the word "auxiliary." It is perfectly true that for generations to come an international language must be auxiliary, must not attempt to set itself up against the many languages of the folk, but it must for all that be a free and powerful expres-

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sion of its own, capable of all work that may reasonably be expected of language and protected by the powerful negative fact that it cannot be interpreted as the symbol of any nationality.

Even if it be assumed for the sake of argument that English is to spread as an auxiliary language over the whole world, it does not follow that the international language problem is disposed of. English, or some simplified version of it, may spread for certain immediate and practical purposes, yet the deeper needs of the modern world may not be satisfied by it and we may still have to deal with a conflict between an English that has won a too easy triumph and a constructed language that has such obvious advantages of structure that it may gradually displace its national rival.

What is needed above all is a language that is as simple, as regular, as logical, as rich, and as creative as possible; a language which starts with a minimum of demands on the learning capacity of the normal individual and can do the maximum amount of work; which is to serve as a sort of logical touchstone to all national languages and as the standard medium of translation. It must, ideally, be as superior to any accepted language as the mathematical method of expressing quantities and relations between quantities is to the lumbering verbal form. This is undoubtedly an ideal which can never be reached, but ideals are not meant to be reached; they merely indicate the direction of movement.

II

I spoke before about the illusions that the average man has about the nature of his own language. It will help to clarify matters if we take a look at English from the standpoint of simplicity, regularity, logic, richness, and creativeness. We may begin with simplicity. It is true that English is not as complex in its formal structure as is German or Latin, but this does not dispose of the matter. The fact that a beginner in English has not many paradigms to learn gives him a feeling of absence of difficulty, but he soon learns to his cost that this is only a feeling, that in sober fact the very absence of explicit guide-posts to structure leads him into all sorts of quandaries.

A few examples will be useful. One of the glories of English simplicity is the possibility of using the same word as noun and verb. We speak, for instance, of "having cut the meat" and of "a cut of meat." We not only "kick a person," but "give him a kick." One may either "ride horseback" or "take a ride." At first blush this looks like a most engaging rule, but a little examination convinces us that the supposed simplicity of word-building is a mirage. In the first place, in what sense may a verb be used as a noun? In the case of "taking a ride" or "giving a kick" the noun evidently indicates the act itself. In the case of "having a cut on the head" or "eating a cut of meat," it just as clearly does not indicate the act itself but the result of the act, and these two examples do not even illustrate the same kind of result, for in the former case the cut is conceived of as the wound that results from cutting, whereas in the latter case it refers to the portion of meat which is loosened by the act of cutting.

Anyone who takes the trouble to examine these examples carefully will soon see that behind a superficial appearance of simplicity there is concealed a perfect hornet's nest of bizarre and arbitrary usages. To those of us who speak English from our earliest years these difficulties do not readily appear, but to one who comes to

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English from a language which possesses a totally different structure they are most disconcerting.

Again, there is a second difficulty with the rule, or tendency, which allows us to use the unmodified verb as a noun. Not only is the function of the noun obscure but in a great many cases we cannot use it at all, or the usage is curiously restricted. We can "give a person a shove" or "a push," but we cannot "give him a move" nor "a drop" (in the sense of causing him to drop). We can "give one help," but we "give obedience," not "obey." A complete examination of all cases in which the verb functions as a noun would disclose two exceedingly cheerless facts: that there is a considerable number of distinct senses in which the verb may be so employed, though no rule can be given as to which of these possible senses is the proper one in any particular case or whether only one or more than one such meaning is possible; and that in many cases no such nouns may be formed at all, but that either nouns of an entirely different formation must be used or else that they are not possible at all. We thus have to set up such rather cranky-looking configurations as

to help: help = to obey: obedience
= to grow: growth
= to drown: drowning,

a set-up which is further complicated by the fact that such a word as drowning not only corresponds to such words as help and growth, but also to such words as helping and growing.

The precise disentanglement of all these relations and the obtaining of anything like assurance in the use of the words is a task of no small difficulty. Where, then, is the simplicity with which we started? It is obviously a phantom. The English-speaking person covers up the difficulty for himself by speaking vaguely of idioms. The real point is that behind the vagaries of idiomatic usage there are perfectly clear-cut logical relations which are only weakly brought out in the overt form of English. The simplicity of English in its formal aspect is, therefore, really a pseudo-simplicity or a masked complexity.

Another example of apparent, but only apparent, simplicity in English is the use of such vague verbs as "to put" and "to get." To us the verb put is a very simple matter, both in form and in use. Actually it is an amazingly difficult word to learn to use and no rules can be given either for its employment or for its avoidance. "To put at rest" gives us an impression of simplicity because of the overt simplicity of the structure, but here again the simplicity is an illusion. "To put at rest" really means "to cause to rest," and its apparent analogy to such constructions as "to put it at a great distance," so far from helping thought, really hinders it, for the formal analogy is not paralleled by a conceptual one. "To put out of danger" is formally analogous to "to put out of school," but here too the analogy is utterly misleading, unless, indeed, one defines school as a form of danger.

If we were to define the word put as a kind of causative operator, we should get into trouble, for it cannot be safely used as such in all cases. In such a sentence as "The ship put to sea," for example, there is no implied causative relation. If English cannot give the foreigner clear rules for the employment of verbs as nouns or for such apparently simple verbs as put, what advantage is derived by him from the merely negative fact that he has not much formal grammar to learn in these cases? He may well feel that the apparent simplicity of English is purchased at the price of a bewildering obscurity. He may even feel that

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the mastery of English usage is, in the long run, much more difficult than the application of a fairly large number of rules for the formation of words, so long as these rules are unambiguous.

English has no monopoly of this pseudo-simplicity. French and German illustrate the misleading character of it just as well. One example from French will serve our purpose. There is no doubt that the French speaker feels that he has in the reflexive verb a perfectly simple and, on the whole, unambiguous form of expression. A logical analysis of reflexive usages in French shows, however, that this simplicity is an illusion and that, so far from helping the foreigner, it is more calculated to bother him.

In some cases the French reflexive is a true reflexive; that is, it indicates that the subject of the sentence is the same as the object. An example of a reflexive verb of this sort would be *se tuer*, "to kill oneself." To French feeling this sort of verb is doubtless identical with the type illustrated by *s'amuser*. Logically, however, one does not "amuse oneself" in the sense in which one "kills oneself." The possibility of translating "to amuse oneself" into "to have a good time" and the impossibility of translating "to kill oneself" into "to have a bad time killing," or something of that sort, at once shows the weakness of the analogy. Logically, of course, *s'amuser* is not a true reflexive at all, but merely an intransitive verb of the same general type as "to rejoice" or "to laugh" or "to play."

Furthermore, the French verb *se battre* gives the Frenchman precisely the same formal feeling as *se tuer* and *s'amuser*. Actually, it is a reciprocal verb which may be translated as "to strike one another" and, therefore, "to fight." Finally, in such a verb as *s'étendre*, "to extend" or "to stretch," the Frenchman distinctly feels the reflexive force, the stretching of the road, for instance, being conceived of as a self-stretching of the road, as though the road took itself and lengthened itself out. This type of verb may be called a pseudo-reflexive, or a non-agentive, active verb, the point being that the action, while of a type that is generally brought about by an outside agency, is conceived of as taking place without definite agency.

In English, verbs of this kind are regularly used without the reflexive, as in "the road stretches," "the string breaks," "the rag tears," "the bag bursts," which are the non-agentive correspondents of such usages as "he stretches the rubber band," "he breaks the string," "he tears the rag," "he bursts the balloon." It should be clear that a linguistic usage, such as the French reflexive, which throws together four such logically distinct categories as the true reflexive, the simple intransitive, the reciprocal, and the non-agentive active, purchases simplicity at a considerable price. For the Frenchman such usage is convenient enough and no ambiguity seems to result. But for the outsider, who comes to French with a different alignment of forms in his mind, the simplicity that is offered is puzzling and treacherous.

III

These examples of the lack of simplicity in English and French, all appearances to the contrary, could be multiplied almost without limit and apply to all national languages. In fact, one may go so far as to say that it is precisely the apparent simplicity of structure which is suggested by the formal simplicity of many languages which is responsible for much slovenliness in thought, and even for the creation of imaginary problems in philosophy. What has been said of simplicity applies equally

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to regularity and logic, as some of our examples have already indicated. No important national language, at least in the Occidental world, has complete regularity of grammatical structure, nor is there a single logical category which is adequately and consistently handled in terms of linguistic symbolism.

A standard international language should not only be simple, regular, and logical, but also rich and creative. Richness is a difficult and subjective concept. It would, of course, be hopeless to attempt to crowd into an international language all those local overtones of meaning which are so dear to the heart of the nationalist. But there is a growing fund of common experience and sentiment which will have to be expressed in an international language, and it would be strange if the basic fund of meanings would not grow in richness with the interactions of human beings who make use of the new medium. The supposed inferiority of a constructed language to a national one on this score is, of course, no criticism of the idea of a constructed language. All that it means is that the constructed language has not been in long-continued use. As a matter of fact, a national language which spreads beyond its own confines very quickly loses much of its original richness of content and is in no better case than a constructed language.

More important is the question of creativeness. Here there are many illusions. All languages, even the most primitive, have very real powers of creating new words and combinations of words as they are needed, but the theoretical possibilities of creation, in most of the national languages of importance for the international language question, are thwarted by all sorts of irrelevant factors that would not apply to a constructed language. English, to name one, has a great many formal resources at its disposal which it seems unable to use adequately; for instance, there is no reason why the suffix *-ness* should not be used to make up an unlimited number of words indicating quality, such as smallness and opaqueness, yet we know that only a limited number of such forms is possible. One says width, not wideness; beauty, not beautifulness. In the same way, such locutions as "to give a kick" and "to give a slap" might be supposed to serve as models for the creation of an unlimited number of momentaneous verbs, yet the possibilities of extending this form of usage are strictly limited. The truth is that sentiment and precedent prevent the national language, with its accepted tradition, from doing all it might do, and the logically possible formations of all kinds which would be felt as awkward or daring in English, or even in German, could be accepted as the merest matters of course in an international language that was not tied to the dictates of irrational usage.

We see, then, that no national language really corresponds in spirit to the analytic and creative spirit of modern times. National languages are all huge systems of vested interests which sullenly resist critical inquiry. It may shock the traditionalist to be told that we are rapidly getting to the point where our national languages are almost more of a hindrance than a help to clear thinking; yet how true this is is significantly illustrated by the necessity that mathematics and symbolic logic have been under of developing their own systems of symbolism.

It is likely that the foundations of a truly adequate form of international language have already been laid in Esperanto and other proposed international auxiliary languages, but it is doubtful if the exacting ideal that I have sketched is attained by any one of them, or is likely to be attained

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for some time to come. It is, therefore, highly desirable that along with the practical labor of getting wider recognition of the international language idea, there go hand in hand comparative researches which aim to lay bare the logical structures that are inadequately symbolized in our present-day languages, in order that we may see more clearly than we have yet been able to see just how much of psychological insight and logical rigor have been and can be expressed in linguistic form.

One of the most ambitious and important tasks that can be undertaken is the attempt to work out the relation between logic and usage in a number of national and constructed languages, in order that the eventual problem of adequately symbolizing thought may be seen as the problem it still is. No doubt it will be impossible, for a long time to come, to give a definitive answer to all of the questions that are raised, but it is something to raise and define the questions.

I have emphasized the logical advantages of a constructed international language, but it is important not to neglect the psychological ones. The attitude of independence toward a constructed language which all national speakers must adopt is really a great advantage, because it tends to make man see himself as the master of language instead of its obedient servant. A common allegiance to a form of expression that is identified with no single national unit is likely to prove one of the most potent symbols of the freedom of the human spirit that the world has yet known.

A further psychological advantage of a constructed language has been often referred to by those who have had experience with such languages as Esperanto. This is the removal of fear in the public use of a language other than one's native tongue. The use of the wrong gender in French or any minor violence to English idiom is construed as a sin of etiquette, and everyone knows how paralyzing on freedom of expression is the fear of committing the slightest breach of etiquette. Who knows to what extent the discreet utterances of foreign visitors are really due to their wise unwillingness to take too many chances with the vagaries of a foreign language? Expression in a constructed language has no such fears as these to reckon with. Errors in Esperanto speech are not sins or breaches of etiquette; they are merely trivialities to the extent that they do not actually misrepresent the meaning of the speaker, and as such they may be ignored.

In the educational world there is a great deal of discontent with the teaching of classical and modern languages. It is no secret that the fruits of language study are in no sort of relation to the labor spent on teaching and learning them. Who has not the uncomfortable feeling that there is something intellectually dishonest about a course of study that goes in for a half-hearted tinkering with, say, Latin and two modern languages, with a net result that is more or less microscopic in value? A feeling is growing that the study of foreign languages should be relegated to the class of technical specialties and that the efforts of educators should be directed rather toward deepening the conceptual language sense of students in order that, thus equipped, they may as occasion arises be in a better position to learn what national languages they may happen to need.

A well-constructed international language is much more easily learned than a national language, sharpens one's insight into the logical structure of expression in a way that none of these does, and puts one in possession of a great deal of lexical material which can be turned to account in the analysis of both the speaker's lan-

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guage and of most others that he is likely to want to learn. Certain beginnings have already been made toward the adoption of international language study as a means toward general language work. Time alone can tell whether this movement is a fruitful one, but it is certainly an aspect of the international language question that is worth thinking about, particularly in America, with its growing impatience of the largely useless teaching of Latin, French, German, and Spanish in the high-schools.

The international language movement has had, up to the present time, a somewhat cliquish or esoteric air. It now looks as though it might take on the characteristics of an international Open Forum. The increasing degree to which linguists, mathematicians and scientists have been thinking about the problem is a sign that promises well for the future. It is a good thing that the idea of an international language is no longer presented in merely idealistic terms, but is more and more taking on the aspect of a practical or technological problem and of an exercise in the cleaning up of the thought process.

The spirit of logical analysis should in practice blend with the practical pressure for the adoption of some form of international language, but it should not allow itself to be stampeded by it. It would be exceedingly unfortunate if an international language, whether Esperanto or English or some form of simplified English, were looked upon as thenceforth sacred and inviolate. No solution of the international language problem should be looked upon as more than a beginning toward the gradual evolution, in the light of experience and at the hand of all civilized humanity, of an international language which is as rich as any now known to us, is far more creative in its possibilities, and is in its structure infinitely simpler, more regular, and more logical than any one of them.

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GRANDMA GINGERSNAP

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

THERE was always a big bag of gingersnaps in her room, soft and mushy and stale. She had a curious passion for coal-oil, too, and peppermint sticks; and to keep her eighty-year-old body warm, alcohol.

In an age of electricity, she persisted in reading by an oil lamp. When her old joints grew stiff, she rubbed them with coal-oil, and if she had a chest cold or sore throat, she took a drop of it on a lump of sugar. She smelled of the stuff.

Once a week she walked from her son's house down a long hill into the city, paid visits to the hidden cubbyholes and mouldering homes of relatives and friends as old as herself, and walked the four miles back again with her supply of gingersnaps and peppermint sticks replenished. Throughout the week she took other long walks; she did not like to ride. Each Saturday her coal-oil can appeared among the family groceries, and on the first of every month a truck delivered a case of Overholt or Guckenheimer.

Family whispers had it that the old lady was a love child, daughter of a vagabond Black Irishman who begot her in Pennsylvania somewhere near the Maryland line. In early womanhood she had been a school-teacher, and apparently a good one, for as late as 1918—the year of her death—bent old men who had been her pupils used to call with little gifts of stuffed dates, and cookies, and the striped candy sticks she loved so well.

Her eyes were a sparkling black, as her hair was said to have once been, and they had the bright, interested look of a sage old bird. Her nose was large, Semitic in its arch, and heightening the birdlike aspect of the upper face, yet the nostrils were finely cut and delicate beyond all suggestion of coarseness. There was a quaint humor in the lines of her mouth, which was well set above a wide, spade-shaped chin. In youth, according to her only son, she had been a handsome woman.

There was a strange tale about her husband, a toy importer who had vanished in the late fifties when their boy was a few years old. He went South, the yarn said, to visit a sister who lived in the forlorn Louisiana parish of Calcasieu. After a month or two word came North that he had died and been buried. Both snakebite and yellow fever were vaguely blamed, but because of differences between the two families—and probably because the widow didn't care—no effort was made to obtain a death certificate or proof of burial.

At any rate, Grandma Gingersnap's son talked in the early 1900's to a queensware dealer who swore he had seen the old man, dodderingly alive and in the toy business in England. A spiritualist was immediately consulted, and she obligingly reported "an old, old man, surrounded by children's playthings." A subsequent trance, capping unsuccessful efforts to find the exact spot where the old, old man plied his transplanted toy trade, revealed that he had

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most conveniently slid into the spirit world. His shade was perfectly willing to hold converse, the medium declared, but like all ghosts it obstinately refused to discuss such tangible things as property and a will.

"Nonsense!" declared Grandma Gingersnap, dismissing the farcical spook. For fifty years she had believed her husband dead, and if he had hoodwinked her, he surely was dead now.

Grandma was an avid reader, mainly of newspapers, Henry James, Mrs. Gaskill, bound Chautauqua lectures, the *Youths' Companion*, Elinor Glyn, and Poe, whom she spoke of having seen in Baltimore when she was a child. Whenever these everyday favorites palled her standby was Swedenborg's "Arcana Celestia." On cold days, the open gas-burner in her room failing to heat, it was her wont to climb into bed with the big book, her perennial bottle of rye snug at hand and the sack of gingersnaps open on the red quilt.

The boys of the family, children of the old lady's son, loved her, yet being boys, they were not above stealing her candy and later her whiskey, nor did they hesitate to sometimes hide her spectacles against a quarter or half-dollar ransom.

Their mother was one who believed firmly in domestic punishment with whatever tool came first to hand: broom handle, stove lifter, or hot flatiron. Thus the brothers collected from time to time a patchwork of bruises and blisters; scars about which they lied to inquisitive teachers and comrades at school, but about which they told Grandma the bald truth. She would heal all their smarts with pocket money, and say:

"She'll be punished! 'Pon my word, she'll be punished!" Anybody could say that, but the way Grandma spoke, it meant something.

She had a way with small children, and with boys of all ages; the girls didn't seem to care for her after they passed the infant stage. She could calm the most raging, apoplectic baby, the despair of its harassed mother, merely by holding it. The improvised lullabies that she sang were potent with a mysterious spell, although the words were few and seldom varied from "piddendy, noddendy, root-toot-toot." Occasionally she would sing the Scottish "Hey, my kitten, my dearie," or recite in singsong such rhymes as "Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer," and another that ended on the line, "Get along, you drunken sot!"

It was to her, not their mother, that the youngsters brought their discoveries and confessions of puzzling impulses and unholy ideas which would have sent other elders in immediate quest of priest or doctor. Grandma never knew what was going on in European clinics; there is no reason to believe that she ever was aware of any uncanny understanding, yet she seemed to have found long ago the touchstone which still occasions beard plucking in Zürich and Vienna.

Much of her time was spent in knitting comforters, bed jackets, and slippers. At Christmas time every member of the family, as well as mail carrier, garbage man, and grocer's boy, got a pair of the latter: red-and-black yarn for the men and boys, and white or pink or blue for the women. She also taught the boys and their sister to crochet, and to master the intricate dodges of the Afghan stitch. Often the brats would lose their interest in the tedious job and become suddenly cruel and mischievous, jabbing Grandma with a needle or running off with her eyeglasses. "How can you!" she would say, and the children would return, contrite.

All dumb creatures above the scale of mice and rats she deemed her wards. She

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once took a spell of buying salmon for neighbor cats and the best calves' liver for dogs, and thereby occasioned such pandemonium and riot that the family was forced to canvass the vicinity with a plea that all animals be kept at home. If the brothers or their sister tormented a tabby, or set the polly cage on the stove to see the silly bird dance, then Grandma got out her copy of "Beautiful Joe" and read an object lesson in kindness that made the three little inquisitors cry.

The family owned a black Scots terrier called Mac; a dour, underslung, business-like Casanova who didn't make much noise but who nevertheless taught sadness and wisdom to the dames of his race dwelling roundabout. After an unusually outrageous affair with some wretched lapdog, a complaint was lodged against him, and Grandma heard of it. Now, to her every male dog was a Galahad; every female a four-legged vestal. She could and would believe anything about humans, but about dogs? No!

"Mac," she declared with indisputable finality, "is too gentlemanly to debase himself!"

II

Eternally eating and nibbling at snacks, and taking caloric nips out of her bottle, Grandma yet strove to curb the natural gluttony that was manifest in her grandchildren. To this end she told little stories, among them that classic about the hoggish boarding-school boy who, having hidden a birthday cake from his underfed fellows, lost every crumb to mice more greedy than himself.

These teachings went for naught when the children observed Grandma at table, where she valiantly out-ate everyone. To guard against hunger during the night, she would sneak a chicken leg, or buns, or even pats of butter from the table and slip them into the bosom of her dress. Some of these provisions she devoured as her appetite urged; others she wrapped in paper and hid in nooks and bureau drawers. When odd bits had aged beyond all hope of resurrection as food, she threw them into a huge flowered clothes-bag that hung in her cupboard. Once a month Frank, her eldest grandson, carried it to the furnace and burned the contents on payment of a dollar. On such occasions the basement door was left open, the better for the assembled family to hear the boy's exclamations as he rooted through the litter.

Grandma was barely five feet in height; her daughter-in-law was close to six, and powerful. Yet the old lady, on the day when her son's marriage was broken to her, is said to have seized the buxom bride by the throat and choked her vigorously, crying the while:

"You've stolen my boy away, you Dutch pie-baker!"

Hence there could be no love between these two, so each had come to wear a sort of half-silent toleration when together, the younger woman dropping it as soon as she was out of the old lady's range. As for Grandma, she said little to or about her son's wife; what she had in mind seemed already to have been spoken, years ago. The daughter-in-law called her *die Olle*, which in bad German means "the old one."

Grandma's room was furnished with appalling old furniture and such other plain junk as the family deemed unworthy of its own bedrooms, the downstairs, and the garret. This rickety background, however, Grandma's callers never saw; they were permitted to visit her only in the parlor, where she sat enthroned on the tapestried walnut sofa.

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The old lady was accused of wilful carelessness with her bedroom furniture, and the household cherished a belief that she broke it up deliberately. Many times the slavey, who toiled long after nightfall in the kitchen below, would rush into the front of the house with eyes goggling, lips mumbling about a *Poltergeist*, and trembling finger pointed upward. The family, listening, sure enough would hear chairs being thumped against the floor in lusty tempo, to the accompaniment of a chorus of awful groans. But investigation would disclose no ghost; only Grandma Gingersnap sitting quietly before her lamp with a book, or peering brightly from beneath the coverlet of her squeaky old bed. All her sticks of furniture would be in proper array.

Yet they strangely fell to pieces, and periodically the boys' maternal grandfather had to call at the house to tinker and repair. This old man was a German; for half a century he had steadfastly refused to learn a language that his ears branded as unmusical. Curiously, he was as addicted to the free use of turpentine as Grandma was to coal-oil. He made a living as a fresco painter, and for recreation he read Tom Paine and Ingersoll in translation; when he found out what lay in the vast "Arcana" which Grandma studied, he set himself to convert her. Not more than one or two words of Grossvater's exhortations could she understand, nor could he fathom her rebuttals, yet they applauded each other, and seemed to enjoy the palaver. When it was finished, the old lady would say:

"Take a drop of something warm, Gross Father," and she would pour him whiskey.

Often the refreshment moved him to high forensic fury again, or made him sing. Then his daughter came scolding, and fetched him away.

More ludicrous was the never-varying scene when Grossvater's wife called.

"Have some candy, Gross Mother," Grandma Gingersnap would say. Grossmutter would snatch a handful and eat. Grandma now would pretend to read until she heard all munching stop. Then:

"Gross Mother!"

"Na, was denn?" Grossmutter would ask.

"I think I'll bid you good morning! 'Pon my word, I do. Out! *Raus*!" The only German word that Grandma knew proved ever effective.

From the first grade through high-school, the children came to Grandma with their classroom woes, chiefly mathematical. Long and short division and multiplication, fractions, the horrors of geometry and algebra melted under her magic pencil and actually became a species of fun. At grammar she invoked the aid of euphony; in composition she urged:

"Good writing never came out of a copy book. See it in your head; make yourself see it before you write."

One time a sixth-grade teacher, product of a pedagogical veneering plant attached to the town college, charged the youngest grandson to plumb the origin of the name, Rotten Row.

"Route de Roi," declared Grandma Gingersnap that night. "It means the path of the king."

At school the boy was jeered for his answer, the teacher vowing that the Row was named rotten because rakes and swashbucklers rode there. Hurt and angry, he reported back to infallible Grandma. She sent off a peppery letter to the school principal, an old pupil of hers, and loosed an avalanche of others upon the Board of Education. She let up only when the teacher made a sniffish acknowledgment of error before the whole class.

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Another teacher, the boy Frank reported, was in the habit of wasting whole hygiene periods in rehashing the ancient findings of a doctor who had viewed the workings of an alcoholic's stomach through a bullet hole. This learned preceptor painted such a horrific picture of rum's physical ravages, and speculated so wildly over its alleged effect on mind and morals, that impressionable Frank cowered from Grandma and her Overholt bottle for days. When the old lady elicited his reason, she wrote in great wrath to the Board:

> I am given to understand that two grandsons, for whose education both I and my son pay outrageous taxes, are being crammed with folderol which your inept staff of teachers is pleased to dub hygiene.
>
> I am further told that this half-digested apothecaries' jargon is being used in the jealous cause of false temperance. I am a religious woman, zealously so, in all truth; yet I cannot understand why the public schools—in which I once taught—are made the scene of hysterical tirades which would seem more suited to the primitive atmosphere of an Ebenezer chapel. You appear to have forgotten, in your wide voyaging away from the three R's, that our brewing and distilling industries pay a good share of the tax monies that you so misguidedly apply in furthering the fell desires of boneless, spineless, unctuous milk-and-water reformers.
>
> Let this be a reminder! Lest you overlook it, I am taking care to furnish the Brewers' Association, the Union of Brewery Workmen, and the daily newspapers with copies.

The American language newspapers, of course, used not a word of the letter, but an excellent translation was printed in the German sheet; its editor sent Grandma a marked copy. Gross Father appeared shortly with another, took a drop of something warm, and delivered a laudatory oration in German for the edification of Grandma, his daughter, and the three grandchildren. At the wind-up the old man achieved the only known American speech of his lifetime. Striking an heroic posture and tapping a little lapel button upon which was graven the American flag of the Personal Liberty League, he shouted:

"I like mine beer! I vill fidet [fight] for mine beer *und* mine *Amerikanische* flag!"

III

At long intervals Grandma Gingersnap's son, a traveling engineer, came home. A little, slight dandy fellow nearing sixty, with all of his mother's firm gentleness and none of her acid tang, he was forever devoted to her, and the back bedroom was his first point of call at the end of a trip.

"Well, Mother?" he would ask, kissing her.

"Well, John?" was Grandma's greeting.

"I see young Jim Wigmore's died since my last trip."

Young Jim Wigmore, like as not, had been some frosty polled codger of ninety or more who squired Grandma at Merchants' Hall balls when she was but a striking young widow.

"Yes," Grandma would say. "You know, his mother never lived long, either. She was a Portel. Family used to keep the old Star Boat Line on the river. Great people for gadding to Europe every year. The Portels came here from Connecticut in a damned old wagon. Used to boast some connection with Molly Pitcher and Israel Putnam. They had thick heads. But my, the Wigmore skulls were thin! Jim's father died of a sunstroke. Used to walk home every evening from the river levee, carrying his hat. His father was a great crony of old General Mad Anthony's. Well, the Wigmores came here from Massachusetts back in ——." And so on.

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On election night of 1912 Grandma walked downtown to gloat over early returns that spelled defeat for a candidate whom she had consistently denounced as "a tub of nothing." Coming home, still afoot, she fell and broke both arms. Fortunately her bones were not so brittle as most old folks', perhaps because of the frequent coal-oil lubrications, and the fractures knitted perfectly. On the icy Christmas Eve of 1913 she had another, more serious, fall. Persuaded against her will to ride home from a holiday party on the trolley, she slipped in getting off and broke her hip. This break miraculously healed too, but it left one leg shortened, and thereafter she was compelled to use a cane. The limp did not deter the old lady from her interminable walks, though it slowed her time; she still shuttled from one part of the hilly town to another, and made the weekly pilgrimages in quest of gingersnaps and peppermint sticks. As for church on Sunday, Swedenborg himself could not have dissuaded her from walking to service.

During her convalescence in hospital Grandma, through the connivance of a nurse she had spoiled, got her first glimpse of *Town Topics* and of a local blackmail weekly called the *Night Hawk*. The old lady knew many of the families and individuals whose antics were reported in scarlet phrase and pink innuendo. Many of the others she would not have taken gold to know: she regarded them as a withered old jay might view dunghill sparrows. Her disdain, though, thrived on scandal, and until her death the two papers were thenceforth given place in her room. When tired, she would hire the growing, knowing Frank to read aloud, over and over, some tidbit about a town upstart.

"Ha!" she would chortle. "Running off to France with a chorus dancer, indeed! Knew his monkey-faced old grandfather when he was so confounded mean the riverfront drabs ran from him! Used to walk into the old Garnet House bar. Best whiskeys were two drinks for a quarter. He'd order two, but only drink one. The other he'd pour into an empty flask and carry it home. Red Irish, he was; cow-in-the-parlor Irish; pig-pen Irish!

"Read the one about that other foilback macaroni, boy; going to marry a countess if his pet wench lets him! Ha-Ha! A countess! He'll be at home in the château stables. His father was a gentleman's coachman. Put him out because he starved the horses and stole half the fodder. He went to work for a pharmacist, then, and learned a few simples. Know how the rogue made his fortune? Out of debauchery! By swindling ignorant libertines! He owes every picayune cent to the bawds! See his dirty advertising!" Grandma would flutter through a newspaper and turn up a patent-medicine notice headed, in big caps: "MEN!" Soon:

"What else does it say there in the *Night Hawk*, hey?" Frank would read further, aloud.

"Ha-Ha-A-a!" The second "ha" rose like the starry trail of a skyrocket, and twinkled, before it faded, with music as of charged lime-juice striking ice. The stick thumped the floor in gleeful hand, the gingersnap bag rustled, and whiskey splashed into a cup.

"Says he's going to dispose of his quack business, eh? 'Throws a baneful influence on his social aspirations,' eh? That what it says about him, hey? Ha-Ha! From stable to trollops; from trollops to countess, and a castle in Spain! Low and high life in three acts, with muted music, hey? Ha-Ha!"

Appeased, Grandma turned from the *Night Hawk* to "Art and the Formation

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of Taste," by Lucy Crane; it was her overture of atonement for vindictive amusement.

"Here's Lucy Crane, preaching a revival of color. Well, isn't it come among us? Your mother's wearing colors a tight-rope walker wouldn't have worn in 1900; colors that a nigger shies at even now. Ha!"

From the Chautauquan Lucy, Grandma passed as though through an intellectual canal lock to a paragraph or two by Basil King, a poem by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, onward still to "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of Today," and found anchor finally at the celestial level of the "Arcana." She never could make an abrupt reading journey; it had to be done by stages, upward or downward. And when she reached old Emmanuel again, she was as devout over him as she had been tartly exultant over the backstairs gossip rag.

In nature, Grandma had the knowledge of one born in a simple, wholesome time, when most of childhood's amusements were afforded by the outdoors. Many were her accomplishments. She knew the names and peculiarities of every flower that grew in garden and woods; one of her annual Springtime experiments was a brave effort to cross Dutchman's Breeches with their cousin, the wild Bleeding Heart. Familiar to her, too, were the subtle differences between false and true Solomon's Seal; the therapeutic virtues of burdocks steeped in whiskey; the difficult technique of successfully transplanting holly seedlings.

By some old system of calculation, she could determine the exact temperature of the air from the number of chirps a cricket emitted each minute. She could divine the hiding places of wintergreen and pawpaw in the deep suburban woods; she knew the art of preserving red Autumn berries for later Christmas use; and she was adept at marking out the lurking spots of fascinating lizards. Under her welcome tutelage, the children gained practice in a natural history that was utterly unknown to the rest of their town-bred generation.

For all her love of homely fauna and flora, there was a deal of scientific mischief in Grandma Gingersnap. She delighted, for example, in capturing a bottle of large, reddish wood ants, and carrying them like invading Greeks to some secret Troy defended by a colony of black-ant warriors. There she would dump them and watch the conflict, first being careful to stop up the defenders' workings and prevent the summoning of reinforcements. Observations on these and other phenomena she recorded in her notebooks, for comparison later with facts in her volumes of Fabre. Tickling two caged crickets with straws, and making them fight, was another of her diversions.

IV

The old lady had been prodigal with everything movable that she owned. She still had a lot or two, and her old downtown home property that had been slowly engulfed by a Latin slum, and a few shares of stock in a soap factory. Her income from these and the house—except those dollars spent on coal-oil, sweets, whiskey, church and the grandchildren—went to the family, with whose elder members she lived on a turn-and-turn-about basis.

Other possessions she had wantonly thrown away, lost, or forgotten, and the family mourned for them. A rosewood piano, for instance: picked up in Barbados, transported at considerable cost, and then buried in a pit in a meadow because Grandma lacked room for it in her first widow's apartment. A painting which legend called a Kneller she heedlessly sold, along with a great mahogany bed and part

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of a silver field-service whose first owner is reputed to have been General Braddock. A priceless Nuremberg toy, in which a clockwork Doctor Luther threw a tiny inkpot at a fleeing Satan, was given to a whining charity grinder. So they all ultimately went—china, pictures, furniture, cutlery, plate—from the time of her marriage until the last years, when she had little left save decaying real property, mosaic jewelry, and books.

The money that she dispensed to the youngsters was generous; the gifts grew as they grew. As children, they could get any reasonable sum upon application to Grandma. If she pleaded temporary distress or a kindred excuse, Frank simply locked the old lady in her room, pocketed the key, and stood outside repeating:

"Granny Gazook, Gazunk, Gazee! Dollar, dollar, dollar for me-e-e!"

After an hour of this, Grandma gladly paid him double to go away. With adolescence and young manhood, however, such persuasions were abandoned as unnecessary, and after Frank went off to an officers' training-camp in the Spring of 1918, his rookie pangs were stilled weekly by a substantial money order. The family share of Grandma's funds accordingly was made to suffer by the amount.

When Frank came home on his first furlough, clad in an absurd issue tunic that was too small for him and in breeches that were too big, Grandma took one look and cried: "My good Lord! Is *that* a soldier?"

They were all due to go to the country club that afternoon, for a flying exhibition by a mission of the British air propaganda. They went, but not until Frank, at Grandma's command, had changed his comic uniform for cits that violated the Code of War. He did it willingly enough, knowing upon what side of his bread the butter lay.

At the club, a flier went into an Immelmann turn and didn't come out. Grandma saw the crack-up on the greens; she jigged in her seat when the gasoline tank popped, and she blinked at a crumpled body that was borne into the club lounge. Yet on the way home in the car, she jabbed her cane into the floor and muttered to the silent family group:

"Some trick, I tell you! I don't believe there was anybody in it!"

V

"Come away, to the woods, where the wild-flowers bloom,
A-h-nd the bree-zes, are la-den, with swee-test perfume."

So sang Grandma, picking out, with long fingers that were almost transparent, Flotow's "Flower Song" on the old square piano in the parlor.

"Hey, Grandma!" Frank shuffled behind her, gilt shavetail bars topping the shoulders of the uniform which she had bought him.

The pale fingers slid from the yellow keys.

"'—I need twenty dollars, Grandma,'" mimicked the old lady.

"I've got a date with Pastey and Ellen," proclaimed Frank.

"What's to hinder you? There's a bill, folded, in the 'Celestia.'"

Clumsy, unfamiliar boots took the stairs two at a time; whipcord breeches slid back on a whistling banister, and the screen door banged goodbye. The released flivver started to coast down the steep street; Frank heard for a moment, in a voice that seemed neither old nor young, but sweetly wavering and in-between:

"Come, where, flow'rs are fling-ing, beau-ty o'er the mead-ows gay,
Where, glad, birds are sing-ing, free from care the live-long day."

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VI

The flivver pfutted, uncertain and tired, up to the house. Frank got out. A child from the house over the way ran across:

"You' Grandma's dead!"

In the kitchen he found the kid brother and the slavey; Mother was somewhere, trying to raise the undertaker on the 'phone.

"An' I opened the door an' she was just sittin' there, lookin' down," related the slavey. "I ast her, 'Missus, you sick?' She didn't say nothin'; just sat there, lookin' down. Then I grabbed her and pushed her face up. N'her false teeth fell out! Ooh, it was awful!" The slavey shivered.

Frank went to the ice-chest and got her a bottle of beer. He split another with the kid. Their sister came into the kitchen, wiping her eyes.

"Poor old soul," the girl said. "Alone all these years. I feel guilty."

The slavey was bitten with sudden uneasiness. She looked wide-eyed at Frank.

"Maybe she'll come back!" the slavey whispered. "Maybe she'll come back! An' make all that bangin' on the floor again?"

"Bird-seed!" said Frank. "If she comes back, it'll be in the shape of a gingersnap."

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Law

FARMER JONES GOES TO LAW

By Fred B. Morrill

Farmer Jones was troubled. He had never experienced any legal entanglements, and up to the time the S.C.&Z. R.R. began to lay its new line through his farm he had never even had occasion to consult a lawyer.

His experience in courts of justice was limited to serving a couple of times as a juror, and he firmly believed that under our judicial system justice was bound to prevail. But it was not until the railroad had cut down part of his orchard and commenced to make a deep and unsightly cut through his most fertile field, and one of his barns and a part of his wheat crop had been destroyed by fire through the negligence of the construction gang, that he consulted a lawyer about beginning proceedings to enforce his rights.

His lawyer advised him that he could enjoin the railroad from further interfering with his property, and thus compel it to pay for the property taken, and for any damages he might sustain by reason of the taking, or institute condemnation proceedings to determine the amount he was entitled to receive, and which the company would have to pay. The first seemed the course to pursue until he was advised that, on bringing such an action, he would be required to execute a bond to indemnify the company for any loss it might sustain, if by chance his suit should fail.

Not being able to furnish such a bond he was precluded from bringing an injunction suit, and so decided to bring an action to recover the damage he had sustained. His lawyer seemed to think that it would be necessary to commence two actions: one for the loss occasioned by the fire, and another for the damage to his farm, and for the property taken by the railroad. But Mr. Jones could not see any reason why he should be put to the expense and trouble of two suits, so he instructed his lawyer to proceed with the first.

As the company was entitled to be fully advised—in a legal way—of the grounds upon which he expected to recover, he was required to file his complaint in court, setting forth, under oath, the facts he expected to prove, and to serve the same upon the company. In order to prevent him from obtaining judgment against it for the amount of his claim the company could either demur to his complaint or answer under oath, denying, either in whole or in part, the allegations therein set forth. Its attorney adopted the first procedure, demurring on the ground that the complaint did not state a cause of action—which under the law amounts to an admission that all of the material allegations therein set forth are true—and on the further ground that several causes of action had been improperly united.

This made an issue of law to be decided by the court, and in due course of time the demurrer was argued and the contention of the attorney for the railroad sustained. The court held that those engaged in the construction work were independent con-

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tractors and that therefore the railroad company was not liable for their negligent acts. Thereupon the action was dismissed, and a judgment for costs entered against the plaintiff. Instead of having a judgment against the railroad company, Mr. Jones was surprised to find that it had a judgment against him, which he must either pay or take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State.

Believing he was in the right, he decided to take the appeal, and within the time allowed his attorney served and filed his notice of appeal and appeal bond. The printed record and briefs of the attorneys were also served and filed, and after several months the case was placed on the docket for argument. On the date set for the hearing, the issues of law involved were argued by the attorneys and the case taken under advisement by the court.

Although court costs, appeal bonds, printing bills and attorney's fees made the appeal more expensive than he had anticipated Mr. Jones's faith in the American judiciary system was still strong, and so he looked confidently for a favorable decision and an end to his troubles, which by this time were continually on his mind and the principal subject of discussion in his family circle and of much concern to the entire neighborhood.

Month followed month without any news from the Supreme Court. But at last, when nearly a year had elapsed, the long-looked-for decision came. To Farmer Jones it was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. For the Supreme Court decided that the railroad's demurrer was well taken, and thus there was another judgment for costs against him. Over two years had elapsed since the action was commenced. Its net result to date was two victories for the railroad company, and two judgments in its favor.

In most cases the decision of the Supreme Court of a State is final, but Jones was advised by his attorney that a Federal question was involved, in his case, and that in consequence it could be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. Although that proceeding involved the giving of more bonds, the payment of more court costs and attorney's fees, and the printing of additional records and briefs, he decided that he must go on to the end of his legal journey.

At last the date for presenting the case was set and he sent his attorney to Washington to make his oral argument before the court. And after a few more months of anxiety he was advised by his attorney that the case had been decided in his favor. The highest court in the land had reversed the State Supreme Court and the trial court, holding that his complaint stated a cause of action entitling him to a trial of the case upon its merits.

Nearly four years had now elapsed and he was at the point from which he started. His opponent had not even been required to answer his complaint, and thereby state the grounds upon which it relied as a defence to his claim. By a demurrer that did not cover a sheet of paper, and with very little cost outside of attorney's fees, the defendant, during all these years, had been able to prevent a jury trial.

But now, after the highest court in the land had decided in his favor, and stated in language that could not be misunderstood that the allegations of his complaint set forth a cause of action, Mr. Jones felt confident that his legal difficulties were nearly over. During the following year the record was remitted to the trial court; the answer was filed, denying under oath all of the allegations of his complaint, and the case was brought on for trial before a jury. The first two days were occupied in im-

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paneling the jury and hearing the opening statements made by the attorneys; after which the testimony of himself and his witnesses was submitted—testimony he was sure could not be controverted by the defense.

Then followed a proceeding that he could not comprehend. The jury was excluded from the court-room and the attorney for the railroad company made a motion for a non-suit, a motion that was followed by arguments of counsel and the reading of many decisions to the court. Toward the end Mr. Jones felt that he could no longer bear the suspense and left the court-room. When he returned the attorneys were gathering up their papers and law-books and he was advised that the motion had been granted—that his case had been dismissed without a verdict of the jury and that a judgment for costs would be entered against him.

As a layman he had always understood that in a case of this kind trial by jury was guaranteed under the Constitution, and the ending of his suit without a jury passing upon the facts gave him a shock he would not soon recover from. He was now forced to either take an appeal or pay the judgment.

His only hope of recovering from the railroad company lay in an appeal and he was obliged to continue on. This involved more bonds, costs, attorneys' fees, delays and anxieties. However, after weary months of waiting the Supreme Court decided that the trial court had erred in granting the non-suit, and the case was remanded for another trial. Again a jury was impaneled and after a trial lasting ten days a verdict was rendered in Jones's favor for the full amount of his claim.

He was now jubilant. At last he had a judgment against the railroad company, and he could see no reason why it should not be paid. But when he called upon his attorney to ascertain how soon the company could be made to settle he was informed that its attorney had moved for a new trial upon errors of law occurring at the trial, and on the ground that the damages assessed by the jury were excessive; and had also made a motion for judgment *non obstante veredicto.* After another delay these motions were disposed of, but not entirely to Jones's satisfaction. The court denied the motion for a new trial, and the motion for judgment *non obstante veredicto*, but decided that the verdict was excessive, and reduced it by $1000. No action being taken by either party, judgment was entered accordingly.

Either party could now take an appeal. Jones firmly believed that he was entitled to the full amount of the verdict, but in order to close the litigation he was willing to accept the amount called for by the judgment and instructed his attorney to take such action as might be necessary to enforce payment. As soon, however, as an execution was issued, the company perfected an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, claiming that the trial court erred in its instructions to the jury, and by giving a *supersedeas* bond the execution of the judgment was stayed.

Jones now saw before him another long delay and more expense. There was the usual printing of records and briefs, followed by oral arguments before the court. But at last the decision was rendered, and to his great joy the judgment of the trial court was sustained. He now had in his favor a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, a verdict of a jury, and a judgment thereon sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. The end of his lawsuit seemed to be in sight. His attorney advised him that the Federal question involved had been finally disposed of by the

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Supreme Court of the United States, so that the railroad company was precluded from having the last decision reviewed by that tribunal, and as soon as the remittitur —whatever that might be—was filed in the lower court the judgment would have to be paid.

Unluckily, the joy of Farmer Jones was of short duration. He did not know that, though the court had decided the case in his favor and written an elaborate and lengthy opinion on the law governing the issues involved, and cited numerous decisions of other courts, the company still had an opportunity to cause delay. It could, and did, file a petition for a rehearing *en banc*.

And the petition was granted. The granting of this petition required more printed briefs and another oral argument at the next term of the Supreme Court, and another delay before that tribunal rendered its decision. And while Jones felt confident that it would be a final decision in his favor the waiting from day to day became almost unbearable.

At last the long-looked-for decision was rendered. Alas! it did not end the legal journey of Farmer Jones. In this decision the court found that in rendering its former opinion it had overlooked a legal point, now more forcibly brought to its attention by the attorney for the railroad company upon the reargument, and, revoking its former opinion, it remanded the case for another trial.

Jones was now ready to give up all hope. He had been in the courts for seven years and nothing had been accomplished. Seven years of trouble, expense and disappointment and he was again at the place from which he started. Trials, verdicts and decisions were of no avail. They only served to make him more expense and anxiety. He felt that he was bound hand and foot, his body, arms and legs entwined in the meshes of a legal entanglement from which there was no escape.

But he was wrong, for notwithstanding more dilatory moves made on behalf of the company, in due course of time, after a long, hard-fought trial, another verdict of a jury for the full amount was rendered in his favor. Again there were the usual motions for a new trial and for judgment notwithstanding the verdict, and also a motion to have the verdict set aside upon the ground of misconduct of the jury in arriving at a verdict, and after they were disposed of in his favor, another appeal was taken. But this time the railroad company was not successful; its petition for a rehearing was denied, and the case was remanded to the trial court and a final judgment entered.

The attorney for the company had now exhausted every legal quibble known to the law. There had been numerous decisions and two verdicts in the trial court, six decisions by the State Supreme Court, and one by the Supreme Court of the United States, and at last, after more than ten years of litigation, Jones heard the jingle of the dollars due him from the railroad company.

Ten years of litigation and that long line of decisions and verdicts, and all the while the railroad company had legally admitted by its first pleading that every material allegation set forth in his complaint was true!

And during all those years the railroad had been operating its line through his farm; notwithstanding that Article V, amendatory of the Constitution of the United States, provides that: "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

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Painting

JULES PASCIN

By Dorothy Adlow

His last tube of paint was a severed vein. With the color he daubed farewell upon the whitewashed wall of his studio. Three days later the woman to whom the farewell was inscribed forced her way in with the aid of the concierge. The two beheld a horrible sight. On June 7 last he was interred in the Saint Ouen Cemetery, where André Salmon and Sholom Ash recited eulogies.

We were visiting the Museum of Modern Art the morning after the announcement of the suicide of Jules Pascin. Upon the wall was a "Fillette" by him, one of the many portrayals of lightly clad girls, half-reclining. It seemed strangely alive, aquiver like all his paintings, queer iridescent shadow of the living thing, wavering between the worlds of solid fact and neurotic fancy. The lineaments emerged from obscurity, thickened to full expressiveness, and then disappeared again. The surface seemed not to be solid, but liquefied, like molten lava. And yet, the youthful model, the chair, the background were made round and palpable with extreme regard for telling form.

Pascin was a modern, though not with any implication of Tahiti or the Congo. He did not practice the pseudo-science of Cubism; nor did he follow any of the by-paths of Expressionism. He was not enlightened, or polysyllabic. He was a born painter, self-taught. He discovered the masters for himself, and when he found his way, he relinquished them, forever. Since his childhood in Bulgaria, he had traveled far and wide, to the countries of the Continent, Tunis, Havana, and the United States (where he became a citizen). He did not search for novelty, as so many migrating artists in recent years have sought; no, there was something grotesque though magnificent which haunted him in the panorama. A conventional routine was hateful, as can soon be learned in his diabolical burlesques of high society. It was natural that Montmartre should become and remain his home, even when he was a headliner on the rue Faubourg St. Honoré. He was one of the limited group of great successes among painters. He might have leased a château and engaged a staff of servants.

They called him the Watteau of Montmartre. There he had those famous dinner parties which began with just two or three, a small intimate party, and ended with four taxifuls of guests gathered up on the way: models of fair and dusky tint, down-at-the-heel artists, well-known American painters and their wives, a protégé of Otto Kahn, a critic, and Pop Hart. Before all the guests were settled it was long past dinner hour. It took some time to order the food, for not a few kept in mind the fact that there were many crisp thousand-franc notes to pay the bill, and they chose accordingly. And then the waiter was to be made to understand that Pop *must* have corned beef and cabbage. The table was laden with lobsters and curries, with wines and cheeses. Poor Pascin selected the simplest dish. At the end of the meal, a few hours later, when all the guests were sipping ices, amidst smoke and hilarity, he ordered for himself the remedial Yogourt. He could not participate; his health was failing; he was frail and unnerved. Even then death was stalking. He loved life too well to hold on to it by a mere straw.

If one were to place Pascin as a painter one would put him in the tradition of Fra-

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gonard and Watteau, those Frenchmen who depicted the frivolity of the life at the court of the Louis, the masks, the splendor, the love-making. It was gracious painting and intimate, and soon it wound up in the boudoir. Strike out the gems and furbelows; blur out the accessories, and there, with a shift in the social scale, is the same sentiment, the same perception, the same cynicism found in Degas and Lautrec and Pascin. Though the earlier painters are exuberant, the moderns seem fatigued. They display a certain lassitude that makes polite ladies stamp their tiny feet and exclaim: "How demoralized!" Yet it must be admitted that those images, evaporating into thin air, touch the senses more acutely than the solidly wrought pictures by Ingres. Pascin was not "indecent" because he dropped a shoulder strap of a languishing maid. Greuze did that and was merely dubbed sentimental. No, there is something devilish in his very brush-work.

To him, as with many artists today, the subject was unimportant. For lack of a "message", Pascin was found spiritually wanting in his exhibition here in America last Spring. Most of the critics disposed of the show with a tepid compliment and a few moralizations. That the jejune subject matter of living painters carries the seed of ruin is a topic often debated. For the time, however, before the question is settled, we can enjoy the works of Pascin because he knew so well the language of paint. He had a magical touch, a wondrous sensibility. The subject may seem lowly to those who are troubled by that consideration, but the treatment is as ravishing as exotic blossoms—as translucent and intoxicating.

If in his paintings the narrative element is negligible, his drawings and caricatures are a merciless commentary upon the foibles of society. Like a demon did he attack pretense, lumping up those traits that are artificially smoothed, rumpling the too orderly arrangement of things. He could not suffer museums and palaces. They forced beauty down one's throat. He preferred to discover it for himself.

Beyond all else, the theatre infuriated him. There one must sit, armed with patience, not daring even to clear the throat, without being hushed—while others upon the stage paraded their emotions with violence—*souffrance épouvantable* . . .

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THE STAKES OF '32

BY ARTHUR KROCK

A HEADLINE writer on the Washington *Post* was immediately responsible for the statement issued by the seven Democratic leaders on November 6 last, pledging the party to put no merely partisan obstruction in the way of measures to stimulate business, relieve public misery, and restore prosperity. For three days control of the House of Representatives and the Senate had been balancing between the two major parties. One hour the Democrats were ahead; the next the Republican factions, as combined on paper, regained the numerical lead. On the night of November 5 the Washington *Post* man whose job it was to caption the election story gave up trying to anticipate the results of recounts at that moment going on in Indiana, Minnesota and other States. He wrote this headline:

THE HOUSE DEADLOCKED
CHAOS IS FORECAST

REPUBLICANS TO BE HELPLESS, EVEN SHOULD THEY ATTAIN NOMINAL CONTROL; MUST TRADE WITH FOES

The next morning Jouett Shouse, chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee, arose early. He was feeling extremely well. The party had made great gains in the elections. To his management of affairs at the Washington headquarters of the committee was due the effective presentation of the Democratic case during the two years following the party disaster of 1928. To him also was due the wise dispatch of money to districts and States where it would do the most good. Perhaps for a moment, as he went through his morning exercises, Mr. Shouse joined the Why-Not-Me? Club. Presidents have been made out of material less durable and less attractive. At any rate he was exuding affability as he picked up the Washington *Post*. He had later figures than the *Post* had; what he wanted to see was how the newspaper had dressed the comforting facts. His eye lighted on that word "chaos."

What was chaos? Obviously the headliner's idea of chaos was the lack of a responsible party majority in either House, opening the way to a pact on legislation between the Democrats and the Progressive Republicans. But, in view of the uneasiness of business, the greased incline of the stock market, the nervousness of the American people generally, Mr. Shouse feared that the mental association of the word would be with the gains made by his party at the election. Thereupon—the account comes from one of the Seven Signers—Mr. Shouse determined to issue a proclamation of reassurance to the millions who still take Democratic political victory as tantamount to re-opening that Pandora's box of legislation closed by the left hand of Death when he laid his right on the shoulder of William Jennings Bryan.

Mr. Shouse is a born, bred, temperamental Democrat. He entered politics in

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Kentucky, and he was elected to Congress from Kansas. He knew enough of the nature of his fellow-partisans to realize that usually no one man can speak for more than one of them—himself. How about a Pledge Committee of Titular Leaders? The morning in Washington was clear, with a high of 44 degrees. It was weather to transmute inspiration into action. Within a few hours the pledge was carefully drawn, with the aid probably of the chief of the Democratic Publicity Bureau. Soon it was being read over the telephone to the six others, the weight of whose names was needed to hold down such a document, even for a week.

The weather was clear that day in New York City also, and John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith and John J. Raskob gazed out on sunlit streets as they listened. At Dayton James M. Cox also saw the sun. It was a cloudy day in Arkansas and Texas, where Joseph T. Robinson, the Senate minority leader, and John N. Garner, Democratic chief in the House, sat at the end of long-distance receivers. But the temperature was higher than in the East. At any rate these seven groundhogs saw no shadow on the proclamation. They signed. What exactly did they say?

> A remarkable victory has come to the Democratic party. We, however, regard it less as a political triumph than as a great opportunity for constructive service. . . . Despite the opposition of the Democrats and the Progressive wing of the Republican party, and over the protest of leading economists of the nation, that [the tariff] bill was forced on the country by the brutal strength of numbers and was signed by the President.

Two pitfalls have been jumped or circumvented here: (1) If business was at all disturbed over the failure of the two major parties to gain control of Congress, that was of course because it feared a Democratic-Progressive coalition, with Messrs. Norris, Brookhart and Nye shaping the features of legislation, but since it was tactics to take a crack at the tariff for the purpose of reminding industry of one reason for its illness, the opposition of the Progressives had to be mentioned; (2) since only five Democratic Senators had voted for the tariff bill, the party could be represented as officially in opposition. True, without these five votes the bill would have failed of passage in the Senate, but most people would not notice that. To proceed:

> The leaders of Democracy . . . and the others who must now assume legislative responsibility do not regard the present occasion as one for celebration or for self-gratification. . . . The task ahead is to repair the damage, to get the ship of state back on an even keel, and to go ahead on a course which will bring us out of the tempest with the least disturbance and the greatest speed consistent with safety.

The Signers, on behalf of their party, disavowed "all thought of political advantage." They pledged that "the Seventy-Second Congress will not be an obstructive body." It would seek to coöperate with Mr. Hoover, not to embarrass him, "in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country. It has in mind no rash policies." No necessary appointments or appropriations would be blockaded; the tariff would be revised piecemeal; if any politics was played the "other party" would be to blame.

The President received the pledge with delight and surprise. Senator Watson of Indiana, the Republican leader in the Senate, made an answer reminiscent of the merchant who, on being reconciled with his rival by the rabbi, said: "I wish you what you wish me." Newspaper comment was favorable. The idea behind the pledge was undoubtedly constructive. The elec-

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tion was over. Such advantage as the Democrats gained from a falling market, falling commodity prices and business slackness had been garnered for two years. If times grew steadily worse the old Democratic bogles might be successfully invoked to frighten the voters back into the Republican party. For it is a fact that while the American people, when they are pinched economically, register a protest against the party in power, if they face major disaster they are more inclined to abide by Lincoln's adage about the horses and the stream. The stakes for which the leaders were playing were the presidential elections of 1932.

II

But there is a spirit in the Democratic party which has always operated against the fact and implication of such a paper as that signed by Messrs. Cox, Davis, Smith, Robinson, Garner, Raskob and Shouse. That spirit was soon manifest in Senator Glass of Virginia. He has been a Secretary of the Treasury. He is the co-author of the Federal Reserve Act. He is not a titular leader, as are the Seven. But he is a highland chieftain whose bagpipes can summon many joyously to battle.

Carter Glass is respected in the Democratic party for his abilities and for his integrity of mind and heart. Yet what quickens the pulses of the Celts (who make up so large a portion of the party) at the mention of his name is that he can always be depended upon to start or join a scrap. Five days after the Pledge was issued, Mr. Glass dipped pen into sulphuric acid and on asbestos paper expressed his views of any who thought that an "apology" was required for a Democratic victory at the elections. He questioned the authority of "any undelegated group of gentlemen" to pledge 264 Democrats in Congress "to a precipitately devised course of action." He himself "had not reached the rank of a party leader," wrote the Virginian scathingly.

Out in the country Democrats who had read the Pledge and the press commendations with doubtful but favorably inclined hearts dilated their nostrils. Here was the old-time religion. "To be required to temper his speech; to pretend to cherish the interests of capital; and to attempt to convey the manifestly impossible admission that a Republican may have blood, brains, piety and worth in the same degree as a Democrat—these are the responsibilities of an open fight before the electorate which bore with inexpressible ennui the true disciple of Jefferson and Jackson. It is a combat with other Democrats which a true Jeffersonian really enjoys. To that he advances at the double, carrying every lethal weapon in his vocal arsenal. Parents, brothers, cousins: let any of these bar his path as with nervous fingers he rushes toward the jugular of another Democrat, and patricide and fratricide become mere misdemeanors." This spiritual estimate of the party, which I wrote in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March, 1925, assaying the passionate pleasures of the Madison Square Garden Convention of 1924, remains true. Senator Glass became the new hero. Elected members clipped his statement from the paper and put it in their Washington wallets. Its soul goes marching on.

The present, or lame duck session was not a day old before Senator McKellar and Representative Byrns, both of Tennessee, were declaring that Congress, not the President, should manage the distribution of the Unemployment Fund. Mr. McKellar, instinctively thinking of an appropriation as something his constituency

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should share in, proposed that each county in the United States be given an equal portion of the fund. Just like a post-office bill in which Memphis must be taken care of! The Senate in that same first week, at the instance of Senator Robinson of Arkansas, increased the fund for drought and flood from $25,000,000 to $60,000,000 at the very moment the House was cutting the President's unemployment budget from $150,000,000 to $110,000,000. As conferences and negotiations proceeded sums were changed; the President indiscriminately charged Congress was "playing politics at the expense of human misery", and Congress erased all party lines to rebuff him; the old game was played in meticulous observance of rules laid down when the first semi-humans gathered in groups in the Stone Age. In that first week Congress made it perfectly clear:

1. That its political-mindedness is unchangeable.
2. That politicians will fight, at least a little, over who shall rescue the drowning body politic, even when the victim is going down for the third time.
3. That the final two years of any President's administration are bad years for coalitions in this country.

III

Upon Mr. Robinson of Arkansas, more than upon any other of the Seven Signers, fell what criticism there was for the Pledge of November 6. For in a sense Mr. Robinson has been distrusted by his followers since he went to London as a delegate to the Naval Disarmament Conference. This is not an inheritance of the struggle between the English party of George Washington and the French party of Thomas Jefferson. If Mr. Robinson had gone to Paris instead of London for a conference, on the appointment of a Republican President, the distrust would still have existed. The late Senator Underwood of Alabama, a man more used to tea-parties and morning coats than Mr. Robinson is, engendered the same uneasiness when he accepted a similar wand from President Harding. The very Democrats who criticized Woodrow Wilson for not putting Elihu Root and William Howard Taft on the Paris Peace Mission in 1919 muttered that Joe had gone White House. There isn't much sense in the suspicion, but it is in the nature of Democrats to feel that way.

Mr. Robinson went to London because he enjoyed the distinction, because he welcomed the opportunity for public service, because he is a candidate for President. In his heart there is implanted that same dark, almost racial prejudice against a Republican which stirs in the breast of the longest-haired county judge in the Mississippi cane-brakes. Many times he has revealed it. But since coming to the Senate he has improved his wardrobe. He has been seen in spats and a morning coat. He spent three months in London and is known to have followed civilized usages there. Mr. Underwood's attire and propensity to drink tea were fixed before he was elected to the House, years before he was translated to the Senate. The outer person of Mr. Robinson has undergone a change. Couple this fact with the inevitable tempering of speech and viewpoint that comes with age, broader experience and the responsibility of leadership, and you have a combination which arouses anxious fear in the agrarian Democratic heart. If his alarmed followers could see the Arkansan at breakfast at 4:30 o'clock in South Carolina, preliminary to a duck-hunt, they might be reassured as to the essential purity of his heart. The appetite and diet of those who have never seen a Republican,

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the careless costume of a Black river guide are, I assure them, his natural expression. If the minority could all go duck-hunting, Mr. Robinson's leadership would not be questioned again. As each day of this session brings the parties nearer to 1932 I feel certain that it will be said less and less that Joe has gone White House. He as much as the others has his eye fixed on the presidential stakes.

There is no greater and more easily disproved lie than the steady Republican claim to greater fitness for governing, and for creating prosperity. Yet there are millions of people in the country who can still, after the Hoover panic, be made to believe it again. Never before, as in 1930, did the Democratic party have so many major issues in its favor: Prohibition, economic depression, the President's personal unpopularity, national antagonism to a trade-killing tariff. That it carried neither the House nor the Senate under such conditions is a demonstration of the still-lingering popular fear of its ascendancy. The men who conceived and framed the coöperation statement sought to capture and tame this obvious psychology. Senator Robinson realizes the fact and would create, by agreement with the Republicans when advisable, what Mulvaney called a "divarshion." He knows the temptations which the Progressives will spread in the sessions to be held before the elections of 1932. A personnel, instinct with a wish to spoil the Republicans, resentful of Mr. Hoover because he was almost a Democrat once and gained his opportunity through a Democratic President, will find it impossible to resist all these temptations. Mr. Robinson and the other signers would like to hold down cattle-stealing forays to a minimum, believing that they will serve to bring out in 1932 those Republican votes which stayed at home in 1930.

An examination of the New York figures for November 4 supports this conscious fear of what Republican majorities there can be in this country. Governor Roosevelt was reëlected by more than 725,000 plurality. He carried the up-State counties, traditionally as Republican as Vermont. But his party did not reverse one Congressional district. In one, the Seventeenth, New York City's dislike of the President and his policies might have swept Representative Ruth Pratt out of office, but the entertaining candidacy on the Socialist ticket of Heywood Broun attracted sufficient Democrats to save her. There is no evidence here of deep party feeling. In 1928 Roosevelt polled 370,000 more votes than he did last November. But Ottinger, the weak Republican candidate of that day, had almost 900,000 more than were cast for his party's nominee last year. In other States the story is the same. If the Democrats obstruct useful legislation on partisan grounds, and vote often with the Progressives in the Senate, those voters who gave the Hoover ticket in 1928 a majority of 8,000,000 will come from their sulking tents. The way to 1932 for the Democrats is paved with eggs; the Republicans in 1930 broke most of theirs, but they learned to walk more carefully hereafter.

Actually at the last election the country rejected both parties. In 1932 it must take choice of one. Which class will win the prize for good behavior? By a mix-up of the babies, the Republicans are more embarrassed over the Prohibition question than are the Democrats who invented the issue. Hard times, if they persist, are not certain to return the Opposition, particularly if by death and change the Democrats get control of one of the branches of Congress and share in responsibility for the conduct of national affairs. But the

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last election showed that in the States where the great blocks of electoral votes come from, Prohibition is influencing the selections of candidates. For the present the Democrats have the advantage there. Political prophets are especially without honor, and their words are writ in mist, which is even less substantial than water. But it doesn't take much of a prophet to predict that, unless the next Democratic candidate combines, as Smith did, all the phobias the South is heir to, he will not, merely because he is a Wet, lose many electoral votes in that region.

If Democrats had less individualism they would not be Democrats. They are reared on the meat of insurrection and the she-wolf's milk. But this individualism, and this restiveness under leadership, this sporting urgency to upset what smooth, fat men around a mahogany table decide is best for the country, procreates many men of mark. Given more discipline and greater natural numbers of voters in this country, the Democrats undoubtedly would win the stakes of 1932. Above the even level of Republicanism there rise the heads of the President, the ex-President and Senator Morrow of New Jersey. Except for these the party has available no "made men" in the sense that they begin with a national appeal. There are whole States against Senator Borah. But there is no State where Hoover and Coolidge have not a large following at election.

On the Democratic side the tall men of war, known to every community in the Nation, are actually numerous. There is Smith, destined never to be President, I think, but to millions the ideal public servant. There is Newton D. Baker, peace's pale paladin, touched with that eminence which brings a hush into court-rooms and auditoriums when he rises to speak. There is Franklin D. Roosevelt, mantled with the prestige that comes with two victories in New York, the bulge of nearly a hundred delegates in his waistcoat pocket. Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland has few delegates and possibly fewer prospects; but what Smith and Morrow and Roosevelt and Lewis were saying effectively about Prohibition from 1928 forward Ritchie had been saying, and with greater scholarship, from the time the Volstead Act was passed. And, held in reserve for a deadlocked intervention, is the calm, handsome, powerful, rich, studious architect of Europe's reparations structure, Owen D. Young. There is none of these who could not lie with fair ease in the bed of Procrustes at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue. But, even if there were enough natural Democratic votes in the country, any of these would still be a long shot for the Presidency two years hence because of what can happen at Washington if the Democrats should obtain control, or should consolidate it through union with the Progressives.

It isn't fair, but it is true none the less, that the Democrats will be punished for doing what the regular Republicans can do safely. That is, combine with the Progressives. The election of 1930 was only three weeks past when Representative Snell of New York, Shem of the House Ark, tied an olive-branch on the foot of a dove and sent it to Senator Norris of Nebraska. Now, this Norris is to a regular Republican what Robespierre was to the Princesse de Lamballe. In 1910 he clipped the power of Speaker Cannon and tried to unseat him. From that day forward he has opposed the basic tenets of his party's policy. In 1928 he spoke and voted for Smith on the ground that his own party's position on water power was "corporate and anti-public." In 1930 he was reëlected as Republican nominee with the general

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understanding that he would make Mr. Hoover's life as wretched as possible.

Yet it was to Mr. Norris that Mr. Snell sent the promise of the House organization that it would yield to him on Muscle Shoals, and the bill to abolish henceforth the lame duck session, in order to expediate routine business and avoid a special sitting of the new Congress after March 4. "Very sensible," said the Republican newspapers. "Constructive statesman, Snell." The move was made not only to avoid an extra session, but to try to save something of the party's control in the Seventy-second Congress. There is no more resemblance between a Republican like Snell and a Republican like Norris than there is between Mussolini and Mrs. Ella Boole. But Republicans have a gift for shameless compromise without injury to themselves; the country understands and approves it as practical business procedure under the common label. Let the Democrats make terms with the Progressives to take control of Congress and pass a legislative programme, and Republican orators and newspapers would cry "Socialism!" Then from every street and country lane the Republican vote which sulked in 1930 would come running to stamp under the Log Cabin.

IV

There has been a great deal of natural talk about "the great Democratic victory" last November. The Seven Signers assumed it in their statement, for frankness in these compositions is as yet unknown. But the men who put their names below are aware, if the headline readers are not, that they had a set-up in 1930 and were not able to reach his lower maxillary. As political tacticians they knew that the inner threat in the result could be shouted away; as realists they understood also that the Democratic party is in better case than if it had won control. For control brings responsibility for legislation, and that will be no asset in the next two years.

The country allowed them a membership large enough to claim and obtain a share in the district spoils; to fill a conspicuous place in the record with their dissent; to participate in credits for relief measures on a general scale; and to avoid that blame for unsatisfactory results which goes to initiators of programmes. This is more advantage than the Democrats have won in any election since 1910. After that event the Republicans, temporarily borrowing the traditional claymore of Democracy, put on such a flawless imitation of the ordinary fratricidal conflict of the foe as to do away with themselves. The Roosevelt-Taft contest was so noisy, brutal and bloody that the highly-entertained Democrats were able—up to the Baltimore convention—to keep for once from joining battle themselves out of sheer love of fighting. By the time Champ Clark and Bryan were embroiled the Republicans were weak with blood-letting. A Democratic President was the result.

Prohibition is not, like T. R., incarnate, and may not therefore wreak among the Republicans of 1932 butchery equal to his in 1912. The Seventy-second Congress will tell the story. Meanwhile the Democrats must be very good, keep no weapons in their own cloakrooms, "and do just as their leaders tell 'em to." Two years of this, unless the Republicans put on as good a show as Taft and Roosevelt did, is punishment cruel and unusual—unendurable to the highland breed.

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HOORAW FOR VANCE!

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

IN THE Autumn of 1861 the young and breezy Captain Zebulon B. Vance, long of hair and roguish of eye, who had brought his Rough and Ready Guards from the mountains of Buncombe county, North Carolina, into the Confederate Army, was elected colonel of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment fighting General Burnside, of the Union Army, on the Carolina coast. The Southern West Pointers shook their heads; this Vance was not a soldier, but a mountain lawyer who had won verdicts by breaking down the prosecution with funny stories.

For instance, when his lieutenant-colonel, Harry Burgwyn—afterwards killed leading the Twenty-sixth in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—had reproached him for his disregard of military forms, saying: "Look here, Colonel, you simply *can't* have the men *shoulder* arms right after they have *presented* them," Vance replied:

"By gravy, I've already done it!"

But among the Tar Heel privates Vance's election caused shouts of joy. He was solidly their man. Soldiering, even when done in a sacred cause, had its dull hours, and if they had a leader who could cure depression with a sportive humor, so much the better.

Already the regiment was storing up a fund of Vance stories—stories which in the telling gave birth to whole families of tales that are a treasured part of North Carolina lore to this day.

There was the story of the skirmish at Goose Creek, for example, when a tall and long-armed private tied his clothes on his head and swam over the stream. He landed with his rifle still in his hand, but unfortunately he had lost his bundle. At that very moment Vance came up, ordered him into line with other survivors, and sternly put them through the manual of drill, with the unfortunate private as naked as a jaybird and unable even to clothe himself with a sweet-gum leaf. Afterwards Vance went around to the victim's tent and had a good laugh with him.

"Hooraw for Vance!"

And so the Twenty-sixth went on fighting cheerfully and getting decimated without complaint, for the South, in those days, was winning. But it was true that Vance was no military man, and soon his people recalled him from the field and put him where they needed him more, in the Governor's chair at Raleigh.

They wanted him there because, although they were still ardent for the Confederate cause, they had become afraid of Confederate militarism. The government at Richmond was showing its teeth, overriding States' rights, and Confederate officers were disregarding the civil authorities. Already North Carolinians, like other Southerners, were tasting the horrible contradictions of the war: they wanted an effective government, and yet they clung to States' rights; they wanted a winning army, and yet they would have its leaders curbed; they realized the necessity of unity,

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and yet the very principles on which they had seceded forbade its accomplishment; they wanted Jefferson Davis to push the cause forward and then they elected Vance to hold him back.

And at once Vance began to do so—forcefully and effectively. From the moment of his taking up his duties as Governor, he became an altered man. Publicly he joked no more. The mischievous look faded from his quizzical eyes. His great jaws and easy, humorous mouth became set like a mastiff's. Arching his deep chest and throwing up his lionlike head, he spread the skirts of the Governor's coat over his State and told the Confederate authorities to keep back. As often as the long fingers of Jefferson Davis reached in, Vance pounded them. As often as James A. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, seized property in North Carolina, Vance made him disgorge. As often as Confederate officers carried off citizens as cannon fodder, Vance halted them with a *habeas corpus*. In North Carolina Confederate militarism died a-borning. Vance strangled it, tamed it, pushed it around, made it eat out of his hand. He told Jefferson Davis just how far he could go in North Carolina; and Davis listened and obeyed, for one-sixth of all the Confederate soldiers were Tar Heels and the armies of Virginia were being fed from North Carolina fields.

Imagine these words addressed to Secretary Seddon from a thirty-two-year-old Governor:

> As such proceedings cannot be tolerated for a moment, I have issued orders *pendente lite* to the State officers of that county to call out the militia and shoot the first men who attempt to perpetrate a similar outrage without the authority of that district.

The reference was to the carrying off of four citizens by Confederate soldiers.

Again, in describing the depredations of cavalrymen—this was in 1863, when the Confederate larder was becoming thin—Vance used this lashing language to Seddon:

> If God Almighty had yet in store another plague, worse than all others which He intended to have let loose on the Egyptians in case Pharaoh still hardened his heart, I am sure it must have been a regiment or so of half armed, half disciplined Confederate cavalry. Had they been turned loose on Pharaoh's subjects with or without an impressment law, he would have become so sensible of the anger of God that he never would have followed the children of Israel to the Red Sea. No sir, not an inch! Cannot officers be reduced to the ranks for permitting this? Cannot a few men be shot for perpetrating these outrages?

Vance's insistence on the sacredness of North Carolina citizens and property eventually won a complete victory over the Confederate government. It was magnificent, but it was no way to win a war. However, his people loved him for it—for that and the irresistible stories he resumed as soon as Sherman's army had driven him out of his chair. In after years their adoration became worship. They devoured his every utterance; they walked miles to see his face; they told his stories over and over again with unfading relish; his arrival in any town brought them running in joyful droves to see him enter his hotel. For thirty years after the war they never tired of shouting, "Hooraw for Vance!"

II

The Confederate government, hard pressed, opened rifts in the Southern ranks not only by encroachment on States' rights. It also made the ghastly mistake of creating class divisions by passing a Conscription Act calling all men between eighteen

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and thirty-five into the army, excepting the owners or managers of twenty slaves.

This law has not received adequate attention from the historians. It did what Lincoln's subsequent proclamation emancipating the slaves, which he himself called a "war measure," failed to do—split the South and created a conflagration in the rear of the Confederate Army.

Vance at once recognized that this measure and especially its exception had done vast damage to the Southern morale. He afterwards described it as follows:

> It was perhaps the severest blow the Confederacy ever received, as it did more than anything else to alienate the affections of the common people, without whose support it could not live for a day. It was not only regarded as a confession that the new government was not able to depend upon the voluntary support of the people, with which it so triumphantly started out . . . , but it opened a wide door to demagogues to appeal to the non-slaveholding class, and make them believe that the only issue was the protection of slavery, in which they were to be sacrificed for the sole benefit of the masters. The cry rang through the country that it was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

Vance was able to see the situation thus clearly because, although not at all a plebeian, as he often pretended to be—he once wrote to the confidante of his student days at the University of North Carolina, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer of Chapel Hill, that he was not to be judged "by the rough and unpolished ways which I so early affected as a stepping stone to popularity among a rude mountain people"—his simple upbringing among the non-slaveholding farmers around his birthplace on Reem's creek near Asheville had made him well acquainted with their mode of thinking.

Vance was a Whig, and the Whigs were landowners but not always slaveholders. He was the descendant of a farming people, but he was not a farmer himself. "I followed the plough," he used to say, "but never overtook it." He was a Westerner, and Western North Carolina, having use for few slaves except as house servants, did not always see eye to eye with the eastern part of the State, where the great cotton and tobacco plantations lay. He was by instinct and principle a Unionist, having served in the United States Congress; disliking the Secessionists, but going along with them because he could not bear to see North Carolina invaded.

At the time, only one other Southern Governor recognized as clearly as Vance the dangers latent in Confederate centralism. This was Joe Brown of Georgia. Like Vance, he had been a farm-bred boy and, like Vance, he instantly rose up to defend his State against the alarming assumption of arbitrary powers by the officialdom of Richmond.

But Brown's way of fighting Davis differed characteristically from Vance's. Brown had in him no little of the cautious peasant, instinctively distrusting big towns and political capitals. His veins were full of Calvinism and, like most Calvinists, he loved to argufy. His method of assailing Davis was to start a debate with him by letter; whereas, Vance, who was no peasant and despised caution, simply sent Davis short, blunt notifications which were in essence commands.

The clash between Brown and Davis occupied most of the year 1862, the Confederate President, who was a Calvinist, too, entering into it with a gleaming eye. Millions of words were consumed, and communications which originally began with an ounce mounted into pounds. Brown would lead off with fourteen closely written pages, and Davis would reply with thirty. Brown would the next day forward

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an extra thought occupying five pages, and Davis would acknowledge it with six.

The Confederate President, who enjoyed nothing more than splitting a hair and weighing a straw, eventually triumphed over the Governor in letter yardage, and by publishing the correspondence while Brown was thinking of his next reply; but the dry Georgia cracker, in the course of the debate, drew Davis into an incautious admission which deeply injured the Confederate President's prestige and put all the seceding States on guard against him.

Brown's opposition to Confederate centralism rested on virtually the same ground as Vance's. Said he to Davis: "The Constitution is a league between sovereigns"; also, "it was not the intention to give the agent [the government] the power to destroy the principals [the States]." Finally, he declared that the Conscription Act, which had been recommended to the Confederate Congress by Davis, "consolidates almost the entire military power of the States in the Confederate Executive . . . and enables him at his pleasure to cripple or destroy the civil power of each State."

Davis in his reply, May 29, 1862, insisted that the seceding States had made the central government their "agent," to which had been delegated "the whole war power of each State." Then came the damaging paragraph in which the President said:

> I hold that when a specific power is granted by the Constitution, like that now in question, "to raise armies," Congress is the judge whether the law passed for the purpose of executing that power is "necessary and proper."

Davis afterwards tried to interpret and modify this statement, but it was too late; Brown had already circulated it far and wide, and every Southern State had instantly drawn in its horns like a snail touched by a cold twig.

Brown criticized Davis's doctrines as no less Federalistic than Hamilton's and reminded the Confederate President that he had been "one of the ablest and boldest defenders of the doctrines of the States' rights school in the old government."

Davis, who now was head of a government intent on absorbing all power, disliked that reminder and for his contumacy never forgave Brown; but to Vance, who treated him much more bluntly, he never showed resentment. In fact, at the close of his last interview with Vance, when the Confederate government was fleeing from Richmond to Greensboro, he said affectionately to the Tar Heel Governor: "God bless you, sir, and the noble old State of North Carolina!"

III

Confederate centralism eventually had the disintegrating effect that Vance and Brown had anticipated, and, seeing the cause as well-nigh lost, Vance took upon himself as Governor the task not only of curbing the Confederate military authorities and beating back the Confederate government, but of finding means to feed, clothe, and maintain the North Carolina troops and the North Carolina population, as if they belonged to a separate principality.

Though gaining his wit from his Irish and French forebears, Vance had a perceptible streak of canny Scotch in him, and suddenly he introduced the State as buyer and warehouser of its growers' cotton.

Purchasing from England "a long-legged steamer," punningly called the *Ad. Vance*, as a blockade-runner, he regularly shipped from Wilmington to the Bahamas bales of the fibre which England and Europe craved, and for which they eagerly exchanged the manufactured products needed in the South.

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The women of the State had been in a panic of fear lest they not be able to clothe their old people and their children, and when on its first return trip the *Ad. Vance* brought an abundance of hand-cards which made possible the operation of their old-fashioned looms, they wept with gratitude.

"Who," they said, "would have thought of this but Vance?"

And the young War Governor, having now the women as well as the men on his side, was solider than ever in the affections of his people.

The *Ad. Vance* went on threading the Federal blockades, sometimes in open daylight, fetching not only hand-cards but machinery, scythes, leather and shoes, blankets, uniform cloth, overcoats, bacon, coffee, and medicines; and soon Vance was able to boast that the North Carolina troops were the best clothed and best equipped in the Confederate Army, and that the civil population was being decently cared for.

Meantime he continued to bring the military men to heel. Incidents occurred which heightened his fury against them. One day, on the arrival of the *Ad. Vance* at Wilmington, Vance went down to congratulate her cunning captain. On his return to shore, Lieutenant-Colonel Thornburg, a Virginian, refused to permit him to land, saying that Vance had violated certain regulations. In the ensuing argument he declared he "did not care for General Vance nor Governor Jesus Christ."

The result was a blistering demand on President Davis that Thornburg be taken out of North Carolina and kept out. Already indignant that Virginia officers were so conspicuous in North Carolina commands, Vance added this short paragraph:

> If it be deemed indispensable that North Carolina soldiers should be commanded by Virginians, I should regret to see the Old Dominion retain all her gentlemen for her own use and furnish us only her blackguards.

Thereafter Vance's letters to Davis and other Confederate officials became steadily shorter and blunter. In October, 1862, he wrote the President that he would not coöperate with conscripting West Point generals "who know less of human nature than I do of military service"; in March, 1863, he notified Seddon that he must stop the conscripting raids of General Pillow in Western North Carolina, or there would be "resistance and bloodshed"; and finally, after the destruction of the offices of the pro-peace Raleigh *Standard* by a Confederate brigade, he threatened to bring North Carolina's troops home "to the defense of their own State and her institutions." The harassed Davis bore it all with remarkable patience, and the high Confederate authorities not only meekly promised to heed his every request, but were soon begging Vance to come up to Virginia and pour the fiery liquor of his oratory into the veins of their worn and despondent troops.

Vance loved to speak, and was at his best when among the red-necked men who in civil life wore wool hats with the hair sometimes poking through the crown. When he came to address the Army of Northern Virginia on the plain near Orange Court-House, the Confederate generals were almost pathetically grateful and received him with kingly honors. They called a general review for him and between two confronting lines of gray escorted him to the platform. General Lee was there, and so were Longstreet, Stuart, Early, Ewell, A. P. and D. H. Hill, Rhodes, Gordon, Hampton, Hoke, and Fitzhugh Lee.

Vance made a two-hour speech which General Lee declared was worth a reinforcement of 50,000 men, and the review

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broke up with the assembled brigades cheering for the cause, and laughing over the apt and homely stories with which Vance knew so well how to decorate his eloquence. It marked his final victory over the military men, so that afterwards he was able with justice to say:

> From September, 1862, to May, 1865, I was chief magistrate of the State of North Carolina, and when eleven years afterward I was again inaugurated Governor for the third time, the proudest boast I could make in regard to my previous service was that during my administration the old legal maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, was expunged, and in its place was written, *inter arma leges audiebantur*. The laws *were* heard amidst all the roar of cannon.

IV

At length came the Confederate breakdown. Sherman marched on Raleigh, and Vance, after asking him to spare the capital, left for Greensboro for a last talk with Davis, and then to surrender himself to General Schofield. Schofield advised him to go home and await orders. Vance loaded his few effects into a freight car and rode in it himself to Statesville, where his wife and children had preceded him.

There, on his thirty-fifth birthday, he was arrested by a squadron of General Kilpatrick's cavalry, with no charge specified, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington.

Some years later Kilpatrick was reported as having proclaimed that he had "tamed Vance by riding him two hundred miles on a bareback mule." Vance was incensed, and in a public letter of denial described how he had been decently removed from Statesville in a buggy and treated with courtesy by the Federal guard commanded by Major Porter of Harrisburg, Pa. He added this characteristic stinger:

> I saw no mule on the trip, but I thought I saw an ass at the general's headquarters. This impression has since been confirmed.

On the way to prison he was permitted to canvass his friends at Salisbury for a loan to replenish his empty pockets. He raised just $65.

It is possible that he was pleased to be locked up. Lincoln's assassination had caused a storm of vengeful fury to sweep over the North, and no former Confederate official's life was safe. At any rate, Vance was at ease for the first time in more than four years. He had good company in the persons of two other War Governors. One was John Letcher of Virginia, and the other was no other than the argufying Joe Brown of Georgia.

Letcher was for a time Vance's cell-mate. The prison superintendent afterward recalled sending to this cell occasional supplies of whiskey and brandy. He remembered that the brandy was preferred by Letcher, but did not say who had called for the whiskey; it may be guessed, however, from an anecdote Vance once told an audience about himself. He said that in his early days as a country lawyer, he had often ridden to court with a pair of saddlebags. In one end were his law books and "it is none of your business what was in the other."

There is no suggestion that Brown ever "took anything," but legend says he "relaxed" in Vance's and Letcher's genial company.

Powerful friends whom Vance had acquired as a member of Congress saw to it that the prison regulations were judiciously lightened, and he was soon enjoying himself among numerous callers. One of them was former Representative Tom Corwin, of Ohio, who remarked: "Vance, I don't get the hang of this thing."

"It seems that I may," said Vance.

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But it was impossible to keep in durance a man of so much charm. Besides, his wartime efforts to relieve the hardships of Federal prisoners in his State were remembered, and after an imprisonment of seven weeks he was released on parole by order of President Johnson and permitted to go home, on condition that he not leave the confines of North Carolina.

V

As a young lawyer, Vance had allowed his hair, in the Southern style, to grow so long that it curled at the back of his neck, but it was shortened during the war. He now grew another mane, donned a low collar and string tie, and went to Charlotte to practice law with Major Clement Dowd, afterwards his biographer.

"Dowd," said Vance, "every law office contains one workingman and one gentleman. In this partnership I propose to be the gentleman."

It was so arranged, Major Dowd doing the preparation of cases and Vance working on the juries.

Vance's courthouse speeches became gala occasions. All public business was suspended and everybody crowded in to listen and enjoy. A Southern courthouse, smelling of work, sweat, soil, and wood stoves, was supposed to be no place for ladies, but whenever Vance was to speak in a real big case, they came flocking in with the rest. Shouts of appreciation were so frequent that judges learned to abandon their usual stern commands as to order, and gave themselves up to enjoyment.

However, one Judge Logan, sitting in Charlotte, was no lover of humor and during one of Vance's speeches was so insistent that Deputy-Sheriff Sims keep order that Sims, as related by Major Dowd, at length adopted the device of keeping his back to the judge, watching for the climax of Vance's stories, yelling "Order in court!", and then without closing his mouth leading the guffaws that followed.

Vance's fertile anecdotes were effective because they were always germane to the point and genuinely illustrative of his theory of the case. Being located nearly always "up in the mountain country," that land of homely naïveté, they were always good for explosive mirth; and, in addition, Vance's mimicry, his use of dialect, his Biblical references, and his resplendent war record so worked upon juries that he became irresistible as an advocate, and his popularity among North Carolinians waxed as high as his Buncombe peaks.

The satanic reconstruction period soon united former Whigs and Secessionists into a new Democratic party, which in 1876 nominated Vance for Governor, and when it was arranged that he and his Republican rival, Judge Thomas Settle, an able man of marked personal distinction, should make a joint canvass, North Carolinians looked forward to a coruscating campaign.

They got it. The two men traveled over the State together, Settle usually followed by cohorts of yelling black freedmen and Vance by rangy men on horses and mules, sometimes grimly silent, at other times raising rebel yells derived from that ancient political instrument, corn whiskey.

On the platform the two orators, old opponents in court cases, offered a dramatic contrast richly appreciated by the Tar Heels: Settle logical, learned, nervous, full of invective, and hating the uncleanness and disorder of life; Vance large, bland, exuberant, loving life, its dirt and all, and quick with his piercing ridicule to seize upon his rival's weak spots.

"Hang you, Vance," said Settle once, "you take so many turns on me."

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"The Lord is with me," said Vance piously.

"The Devil's with you," corrected Settle.

In one village, after the speeches, some young and enthusiastic ladies came up to Vance and offered the tribute of their kisses. He saluted them with all gallantry, then turning to his opponent and nodding at Settle's dark supporters, said:

"See, Settle, I'm kissing my supporters. Now you kiss yours."

Settle was no match for Vance in winning the crowd, and Vance was elected by a tremendous majority.

Previously, in 1870, he had been elected to the United States Senate, but as an unpardoned rebel he was not permitted to take his seat. He was again and successfully elected to the Senate in 1879 and remained there, through successive elections, for the rest of his life.

In Washington revered solons and the galleries alike were prepared to begin laughing as soon as he had taken his seat, but Vance, no doubt aware of the dismal fate of most humorists who have amused their fellows in Congress, was at first as grave as Hoar of Massachusetts, delivering speeches against the tariff; for free silver; against the rise of trusts and the growing dominance of big business; and for a genuine and not a bogus readmission of his State into the Union, which showed sound study and a thorough preparation.

He became a faithful worker on committees, and had almost convinced observers that Washington had tamed and over-awed him, when one day he arose in the Senate and began to read the verses of what he called "a protective pastoral arranged for the spinning wheel." In verse Vance had not been heard from since, in memory of his mother's feats in cutting down his father's garments to fit her sons, he wrote the parody beginning:

How dear to my heart are the pants of
my childhood.

Dedicating his present poem to Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, he read nine stanzas of which the following are samples:

Our Mary had a little lamb;
Her heart was most intent
To make its wool beyond its worth
Bring 56 per cent.

Now praise to Mary and her lamb,
Who did the scheme invent
To clothe one-half a girl in wool
And one-half in per cent.

This hit at the McKinley tariff brought Vance's name out in the newspapers and whetted the appetite of his confrères for more of his humor; but he seldom gratified them, remaining the Senator, as he said after an operation had removed one eye, "with an eye single to the welfare of his people," and inclined to save his witty outbursts for his lectures and his occasional speeches to the people down home. He seldom refused invitations that would enable him to acquaint the North with the straitened social and political conditions endured by the South during the war, mixing diatribes against Northern carpetbaggery and militarism with mirthful descriptions of Carolina privations. Addressing a G.A.R. post in Boston, he described the severe suffering caused by the shortage of "the gracious Arabian berry," and related experiments in which parched rye, corn meal, chestnuts, okra, and sweet potatoes had been mixed with a few grains of coffee in the hope the latter "would assert its superiority by imparting at least a portion of its flavor to the ignoble compound."

It was once proposed, he said, that coffee be roasted with pop-corn, for the latter "would all jump out of the pan, leaving the original coffee as good as ever. But when the last grain of coffee had been used,

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and the last pound of sugar which could be obtained from captured Louisiana had gone with it, then, and not until then, did we realize that the crisis of our fate had come, and blank despair had settled down upon the Southern cause."

VI

Only on one question did his people ever seriously criticize Vance; that was in regard to his hostility to President Cleveland. Vance disliked Cleveland from the first, his own warm, hearty, joke-loving temperament being repelled by the President's coldness, aloofness, and, in public at least, his complete lack of humor.

Besides, there was a disagreement on the matter of patronage. Vance believed in the old-fashioned way, that after victory the offices should go to the faithful, but Cleveland had other ideas. They also differed on the free coinage of silver, and the Tar Heel Senator at length refused to call on the President or introduce to him any hopeful patriot. With all other persons in Washington, however, even Republicans (a word always preceded in most Southern mouths with the term "black"), Vance mingled on the friendliest terms, even drawing approbation once from Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. He enjoyed senatorial life thoroughly and frequently said so.

In his later years Vance's fortress-like health began to give way. His mane of hair whitened. His vast frame became wasted, his massive neck thin, his robust cheeks sunken, and he was sometimes absent from his seat for long intervals. At a Democratic rally at Charlotte in the Winter of 1892 he tried to speak, but could remain on his feet only for a few minutes. It was the last time he heard the keen, high-pitched chorus of the old days: "Hooraw for Vance!"

A year later he rallied enough to address the Senate in opposition to the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, and once more the old humor gleamed, the old eloquence swelled. But when admirers hurried around, after his two-hour effort, to congratulate him on being as good as ever, he shook his head.

"I am exhausted," he said.

Paralysis came to deaden his already enfeebled frame, but he lingered for several months. At the age of sixty-four he died.

The scenes along the railroad line as his body was taken home were touching. On the journey from Greensboro to Asheville, crowds of North Carolinians, bare-headed and with wool hats pressed to their breasts, lined the track on both sides. All night they had come down from the hills and waited beside their bonfires, expecting no other privilege than to see the funeral train pass slowly.

No other native of North Carolina ever enjoyed such continuous popularity, such lasting devotion. Vance's name is still potent to set eyes alight, and hundreds of little Zebulons, who once ran about the streets of Tar Heel villages, are now respectable citizens who are proud to have V as their middle initial.

It was not Vance's humor, although it is still treasured, which endeared him to his people, however; and it was not his charm, his handsome mien, or his senatorial record which brought out their intensest devotion. It was the fact that he had protected them from their own government. It was the fact that he, no less than Grant, had triumphed over the Confederacy.

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MUSIC

THE "HAMMERKLAVIER" SONATA FOR ORCHESTRA

By Ernest Newman

Though Felix Weingartner's arrangement of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" sonata for orchestra has been published for something like three years, it has been played very little. An excellent set of records of it, however, has just been issued by the Columbia Graphophone Company; and some interesting hours may now be spent by the Beethoven enthusiast in comparing the orchestral version with the original.

As Weingartner says in the preface to his score, it has long been recognized that as a work for the piano the mighty "Hammerklavier" is to a large extent unsatisfactory both for the player and for the listener, for "here the spirit of the creator demands more than the instrument chosen is able to give." He believes, with justice, that the work bursts the bonds of the piano as it does because the conception itself is often orchestral rather than pianistic. "Numerous portions," he says, "resemble the sketch of a symphony, and are transferable forthwith to full score. In other passages it would be sufficient to double the octaves of one or all the parts to allow the orchestral idea which shines forth in the original to become reality."

Necessarily, however, a great deal more has had to be done with the original than simply give this line or that to this instrument or that. Weingartner's aim has been not merely to swell the piano notes to the size of the orchestra but to produce the sort of work that Beethoven himself would have done had he been casting the sonata as a symphony in the first place. A different texture has to be made in many places; pedal effects have to be realized in full harmonically; echoing or answering phrases have to be set forth in contrasting colors; and so on.

Weingartner, to my thinking, has done his work extraordinarily well on the whole. He has resisted the temptation to make a brilliant concert piece of the sonata by turning the whole of the resources of the modern orchestra upon it. He has used the ordinary Beethoven orchestra, and, so far as any modern can think himself back into the mind of an artist of the past, he has used it in the Beethoven way. The many brusque changes of key which Beethoven permits himself in the "Hammerklavier" make it, as he says, "impossible to do entirely without the use of valve-horns and trumpets, but a use of the chromatic compass of these instruments in the modern sense has been avoided, as, indeed, no musical device not already to be found in Beethoven's works has been employed."

Weingartner has, in the strict sense of the words, hardly altered a note of the sonata. But we have only to listen to the orchestral version at certain points and then play the same passage on the piano to realize that the orchestra does not merely add a richer color to the passage but gives it a new and sometimes alien meaning; and I can readily imagine many a pianist jumping up in wrath and declaring that this is no longer the "Hammerklavier" but a work of Weingartner's own. But

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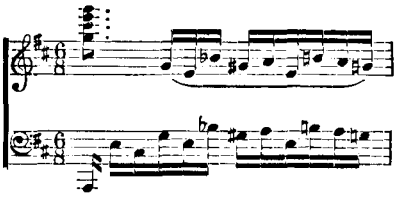
even if that be true, the result is a new work of the utmost fascination. Let the reader look, for example, at a passage some forty bars before the end of the Adagio—twelve bars before the change from the key signature of five sharps to that of one sharp. That Beethoven wanted a drastic change of piano color here is shown by his marking of the sharply modulating transition passage *pp*, *una corda*. But the change of color was undeniably motived by a subtle change in the orientation of thought and mood—something we cannot possibly translate into words, but about the reality and the significance of which neither our feeling nor our intellect is in the slightest doubt.

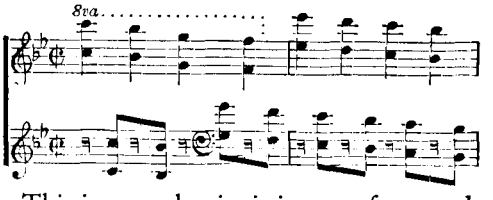
This modulatory passage Weingartner sets in the veiled tones of the soft trombones, trumpets, bassoons, and clarinets, with a touch of oboe color. The contrast with the sweeping lyrical line of the passage immediately preceding is much greater than in the original; the effect is as of a sudden transportation of the action to a far distant and mysterious background. There is a suggestion of romantic haze about it that, beautiful as it is in itself, seems to me not quite in keeping with either Beethoven's normal cast of mind or his orchestral color methods in general; it is a modern psychological, as well as musical, effect that derives not from Beethoven, but from the two younger contemporaries of his who were laying the foundations of the romantic orchestra—Weber and Schubert. Personally I find this passage in Weingartner's arrangement fascinating and moving, in spite of the slight touch of historical incongruity about it; but I can imagine resenting it as alien to the pianistic breath and being of the sonata.

The pianist, again, will probably jib at Weingartner's treatment of measure 44 of the Adagio:



If Beethoven ever meant anything in his life, he meant these bare octaves; they are intended as a sort of clearance of the air after the close texture and the harmonic complexity of what has gone before, and a going back to harmonic scratch, as it were, in order that the ear may get more delight out of, and the mind read more meaning into, the deep-toned harmonized song that follows. Weingartner gives the passage to the violins and violas in octaves, but he also prolongs the chord of the seventh (shown at the commencement of my quotation), practically throughout the bar in the rest of the orchestra. I cannot persuade myself that this is not an error of judgment; the whole point and purpose of the bare octaves seem to me to be lost.

This is a case in which Weingartner, as I see the matter, has made Beethoven do something he would not have done even had he conceived this sonata in the first instance for the orchestra. In other cases Weingartner rightly rejects Simon-pure literalism and gives the music the lay-out it would certainly have had if Beethoven had been thinking originally in terms of the orchestra. On the opening page of the sonata, for instance, we meet with passages of this type:



This is a purely pianistic way of proceeding. When Beethoven wishes to weave this kind of texture on the orchestra—as he

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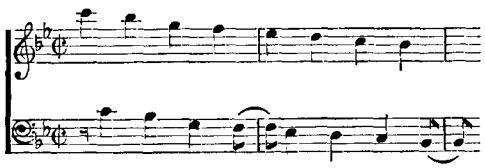
does two or three times in the Leonora No. 3, to cite an example that will be familiar to every reader—instead of separating the two masses in this way he introduces the second with a time-lag, thus making it drag against the other to create the desired effect of tension and the ultimate release from the tension. There would have been no point in slavishly copying the pianistic technique on the orchestra; and Weingartner is fully justified in translating the passage I have just quoted into Beethoven's own orchestral terms, thus:



But I cannot agree with Weingartner's handling of measures 263 to 266 of the first movement (the gigantic upward strides that lead into the re-statement of the main subject in B flat), and of the corresponding measures 31 to 34. The effect of the original is quite perverted by the addition of sustaining harmonies to Beethoven's bare octaves, the new effect being worse in the later case than in the earlier because the scoring is heavier. No doubt this is one of the instances Weingartner had in his mind when, in the preface to his score, he spoke of the occasional necessity of working out in full what on the piano is only a pedal effect. But his zeal has been somewhat excessive; I can see no justification whatever for his having doubled Beethoven's staccato quarter notes (which Weingartner gives to the plucked strings) with a solid line of ascending half notes in the wood wind.

No orchestral arrangement of the sonata could have been made, however, that would not have been open to criticism on points of detail of this kind; and I would not wish to concentrate the reader's attention too much on them. It is better for us to look at the good points of Weingartner's arrangement, which are legion. It is not too much to say that here, for the first time, we hear many a page of the sonata as Beethoven conceived it; and the final result is to reveal in it a grandeur to which the piano simply cannot do justice. If it be true that some of the purely pianistic effects are lost—as they were bound in the nature of things to be—it is equally true that the greater resources of the orchestra give an added point to many a passage in the translation.

The Adagio gains immensely in the orchestral transcription. One of the difficulties of musical criticism is that of thinking ourselves back into the mentality of a past epoch. Modern harmony has developed so far in the matter of discords (I use the latter word in the purely technical sense) that it is hard for us to realize how certain harmonies affected a certain generation. There was a time when the chord of the diminished seventh was a piquant and sometimes almost maddening harmonic spice, not the wretched maid-of-all-work it became about the middle of the Nineteenth Century. We of today, with our ears hardened, if not brutalized, by discords of which our forefathers never dreamt, can only by an effort of the historical imagination realize what the diminished seventh and minor ninth chords must sometimes have meant to hearers on whom they were comparatively seldom practiced by composers; the pain and melancholy of the first movement of the "Moonlight" sonata, for example, must have been far more poignant to the men of the first decade of the century than they can ever be for humanity again. But with the aid of the colors of the modern orchestra we can still recapture something of the old thrill of the agonizing

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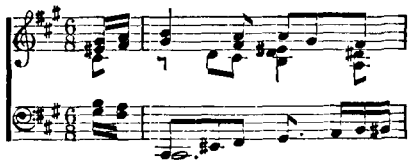
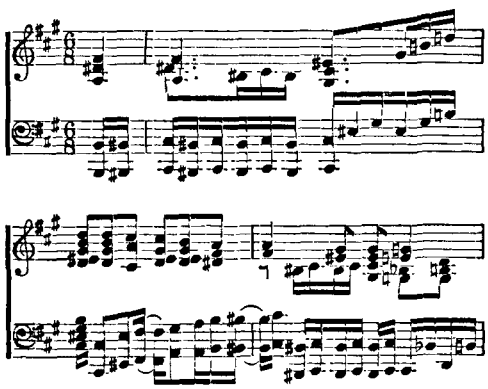
diminished seventh and minor ninth; and this Weingartner has done marvellously in many passages of the "Hammerklavier" Adagio. Here, for example, in the eighteenth measure:



the romantic poignancy of the minor ninth (the alto D) is enhanced by adding, for the D and C sharp, the stabbing oboe tone to the line of the violas. In the one hundred and fifth and following measures:



the wailing, dragging melancholy and the yearning of the music speak to us again with all the power to hurt that the harmonies and the syncopations must have had for the men of Beethoven's own day. On the other hand, the moments when the music of the Adagio melts into those sweeping major melodies of which we have the type in the fourteenth and fifteenth measures acquire a new and ravishing beauty in Weingartner's arrangement. For here the advantage is all with the orchestra; in the highest reaches of tone, where the piano, as a singing instrument, is at its weakest, the violins attain their fullest glory.

All in all, Weingartner has done a remarkable piece of work. He has not only made the "Hammerklavier" accessible, through the gramophone records, to thousands who are normally barred from the comprehension of it, but he has given page after page of it a new force and a new beauty.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY *No. 2, C Major, Op. 61.*
The State Opera Orchestra of Berlin
By Robert Schumann. *Brunswick*
$7.50. 5 12-in. records *New York*

After the very pleasant recording of Schumann's First, by Stock and his Chicagoans for the Victor Company, comes, appropriately, his Second, imported from the German capital, where it was produced under the baton of Hans Pfitzner. The C Major is in its eighty-fifth year, having been first performed under Mendelssohn in November, 1846. It is hardly in the springtime mood of the First, yet it is unmistakably in the Schumann manner—lyric romantic, honest, with grandiose conceptions that sometimes threaten to outrun the technical capabilities of the composer. . . . Pfitzner's reading is not too even, and sometimes the recording, perhaps assisted by Schumann's uncertain orchestration, seems muddy.

"IOLANTHE." *Comic Opera in Two Acts*
By Gilbert & Sullivan. *His Master's Voice*
$22. Album of 11 12-in. records *London*

"Iolanthe" stands among the operatic masterpieces of the Nineteenth Century, and at the apex of Gilbert and Sullivan's achievement. Librettist and composer, individually and jointly, are found at once at their most characteristic and their best. As if electrically aware of these facts, D'Oyly Carte's company, under the conductorship of the very capable George W. Byng, with Dr. Malcom Sargent directing the overture, have outdone themselves in this latest of the radiant series. The list of Gilbert & Sullivan electrical recordings now numbers six. Of these, the Victor Company has released three: "The Mikado," "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance." All

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these sets, of course, are brimful of delights for Savoyards. From a technical standpoint, "The Mikado" is least satisfactory, perhaps because it was the first of the new series. "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates" rank next to "Iolanthe," which tops them all. From overture to finale the performance comes through heartfully, and there are moments when one forgets altogether the intervention of any mechanism.

CONCERTO *in A Minor (An Adaptation).*
Violoncello & Orchestra
By Schubert-Cassado. *Columbia*
$6. Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

In 1824 there was invented by Staufer in Vienna a cross between a viola da gamba and a violoncello. It had six strings and was tuned in fourths. Schubert hastened to compose a sonata for it, with an accompaniment by the piano, but the instrument inconsiderately refused to become popular, and thus his piece for the arpeggione—for so the hybrid was named—fell into desuetude. It was a happy thought of Mr. Cassado, pupil of Casals and noted 'cellist in his own right, to make of the sonata a concerto for the violoncello; the arpeggione, indeed, was for purposes of Schubert's original sonata interchangeable with a 'cello . . . And so, for a welcome novelty, with Gaspar Cassado as soloist, supported by the Hallé Symphony orchestra under the direction of Sir Hamilton Harty, we have this tuneful resuscitation. The adapter has taken certain liberties; he has expanded themes and inserted cadenzas. His orchestration is as clear as his own tone. The album should have, for its intrinsic merits as well as for its historical interest, a wide appeal.

"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME."
Suite for Orchestra
By Richard Strauss. *Columbia*
$6. Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*

Eighteen or nineteen years ago, Richard Strauss, attracted by the theme of Molière's famous anticipation of "Babbitt," provided for the play a complete musical commentary. He did more. For the *cérémonie turque* with which it comes to an end he substituted an entertainment within an entertainment—the now famous "Ariadne auf Naxos." It was too good to serve as raisin in a pudding, and was withdrawn to be republished as an independent work. From the rest of the incidental music, the present suite was arranged. It includes an overture (mock-pompous, with a contrasting lyrical theme); minuets in the fashion of Jean Baptiste Lully; a Dance of the Tailors, come to fit out Mons. Jourdain in such new trappings as befit his translation into affluence; Table Music and a Dance of the Young Cooks; and music for the Fencing Master. The entrance of Cléonte, often omitted in performance, is likewise omitted here. . . . The suite, played under the direction of Walther Straram, one of the younger of the French musicians, is unfailingly delightful—in a Straussian vein that is unthickened by the occasionally errant humors of the greater tone-poems. The breath of the earlier "Rosenkavelier" hovers refreshingly over these pages. Bubbles are blown up, and pricked by the sharpness of a note; there are sly digs; tender interludes alternate with buffo pronouncements; the programme, in a word, matches the spirit of the undying comedy.

"AIRS DE BALLET" & GAVOTTE *In D.*
The National Symphony Orchestra
By Gluck-Gevaert & Bach-Leopold Damrosch. *Victor*
$4. Two 12-in. records *Camden*

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO, *No. 6, in B-flat.*
For String Orchestra
By J. S. Bach. *Columbia*
$3. Two 12-in. records *New York*

There used to be talk of preserving our ex-Presidents for post-graduate work, so to speak, in the national life. This function radio is performing for our retired conductors, and a valuable service it can be. Walter Damrosch, for pertinent example: he might, at this highly useful stage of his career, have retired into unmelodious obscurity. Instead, today over the air he reaches many thousands more than ever he entertained in his hey-day as a symphonic leader, adding to sound entertainment the spice of his genial comment. This, in turn, reacts upon phonographic output; as a result, we have this excellent

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arrangement of dances from "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Armide", together with a selection from Bach's Sonata No. 6 for violoncello solo. . . . The Brandenburg concerto for strings is Bach in light, tripping, jolly measure—a fellow whose simple life, clearly from the evidence of his music alone, was no monotony of ecclesiastical servitude, but a fertile counterpoint of body and brain. The concerto is conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood.

"LA MER." *Suite for Orchestra*
By C. A. Debussy. *Victor*
$5. Album of 3 12-in. records *Camden*

This famous musical seascape comprises the following divisions: "From Dawn Till Noon on the Sea"; "Sport of the Waves"; "Dialogue of the Wind and Sea." It is played under the leadership of Piero Coppola. Debussy is truly, in whatever he does, the sound, even the austere, musician. We desire to know his programme, not because it is of artistic importance necessarily, but because it suggests his own psychological approach to his work. The quality of this suite lies not at all in its suggestion of sun, wind and wave; it resides in the delicate tonal textures, in the exquisite choice of instrumental timbres, in the sheer originality of melody and the intense personality of treatment.

"CARNAVAL," *Op. 9.*
Piano (Leopold Godowsky)
By Robert Schumann. *Columbia*
$6. 3 12-in. records *New York*

"MINSTRELS" & "THE WIND IN THE PLAIN."
Piano (Ignace Jan Paderewski)
By C. A. Debussy. *Victor*
$1.50 10-in. record *Camden*

"LA CATHÉDRALE," "ENGLOUTIE" & "MALGUENA" (*Lecuona*).
Piano (Olga Samaroff)
Victor
$2. 12-in. record *Camden*

ETUDE, *E Major, Op. 10, No. 3,* & ETUDE *A Minor, Op. 25, No. 4.*
Piano (Alexander Brailowsky)
By Fr. Chopin. *Brunswick*
$1.50 *New York*

Those who are fond of splitting hairs may debate upon the relative merits of the new "Carnaval" as compared with the recent recording by Rachmaninoff under Victor. There is, to be sure, a difference. The Russian version is, for one thing, more lyrical than Mr. Godowsky's; Godowsky's, by that same token, is firmer. Schumann, one imagines, would have blessed them both, and if this is so, why be more captious than the composer? . . . Paderewski retains his vigor remarkably; beside, this record is one of the finest phonographic transcriptions of the piano that has been heard in years. . . . La Samaroff makes pleasant listening. . . . Brailowsky can be very good, but this time he abuses the *rubato* and overlays the music with "interpretation".

GERMAN DANCES, & OVERTURE TO "IDOMENEO." For Orchestra
By W. A. Mozart. *Brunswick*
$3. Two 12-in. records *New York*

The record is under the baton of Erich Kleiber, by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. The dances are, respectively, those of the Köchel Index 600, No. 3; 571, No. 6; 600, No. 4; 504, No. 2; 571, No. 4; and 509, No. 6. They are pleasantly rustic in suggestion, with occasional sly humors and always a delicacy that can rarely be dissociated from Mozart. They have something more than tunefulness, and that is character. They are Mozart on a holiday, and should provide a meditative contrast to the dances that shake our contemporary halls.

QUARTETTE IN F.
The Krettly String Quartette
By Maurice Ravel. *Victor*
$5. Album of 3 12-in. records *Camden*

"DAPHNIS & CHLOE."
The Orchestre of the Concerts Straram
Ibid. *Columbia*
$4. 2 12-in. records. *New York*

As we foresaw, the success of Ravel's "Bolero" has resulted in his rise on the Rialto. His quartette, played none too excitingly by Messrs. R. Krettly, R. Costard, F. Broos and A. Navarra, is in his characteristic vein: aristocratic, subtle, unsensational, representing an unaffected development of musical ideas. It is more melodious than many might expect it to be, and something of its deeper charm is suggested by

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the fine playing of the second movement. The symphonic suite is more familiar matter, and Philippe Gaubert is able to coax his men into something like the appropriate frenzy during the climactic moments.

SPANISH ALBUM. *Orchestra*
Selections from Falla, Bretón, Albeniz, Turina. *Columbia*
$10. Album of 5 12-in. records *New York*

This is a collection that should win wide suffrage; it was a happy thought to compile a programme of the better Spaniards, chosen from their most representative works with an ear to pleasing contrast. Manuel de Falla (1876) and Isaac Albeniz (1860-1909) are as well known here as is the unrepresented Granados. Tomas Bretón (1850-1923) and Joachin Turina (1882) are in different case. Falla contributes dances from "La vida breve"; Bretón, "En la Alhambra" and a "Polo gitano" (a popular song in the gypsy vein); Albeniz has a "Navarra" (a posthumous *jota* transcribed from piano form for orchestra) and an intermezzo from the opera "Pepita Jimenez" (1897); Turina is represented by two fantastic dances: "Orgía" (Orgy) and "Ensueños" (Dream). . . . There is no great music here, but much of it is good. Rhythmic and melodic interest predominate. Two bands are enlisted: that of the Royal Opera House of Brussels, under M. Bustin; and the Madrid Symphony Orchestra under the alert dean of Spanish conductors, Enrique Fernández Arbos. The conductors do not over-hispanize their labors, and this is a decided gain. . . . An excellent little programme.

"CARMEN." *Tabloid Opera*
By Georges Bizet. *Brunswick*
$7.50 5 12-in. records *New York*

The practised hands of Hermann Weigert and Hans Maeder have made this synthetic "Carmen," and the version is very well presented by soloists and choristers of the Opéra Comique, Paris. The orchestra, that of the Lamoureux concerts, is led by Albert Wolff. There are talking sequences, serving chiefly as introductory passages to the salient selections; the language is the original French. A pleasant abridgment of a classic that holds its own surprisingly well in the operatic repertory.

SCORES

"BEMBÉ" (*Mouvement Afro-Cubain*). *Chamber Orchestra & Piano*
By Alejandro García Caturla. *Editions Maurice Senart*
50 francs. 10¼ x 13½; 48 pp. *Paris*

Several considerations occur as one makes one's cautious way through these difficult pages. It is easy to forget, amid the undoubted Americanism of the jazz era, that this Americanism was originally of the South—of Southern America, not merely Southern United States. Much of our rhythmic sense we get from Spain through Cuba: the tango and the habanera, named after the city of Havana. The habanera (or, as the French have it, the havanaise) has been called ragtime, but, however much syncopation there may be in, for example, the famous habanera from "Carmen," it surely is not ragtime as we have always known it in this country . . . Caturla, in this modernistic adaptation of Afro-Cuban rhythms, would seem to be vindicating the priority, as well as the primitivity, of his native land; at the same time, he couches his report in the latest musical language, so that to primeval rhythms he adds a most sophisticated treatment. Just what this may sound like it would be hard to say without actually hearing it. And this brings one to a third consideration: how much of what the modernist composer sets down in his score does he actually hear? The composer in the classic forms has relatively few temptations in the nature of *Augenmusik*—music written down more to satisfy an ocular sense of design, or to flatter a sense of logical power over one's thematic material. The masters of the romantic era, too, probably *heard* every note they set down, and the combinations of sound and timbre that resulted. They thought in terms of individual tones. Is this true of the modernist? Does he, fashioning his score, *hear* the resultant combinations in clear tonal imagination, or do they rather affect him as blurs—as sounds, to mix a metaphor, somewhat out of focus? . . . The modernist, frequently, thinks not in terms of individual tones so much as in blurs or clusters. The definite contours of the classical or even the romantic style yield to hazy out-

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lines, to splotches of color, to breaks in continuity. In this respect, jazz and modernism reveal a fraternal relationship under the skin. (This is noted not as an æsthetic deficiency but as a simple difference) . . . The confused sonorities called for by modern writing must often originate as experimentalism; whereas the composer of old virtually knew just how his composition would sound when played, the modernist must in many cases wait for the first performance to discover actually what he has written . . . More: even when following, with score in hand, the playing of a standard symphony, one notices time and again passages that are seen but not heard. The number of such passages, in a modernist composition, increases greatly. There is much *Augenmusik* in modernism—much matter that may be heard by the composer, as melodic line, while he sets it down, but that, as integral part of the ensemble, disappears. Musical modernism in the orchestra, in a word, frequently suffers—by the very conditions under which it is produced —from lack of integration.

TWO MOVEMENTS FOR STRING QUARTETTE. *Score & Separate Parts*
By William Comerford Bowden. *Oliver Ditson*
Madrigal (60 cents); Scherzo, in A Minor ($1). 9¼ x 12½; 5 pp. each. *Boston*

Simple writing, for players with limited technique, by a composer with ditto. Cinema stuff. No vitamins.

SHEET MUSIC

THE GREEN PASTURES SPIRITUALS. *Voice & Piano*
Arranged by Hall Johnson. *Carl Fischer*
75 cents 9 x 12; 40 pp. *New York*

The unnamed collaborators of "The Green Pastures", that dark theatrical phenomenon of the Gay White Way, are, first, the unknown authors of the Old Testament, and secondly, the more or less anonymous makers of the twenty-five spirituals sung during the production. Many of these are well-known to musical amateurs; others will sound with a fresh appeal. Mr. Johnson's arrangements are very serviceable and, in the absence of a singer, may be played as a piano solo.

XVII & XVIII CENTURY ITALIAN MUSIC. *Transcribed for the Piano*
By Béla Bartók. *Carl Fischer*
$1.25, 90 cents, 60 cents, 50 cents
9 x 12; 5, 7, 9, 11, 14 pp.
New York

This series of eleven transcriptions from Italian cembalo and organ music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, prepared by one of the foremost living composers and pianists (not to speak of his fertile investigations into the folk music of Hungary) should be received with joy by every musician. In his editor's note Bartók disclaims all officiousness; transcription, he explains, has merely called "for the addition of double octaves (at times trebling of same). Varying the original text in this way is justified when considering the construction of both the organ and clavicembalo, for which these works were written. Through a mechanical device these instruments enabled the doubling of octaves in a variety of ways, choice of which was usually left to the taste and discretion of the player." . . . The composers represented are Benedetto Marcello (sonata), Michelangelo Rossi (toccatas No. 1 and 2, and three *correnti*), Azzolino Bernardino della Caia (sonata—I, toccata; II, canzone; III, primo tempo and IV, secondo tempo), Girolamo Frescobaldi (toccata and fuga) and Domenico Zipoli (pastorale). . . . The selections are interesting, instructive, refreshing, and at times flatter the listener with an anticipation of later days. They call for skill in contrapuntal execution.

BOOKS

FORTY YEARS OF OPERA IN CHICAGO.
By Edward Moore. *Horace Liveright*
$5. 9¼ x 6¼; 430 pp. *New York*

Mr. Moore tells the story of opera in Chicago with a full appreciation of its humors. The fine arts, in that great city, have always had an aura of jocosity, especially music. Even more than in New York, patronizing opera companies and symphony orchestras has been inspired far less by love of music than by the yearning for social advancement. Nevertheless, Chi-

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cago, first and last, has produced very creditable opera, and the future, under the guidance of the altruistic Samuel Insull, an immigrant Englishman, looks very promising. Mr. Moore presents his facts in great detail, beginning with the historic performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the then new Auditorium on December 10, 1889. Casts are given whenever they are of any interest, and no performance, however bad, is forgotten. An hilarious chapter is devoted to the celebrated "Salomé" episode, in which Mary Garden was the shining star. There are the usual meaningless portraits of singers, and at the end there is a complete list of all the performances ever given by Chicago companies, whether at home or elsewhere. The book's value as a record is greatly diminished by the lack of an index.

INSTRUMENTS OF THE MODERN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA & BAND.
By Arthur Edward Johnstone (Revised & Augmented by Dr. Edward J. Stringham.)
Carl Fischer
50 cents 6⅛ by 9⅛; 92 pp. *New York*

Printed on India tinted, smooth paper, this miniature treatise presents in readable and engaging fashion the components of the contemporary symphonic ensemble. Not only does it describe the various instruments, giving their ranges and commenting upon their characteristic effects, but it shows them, by means of photographs, being played. The book (it is bound in paper) should make a handy reference for amateurs of orchestral concerts, adding just enough technical information to provide background.

TIN PAN ALLEY.
By Isaac Goldberg.
The John Day Company
$3.50 9¼ x 6⅛; 341 pp. *New York*

Dr. Goldberg begins his chronicle with William Billings, the first American composer, who was born in 1746, and carries it on to George Gershwin, Vladimir Dukelsky, Ray Henderson and Richard Rodgers. His chief concern, as his title indicates, is with the trashier sort of popular music, but he makes frequent excursions into more decorous fields, and has much that is interesting to say about such composers as Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven and John Philip Sousa. The amount of material he presents is really extraordinary. Scarcely a popular song of the last century goes without mention, and the stories of not a few of them are told in detail, with accounts of their authors and records of their sales. There are excellent chapters on the nature of rag-time and jazz, and critical considerations of such phenomena as the rise and fall of coon-shouting, of the Irish ballad, and of the latter-day theme song. Dr. Goldberg writes amusingly and is full of odd and savory learning. The book is well documented, and at the end there is an index so carefully done that it may well serve as a model for other writers on musical history.

COSIMA WAGNER.
By Richard Count du Moulin-Eckart.
Alfred A. Knopf
$10. 9⅜ x 6; 2 vols.; 901 pp. *New York*

The chronicle here stops with Wagner's death in 1883, and there is a hint that at least one more large volume will be needed to deal with the subsequent career of the Lady of Bayreuth. But though Count du Moulin-Eckart is thus somewhat prolix, it cannot be said that he is ever dull, for the story that he tells is an extremely dramatic one, and he brings to it a great deal of fresh information. He has been close to it himself since that far-off day in Munich when, as a boy of six, he got his first glimpse of Liszt. His father, Count Eduard du Moulin, was an intimate of the whole Wagner circle, and he himself had Wagner for his godfather. His general attitude, quite naturally, is a friendly one. He believes fully that Cosima brought something very valuable into Wagner's life, and that she is thus entitled to a fair share of his fame. He thinks that her motives, from the start, were wholly unselfish, and that her sacrifice of von Bülow cost her more than has been commonly supposed. His narrative is well-informed, judicious, and very interesting. The two volumes are illustrated, and the translation by Catherine Alison Phillips leaves little to be desired. There is a preface by Ernest Newman, and at the end there is a good index.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Higher Learning in America

UNIVERSITIES: *American, English, German,* by Abraham Flexner. $3.50. 8 x 5¾; 361 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press.*

DR. FLEXNER devotes 220 pages to the American universities, 82 to the English, and 59 to the German. His admiration for them runs in inverse proportion to the amount of space he gives to them. For the German universities he has a great deal that is favorable to say, and not much that is the opposite. They have passed, since the war, through immense difficulties, and most of them have fallen short of their own ideals, but all the while they have cherished those ideals resolutely, and as times improve they will lead the world once more. In only a few of them has there been any deliberate concession to expediency, and in most such cases it has been in relatively small matters. The English universities, taken together, show a somewhat less laudable spirit. The two elder ones, Oxford and Cambridge, though they are badly organized, are still really great institutions of learning, with an unshakable respect for genuine scholarship and a fine disdain for mere go-getting, but the newer universities have made many concessions to the time spirit, and are thus lacking in dignity and authority. That of London, in particular, has become a vast congeries of discordant and often inferior schools, without adequate coördination or intelligible purpose. Many men of high reputation are on its faculties, but there is also room for persons who are as out of place in a university as a cow would be in a drawing-room. England, at the moment, is desperately poor, and has much less money to spend on education than there is need for. But Dr. Flexner seems to believe that, as times improve, this want will be met, and that in the long run the new English universities will lift themselves, if not to full equality with the German, then at least to something approaching similarity.

In the United States he sees less hope. The spirit of the country is not only indifferent to true scholarship; it is downright hostile to it. There is no machinery for honoring scholars, and their public position is commonly as modest as their reward in money. For a President to invite such a man as the late Dr. William S. Halsted to the White House would be so unusual as to seem eccentric; such invitations are reserved for "scientists" of the calibre of Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone and Thomas A. Edison. In Germany a man of learning is an eminent public figure, and even in England he gets a certain amount of respectful attention, but in the United States he is either allowed to live and die in obscurity, or hounded and harassed, like the late Dr. Jacques Loeb, by yellow journalism. When, back in November, Dr. Karl Landsteiner of the Rockefeller Institute was awarded the Nobel Prize, probably not six news editors in the whole land recognized his name, and when they turned to "Who's Who in America" for light they found but eleven lines about him—nineteen less than are given to an Anti-Saloon League rabble-rouser on the same page. This lack of

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decent respect for such men is not confined, unfortunately, to the ignorant; it even shows itself in the universities. In nearly every one of them the best men are shouldered into the background, and the center of the stage is monopolized by quacks. It is these quacks who commonly speak for learning among us, and perhaps the fact is at least partly responsible for the low esteem into which the thing itself has sunk.

Worse, such quacks seem to flourish best in the larger and richer institutions, where one might reasonably look for a better attitude. As Dr. Flexner shows, it is not the small colleges that have gone in most furiously for the degradation of learning, but such great universities as Harvard, Chicago and Columbia. At Dartmouth, Williams and other unpretentious survivors of a better day the difference between a liberal education and mere training for money-making is kept in mind, but at the big rolling-mills it is pretty well forgotten. A student may get his degree by taking training in all sorts of grotesque and degraded trades; in some he may actually get it, or at least move toward it, by shining at sports. The evil theory has got about that no study is worth while that will not yield profits, immediately and certainly, and it naturally follows as a corollary that any study is dignified that *will* yield profits. The result is a tremendous offering of puerile and idiotic courses, with mountebanks teaching them and imbeciles taking them. Dr. Flexner offers long lists, naming names in every case. I need not rehearse them here, for they have been noticed in many articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and almost monthly in Americana.

Dr. Flexner lays about him with great vigor, giving no thought to tender academic susceptibilities. Various university bigwigs have essayed to answer him in the newspapers, but all of them have failed miserably. His long service with the Carnegie Foundation and the General Education Board has given him a great deal of special knowledge; he is, indeed, the foremost American expert on the higher education, and of his earnestness, his integrity and his good sense there can be no doubt. The picture that he presents is a truly shameful one. The American universities have sold out to Babbitt. They have become department-stores for bargain-hunters, and have sacrificed everything to a cheap and trashy popularity. They swarm with so-called students who should be operating taxicabs or following the plow, and they tend to be staffed more and more by charlatans who have no learning, and no respect for it, and, in many cases, no understanding that such a thing exists. And this is coming to be true, not only of such boob-traps as Leland Stanford, but also of such once-dignified institutions as the Johns Hopkins, which were founded in deliberate protest against the very degradations they now succumb to.

Now and then, it seems to me, Dr. Flexner's righteous indignation induces him to strike too hard, and perhaps unjustly. For example, the Institute of Law at the Johns Hopkins probably deserves more friendly assumptions than he is disposed to grant it. The "results of immediate value" that it strives for do not mean results of immediate value to the trade of the lawyer, but to the science of jurisprudence, now scarcely alive in America. It is not a law school, but a seminary which, if it succeeds in its purpose, will make all the American law schools better. Nor is there much appositeness in Dr. Flexner's objection to the fact that it is a separate institute instead of a mere faculty of the university. In his discussion of the Ger-

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man universities he shows that most of their faculties tend to become institutes, and that the scheme works very well. He'd have been on safer ground, I think, if he had left the new-born Institute of Law to sink or swim, and given some attention to the puerile Summer school at the Hopkins, to the so-called School of International Relations, and to the night football. But these, after all, are small matters. He has written an engrossing and very valuable book. If ever a reform of the American universities is undertaken in earnest, it will depend very largely upon his shrewd, honest and laborious work.

The Eternal Conundrum

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, by Sir James Jeans. $2. 7⅞ x 5⅜; 163 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

WHEN I was a boy it was commonly taught that all astronomers, soon or late, went crazy. In this theory there was probably no truth, but it was based nevertheless on a sound observation, to wit, that the astronomers of that day, more than any other men of science, ran to daring speculations about the nature and goal of the universe, and the purpose behind it. Their successors still do so, and it is no wonder, for their business brings them far closer than any other scientists ever come to the fundamental mysteries of creation.

Contrast that business, for example, with the daily work of a biologist. The phenomena that a biologist has to do with nearly all lie within narrow limits of space and time, and the questions that he asks himself about them are almost always answerable in ways consonant with everyday experience. When he has explained this one in terms of surface tension, that one in terms of osmosis, and a third one in terms of Mendel's law, he has pretty well satisfied his professional curiosity, and that of his customers. All the materials of his trade are to be found in his own small corner of the visible universe, and the actions and reactions that he observes going on among them all seem perfectly logical, and follow natural laws that are not hard to comprehend.

Even life itself, considered biologically, is not very mysterious. No biologist, so far, has ever set it going in inert matter, but there is nothing in its apparent nature, as revealed by investigation and experiment, which forbids the hope of setting it going at some time hereafter. Thus biologists seldom give any time to speculating about the ultimate constitution of matter, or about the origin of the universe, or about the motives, if any, behind the natural laws that they observe and record. Most of them care little for such exercises, and it is rare to find one who shows any leaning toward mystical ways of thought. They are, as a class, a hard-headed and matter-of-fact lot. When one chances to be born with a mystical taint, he usually forsakes biology at the first opportunity, and, like Alfred Russell Wallace, William James and Hans Driesch, gives himself over to frank metaphysics.

With astronomers, and with physicists in general, the case is different. They are constantly colliding with questions which take them beyond the superficial flow of phenomena and into the realm of ultimates. They do a great deal of their work, not on the safe ground where knowledge is abundant and may be arranged in orderly systems, but on the borderline between the known and the unknowable, where every equation is bound to have a couple of x's in it. Proceeding, say, from the molecule, of which a lot may be learned, to the atom, of which less may be learned, and then to the electron, of which

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still less may be learned, they presently find themselves confronting shapes and forces of which nothing, it would seem, can be learned. If they were all ideal scientific men they would sit down at this place, and wait patiently for further light. But having gone so far into the unknown, they pant to go further, and so it is common for them, in the absence of objective facts, to resort to subjective speculations.

If they are thorough materialists, as sometimes happens, they entertain us with pictures of an infinite, irrational and intrinsically incomprehensible universe, running without motive power but otherwise not unlike an immense internal-combustion engine. But if there is any trace of our common Christian heritage in them—and, alas, there often is—they begin to speculate about the nature of the motive power, and soon they are conjuring up a will behind it, and inflicting one more God upon a sweating and distracted world. That God, as usual, follows the pattern of themselves. Dr. Robert A. Millikan's is an elderly Unitarian born in Morrison, Ill., who took his Ph.D. at Columbia in 1895, got the Nobel Prize in 1923, and is a member of the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena, Calif. Dr. A. S. Eddington's is a Quaker imperfectly denaturized at Cambridge and now a don there. By the same token, Sir James Jeans's is a mathematician.

This Jeans God shows rather more plausibility than any of the others, and is much more refined. He lacks both the hearty, beefy bucolicity of Millikan's Middle Western Corn-God and the sickly chlorosis of Eddington's gaseous Quaker. He neither belches nor swoons. His tastes and habits of mind, as described by His creator, correspond very aptly with the way the universe seems to be run. If a human mathematician ran it, it would be, in fact, pretty much what it is now. In particular, positing a mathematical God disposes neatly of certain difficulties that have long badgered physicists. This is no place to describe them in detail: suffice it to say that they involve a number of apparent irregularities in the flow of phenomena—a number of unaccountable variations in what have been regarded as natural laws. Sometimes, it appears, electrons do not jump according to a regular system, but irregularly, like grasshoppers in a meadow. Again, light does not move in a straight line, but along some sort of curve. Yet again, time has a variable value, according to the place and the observer. Such aberrations are hard to fit into a strictly mechanical universe, but they slip very smoothly into one operated on a mathematical plan, for mathematics, as everyone knows, does not confine itself to immutable phenomena, but also takes an interest in the wavering and fickle kind. A whole, and very important branch of the science is devoted to mere probabilities, and there are others, much used by statisticians, which try to get a certain rough order into downright chaos. It is Sir James's idea that many of the apparently unruly and intractable phenomena which now puzzle physicists (and especially astronomers) may be brought to something approaching coherence by thinking of them in mathematical terms. So he suggests that the whole universe may be no more than a prodigious exercise in some sort of calculus, and that God may be, not the engineer that many scientists have hitherto imagined, but a mathematician.

It is a charming conceit, and Sir James develops it with great skill and address. He is one of the most competent writers on physics now extant, with a really extraordinary gift for making the most diffi-

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cult of scientific concepts understandable. Even the Einstein speculations about space and time, in his hands, take on a kind of clarity. Nevertheless, I can only report that, in the present case, he leaves at least one very friendly reader quite unconvinced. The "loose-jointedness" that he discovers in the universe by no means "destroys the case for absolutely strict causation". All it really brings us to is an uneasy realization that our present stock of knowledge is far from complete. Not only are there plain gaps in it; there are also parts of it that are obviously dubious. I believe that fully four-fifths of what cocksure physicists now tell us about the nature and behavior of electrons will be laughed at on some near tomorrow, and that most of the phenomena which now seem to be lawless and hence inexplicable will be reduced to law and order at the same time. Physicists, as a class, are far too eager to make mysteries. Facing the dark, they are always seeing things. If chemists were similarly given to fanciful and mystical guessing, they would have hatched a quantum theory forty years ago to account for the variations that they observed in atomic weights. But they kept on plugging away in their laboratories without calling in either mathematicians or theologians to aid them, and eventually they discovered the isotopes, and what had been chaos was reduced to the most exact sort of order.

The same thing, no doubt, will happen in the domain of physics, once the physicists forget that they were once baptized, and begin to apply themselves honestly to the problems of their business. They have, in late years, made a great deal of progress, though it has been accompanied by a considerable quackery. Some of the notions which they now try to foist upon the world, especially in the astronomical realm and about the atom, are obviously nonsensical, and will soon go the way of all unsupported speculations. But there is nothing intrinsically insoluble about the problems they mainly struggle with, and soon or late really competent physicists will arise to solve them. These really competent physicists, I predict, will be too busy in their laboratories to give any time to either metaphysics or theology. Both are eternal enemies of every variety of sound thinking, and no man can traffic with them without losing something of his good judgment.

Martyrs to Service

ANDRÉE'S STORY: *The Complete Record of His Polar Flight, 1897.* $5. 9½ x 6⅛; 389 pp. New York: *The Viking Press.*

THERE is something extraordinarily grotesque and even laughable about this record, though it deals with what the world prefers to regard as an heroic tragedy. It would be hard to imagine three more silly fellows than Andrée and his two companions. Insufficiently equipped, with little experience to guide them, and scarcely knowing where they were headed, they started out in a crazy balloon from Dane Island, off the northwestern coast of Spitzbergen, on July 11, 1897. The only novelty in the design of the balloon —the one device on which Andrée relied to guide it—was a series of drag-lines. But these drag-lines broke away ten minutes after the start, and thereafter the huge bag floated off with the imbecile aimlessness of a soap-bubble.

Three days later, with its gas fast oozing out, it came down on an ice-floe three degrees to the northward and eighteen degrees to the eastward, and the explorers scrambled out of the basket. Thereafter, for a solid month, they plodded over the

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rough ice, hoping to find land. On September 17 they found it and made camp. Apparently they planned to build a hut and house their supplies, which, with the game they found, were sufficient to last them indefinitely. But the hut was never built, and by the middle of October they seem to have died, why and of what no one knows. The polar bears polished their bones, which then lay about the camp for thirty-three years. On August 6, 1930, they were discovered by two Norwegian sailors from a whaler, and on October 9 they were cremated in Stockholm, to the tune of patriotic huzzahs.

That it took courage to face the unknown in that leaky balloon is plain enough, but so would it take courage to climb up the front of the Woolworth Building, or to go over Niagara in a barrel, or to enter a cage of leopards, cobras, or New York policemen. If such courage is a high and noble quality, then Andrée and his friends were heroes; if not, then they must go down into history as three of the stupidest men who ever lived. Their expedition was badly prepared, it had no sensible aim, and they themselves showed not the slightest capacity for meeting and surmounting its difficulties. Three Boy Scouts might have done quite as well. With dry land under them, the materials for making a warm and safe house (they had parts of the balloon and the nearby waters were full of driftwood), and so much game about that they could almost knock it over with sticks, they simply curled up at the first blast of Winter, and lay down to die. Of the dreadful hardships encountered by the Scott expedition (and described so vividly in Apsley Cherry-Garrard's "The Worst Journey in the World," reviewed in this place last September) they seem to have known nothing. It was not much colder, so far as the record shows, than is common in Norway and Sweden every Winter. Yet they were apparently dead in a month.

The common notion seems to be that such witless adventures, even when they come to grief, have some mysterious value to what is vaguely called science. But I can find no such value in the present narrative. Andrée's observations upon the Arctic fauna, as they are set out in his diary, get little beyond those of a somewhat bright schoolboy, and the meteorological memoranda of his associates seem to be of no more worth. Various Swedish scientific gentlemen, in the present book, make a gallant effort to pump some importance into them, but it is in vain. Everything that the expedition learned might have been got from any Norwegian whaling-captain. In fact, Andrée solemnly put down more than one "fact" that a whaling-captain would have laughed at. His scientific equipment was very meagre, and he seems to have had no talent whatever as a traveler. Nor were his two companions any better. One was a third-rate engineer who had devoted practically all of his time for years to sport, and the other was a youngster whose chief interest was photography. Certainly it was not a passion to serve science that moved these men, nor even any definite love of adventure. Perhaps the clue to their motive is to be found in Andrée's diary. Writing on the ice, four days before reaching land, he speculated thus:

> Isn't it all perhaps, the expression of an extremely strong sense of individuality which cannot bear the thought of living and dying like a man in the ranks, forgotten by coming generations? Is this ambition?

Ambition, I fear, is scarcely the word. A better one would be vanity.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Town" was published last month.*

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PHILLIPS RUSSELL *was born in Rockingham, North Carolina, and was graduated from the University of North Carolina. He is the author of "Benjamin Franklin: the First Civilized American," two other biographies, a novel, and a book of travel.*

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ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN *was born in the Bronx in 1900. He was graduated from Cornell in 1922, and has since worked on newspapers in Paris and New York. Among his books are "Samson," "Prayer for Profit" and "The Jury of Death." His article in this issue will form part of a book, "Lydia E. Pinkham," to be published in the Spring.*

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NIGHT CLUBS

BY JIMMY DURANTE AND JACK KOFOED

In this story of Broadway and the people who keep the lights burning, Jimmy Durante has written about the hoofers, blues singers, chorus and cigarette girls, prostitutes, and spenders just as he has found them during the twenty years since he started pounding a piano in a Coney Island dance-hall. He tells of the places he has run and of those where he has worked and of the many amusing situations. Jack Kofoed has included a sketch of Jimmy in his introduction and mentioned one or two places that Jimmy did not know so that the book is complete as a history of night clubs in and about New York. To be published February 20th. 16 illustrations in halftone. 5½" x 8⅜", 247pp., $3.75

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BY EMILY CLARK

H. L. Mencken, Julia Peterkin, Carl Van Vechten, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell, are among the thirteen authors who are sketched in this volume as they appeared to Miss Clark in their letters and visits to her when she was editor of *The Reviewer*. In an informal and delightful manner she discusses their individual charms, their idiosyncrasies and their invaluable aid to her in establishing her magazine for southern writers. To anyone interested in the literary world today, her penetrating, critical comments and anecdotes cannot fail to be absorbing, revealing as they do much of the various authors' methods and personalities. *To be published February 20th, 13 portraits in aquatone.* 5½" x 8¼", 250pp., $3.00.

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